THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

rated Weekly
Fou 28 by Benj. Frankl

Sept. 30, '16

5c. the Copy

In This Number
Begins a New Series by **MONTAGUE GLASS**

Thousands of dealers will show this instructive window display during the next few weeks—ask them about Valspar and Val-Enamel

"Make Indoors Cheerful for Winter Months"

You really spend most of your time living "inside your home." Nothing will do more to make a cheerful interior than a little attention now to floors and woodwork—varnish and white enamel will do wonders in any house.

Front Door

Is the finish of your front door grey and dull? Rain did that damage! Because ordinary varnishes have a tendency to turn white and lose their lustre when wet. Valspar never turns white—water cannot injure it in the slightest degree. For Valspar is the Absolutely Waterproof Varnish. Use Valspar, which shines a welcome through all weathers!

Vestibule

Is the varnish spotted and shabby—doesn't it show wear? Use Valspar and you will have a spick-and-span vestibule which will last.

Front Hall

That bare spot on the floor at the entrance was not caused by traffic alone, but by *wet* traffic—dripping umbrellas and wet feet which destroyed the "life" of the varnish. Valspar for that place!

If the white paint on the woodwork is marred and marked beyond cleaning, use Val-Enamel—it's tougher, smoother, easier to clean and harder to soil. It has permanent whiteness.

Living Room

Here's where you spend most of your time. The living room should be bright, pleasant, restful, *livable*. The use of Valspar gives a rich finish that is a lasting comfort, whether bright or rubbed dull.

VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

Dining Room

How about the dining table and the sideboard? If they were Valsparred, hot dishes wouldn't mark them, hot water wouldn't spot them, spilled liquids wouldn't spoil them—to keep them fresh just wash them with soap and water. Bright or dull finish.

Use Val-Enamel to make the wall paneling immaculately white. You can have a gloss, eggshell or flat finish.

Bed Rooms

Open windows at night mean puddles of rain on the floor sometimes. Hence the shabby places such as window seats, sills, casings, and so on.

VALENTINE'S
Val-Enamel
Starts White—Stays White

Valspar would have come up smiling after every soaking and be smiling still and good as new.

So it's Valspar there this time

And there's nothing more beautiful and sanitary in a bed room than Val-Enameled white woodwork—clean, cheerful, durable.

Bath Room and Kitchen

Here's need for Valspar! It will last and stay bright just as well here as everywhere else—water simply does not affect it. If the wainscot and floor are spotted from splashing—do them all over with Valspar.

Then you can wash every inch with hot water and soap. That's a really sanitary finish for you!

Val-Enamel is waterproof too—you can wash that also.

Nursery

Hard to keep it clean enough? Must be sanitary. How about a Valsparred floor—a tough, varnished surface that you can scrub with hot water and soap without damage? Can be kept always clean and sanitary for the children.

The Kiddies in the Dealer's Window

Go to the nearest Valspar dealer, the man who shows the above display, and ask him. He knows how to "make indoors cheerful for the winter months."

Don't ask merely for "varnish" or "enamel," but remember the names and ask for VALSPAR and VAL-ENAMEL.

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 458 Fourth Avenue, New York

New York Chicago
Boston Toronto
London Amsterdam

Largest Manufacturers of High grade Varnishes in the World

TRADE VALENTINES VARNISH MARK
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San Francisco and principal
Pacific Coast Cities

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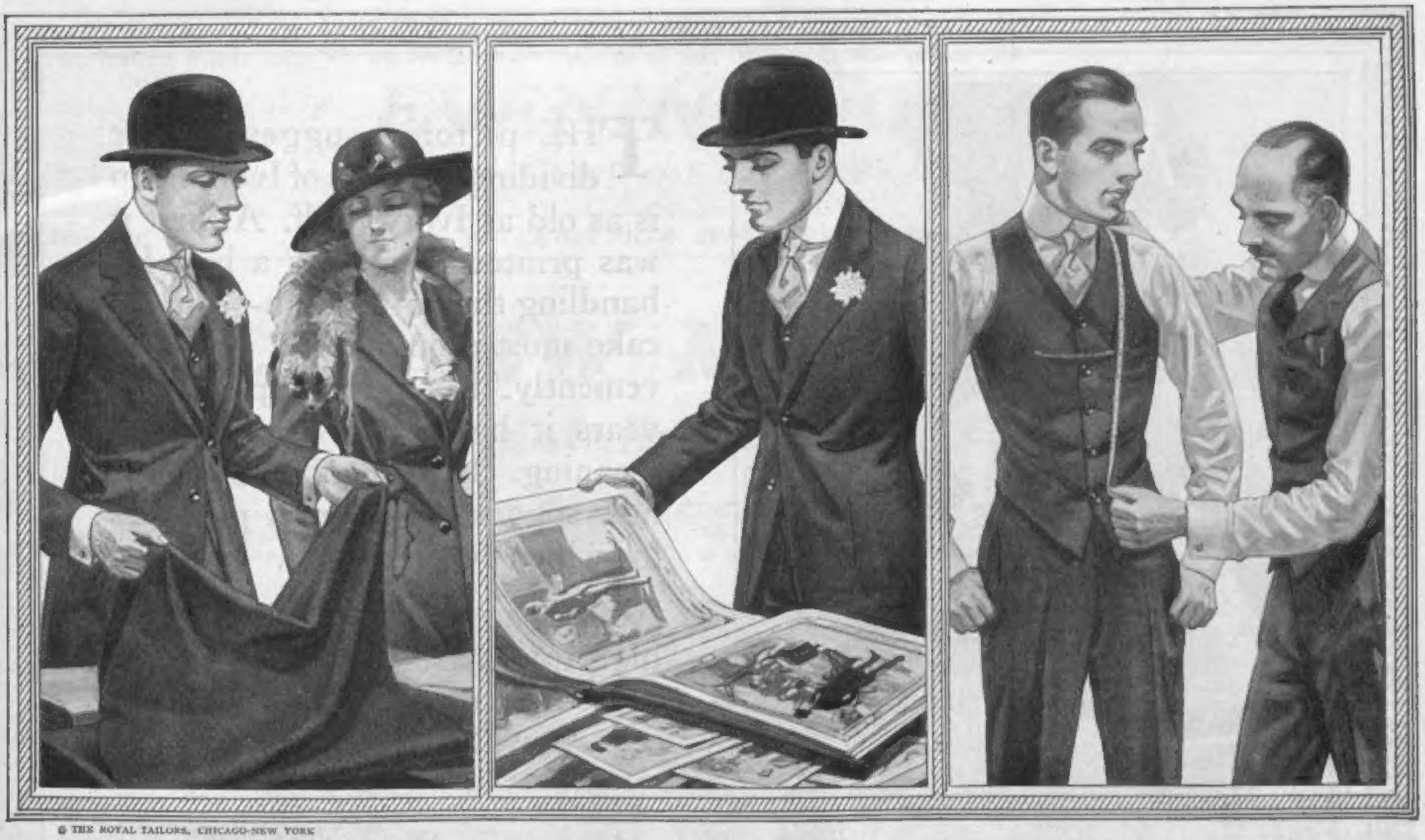

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1—*You choose the fabric from over half a thousand custom-tailor weaves—imported and domestic.*

2—*You select the fashion from 73 style plates—interpreting every correct and prevailing mode.*

3—*Your suit or overcoat is drafted to 17 of your body dimensions—measured by an expert.*

The Efficient Way to Order Made-to-Measure Clothes

WHEN you order a made-to-measure suit or overcoat—from a responsible local tailor, you usually pay $50 to $65 or more.

That same order, placed with your Royal dealer—and tailored in the mammoth Royal Shops, in New York or Chicago, could not possibly cost you more than $40. Very likely, it would cost only $18.50 to $30—for the majority of Royal fabrics are priced below $30.

But economy is not the chief virtue of Royal Tailoring. First come better service and a wider range of selection.

You pick the fabric from over half a thousand weaves—backed by a million-dollar woolen-stock constantly on hand in our Chicago and New York plants.

You choose the style, not from a few favored fashion plates collected by a one-man store, but from the latest and newest designs of all the premier fashion experts of the world.

And your suit and overcoat are cut, inch by inch, to your measure by a system that almost automatically precludes inaccuracy.

The giant work rooms of The Royal Tailors in New York and Chicago virtually represent 2000 local tailor shops linked in one—with one rent, one overhead and one selling expense to pro-rate among half a million customers a year.

It is the principle of modern business efficiency and huge production applied to the sales of custom tailor craftsmanship.

When you get acquainted with Royal Service, you will not wonder that some of the country's best dressers—men who do not have to consider price—prefer it to any other made-to-measure clothes service in existence.

The Royal Tailors & Their Dealers

Joseph Vehon PRESIDENT

Occupying 10,000 Cities and Towns

THE ROYAL TAILORS
CHICAGO — NEW YORK

THE ROYAL TAILORS
CHICAGO — NEW YORK

THE pictorial suggestion for dividing the cake of Ivory Soap is as old as Ivory itself. At first it was printed merely as a hint for handling the larger-than-ordinary cake most economically and conveniently. But with the passing of years it has taken on a deeper meaning. In millions of homes it now suggests the varied purposes for which Ivory is used.

Ivory Soap is so pure and of such high quality that mothers do not hesitate to bathe the baby with it.

It is so inexpensive and efficient that they are glad to use it for dish-washing, laundry work and general cleaning.

The unusual combination of extraordinary purity, superior quality, low price and thorough efficiency makes Ivory Soap indispensable for practically every personal and general use. Almost every cake *has* to be divided to answer the many calls for Ivory from all over the house.

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UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Whereby B. Podolnik Acquires a Road House

By Montague Glass

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

"HERE!" B. Podolnik said, grasping the lapels of his coat and spreading them apart as though expanding his breast to the foeman's bayonet. "Take my blood! Take my life! What do you want from me?"

It was only half past eleven; and in Podolnik's Vienna Restaurant and Café the snowy napery, which was as snowy as snow in Union Square the day after the snowstorm, remained unsullied except for a solitary diner, who paid no attention to the proprietor's dramatic outburst. Instead, he applied himself so assiduously to his soup and remained so ostentatiously disinterested that Morris Zadkin, to whom Podolnik's remarks were addressed, continued the conversation in what to the solitary diner seemed a wholly unnecessary pianissimo.

"I don't want your blood and I don't want your life," Zadkin said. "All I want is that, beginning next month, you pay me twenty dollars more a month rent, Podolnik. The place is worth it, Podolnik; and if you won't pay it I could quick lease my store to another leaster, which would."

Though in his lighter moments the lines of Morris Zadkin's face could soften into a suggestion of Field Marshal von Hindenburg, ordinarily they resembled the framed mechanism on the door of a safe-deposit vault, symbolizing not only strength but the utter futility of trying to get money from such a well-guarded interior; and it was apparent to B. Podolnik that further argument would be fruitless.

"Mr. Zadkin, Let Me Introduce You to an Old Friend of Mine—Miss Juanita La Grand"

"All right, Mr. Zadkin," he said; "go ahead and find a new leaster, and if you wouldn't be compelled to hand him a dispossess at the end of the second month he must got to be running here a joint, because no legitimate restaurant business could stand it paying more as one hundred dollars a month in a hole like this."

Zadkin rose stiffly to his feet and said: "*Sdèlzo!*" Which, as you may learn from any American war correspondent who has returned from the Russian front, with a rich Slavonic vocabulary comprising not only *nitchyvo* but also *da*, is a Russian-American interjection implying scorn, anger or contempt; and in fact it is the equivalent of the English phrase "Is that so!"

"*Sdèlzo!*" Zadkin repeated. "Well, let me tell you one thing, Podolnik: You have been my leaster here for a long time, and if I wouldn't thought a whole lot of you, Podolnik, I would never of gave your wife's nephew, Louis Dworkin, a job in my place at all. But now that you are passing such insulting remarks to me, Podolnik, I wouldn't show you no mercy at all. The first of next month you move from here, even if you was to offer me two hundred dollars a month rent."

"What a chance!" Podolnik exclaimed. "A hundred dollars and two cents I wouldn't give you!"

"And, furthermore, you could tell your wife she should find her nephew a job somewheres else!" Zadkin shouted. "I am through with your whole *Mishbocha*, Podolnik."

"Say," Podolnik declared, "if Louis couldn't find a better job as bookkeeper in a jam and pickle factory, Mr. Zadkin, I am sorry for him. Also, if you think it is a pleasure to me to got my wife's relations smelling up my house *mit* vinegar, Mr. Zadkin, you're very much mistaken. And even if I would only got a couple more weeks to stay here, Zadkin, I got a little consideration for my customers." He pointed his remarks with several loud sniffs, and Zadkin placed his hat firmly on his head with both hands, while he searched his mind for a sufficiently crushing rejoinder. But the restaurant proprietor forestalled him.

"Max," Podolnik shouted to a waiter who was removing the solitary customer's soup, "open all the transoms; the whole place reeks like the devil from pickles!"

For more than five minutes after Zadkin had departed, Podolnik paced up and down the floor, and at intervals his eyes roved in the direction of his only customer, who, however, paid no attention to Podolnik, but continued to make noisy inroads into a dish of *Gefüllte Rinderbrust mit Farfel*. He knew that the surest way to receive a confidence is not to invite it, and he was not disappointed, for Podolnik suddenly ceased his exercise and sat down heavily at an adjoining table.

"Yes, Mr.—er—er——"

"Noblestone," the solitary diner said.

"Noblestone—excuse me, I couldn't remember the names of every *Schlemiel* what comes in the place; but that's the way it goes," Podolnik continued. "For five years I am running here a first-class restaurant, and I just managed to keep my nose out of water, y'understand; and now, when things begins to look like they was going to break a little better for me, y'understand, that *Rosher* goes to work and raises the rent on me twenty dollars a month."

Mr. Noblestone wagged his head from side to side, and made incoherent sounds through his nostrils by way of expressing his sympathetic interest.

"Yes, Mr.—er—er——"

"Noblestone," Mr. Noblestone said.

"Noblestone—excuse me—in the restaurant business, if it ain't one thing it's another," Podolnik went on. "The cloak-and-suit business is a business for worries, and the clothing business ain't no business for a poor sleeper, neither; but of all the businesses for a feller to go crazy in the head in, y'understand, the restaurant business is already in a class by itself."

"The pickle business ain't no bed of roses, neither," Noblestone commented.

"Then you know that bloodsucker, Zadkin!" Podolnik exclaimed.

"Sure, I know him," Noblestone replied. "Only last night I read it in the Evening News where Dr. J. Slamberg, their Poor Food Expert, takes a can of Zadkin's Birdie Brand Crab-Apple Jelly and analyzes it, y'understand. And what that feller didn't find in it except crab apples, Mr. Podolnik, you wouldn't believe it at all. And Zadkin's Pickles is the same way. You says to him a short time ago that he smells from vinegar. If he did he must of spilled some on himself at home, because the Evening News Poor Food Expert says that, instead vinegar, he uses in his pickles an acid which the name alone would give you putnam poisoning."

"You would think he would be ashamed to call such *Machshoves* the Birdie Brand, after his daughter Birdie," Podolnik commented. "What is actresses for, anyway?"

"I give you right, Mr. Podolnik," Noblestone said; "but now he needn't got to be ashamed to call that jelly after his own mother, Mr. Podolnik, because, the way they have went after him under the United States Poor Food Laws, you could bet your life he wouldn't take no chances on making crab-apple jelly out of nothing farther away from crab apples as anyhow apple cores. He's a reformed feller, Mr. Podolnik, and his jams and jellies is costing him fifty per cent more for material alone. So that's why he is jumping the rent on you."

"Well, what is it my fault if the United States Poor Food Law fellers get after him? I didn't snitch on him."

"Sure, I know. But it don't make no difference if a landlord gets soaked by a poker game, auction pinochle, Wall Street, or his wife's relations, Mr. Podolnik; he tries to pass on his losses to his tenants by jumping the rent on 'em, Mr. Podolnik. In particular a restaurant *oder* a hotel, where the tenants has built up a big dropping-in trade, y'understand, he is really at the mercy of the landlord if he wouldn't own his own building."

"It's an old saying and a true one, Mr.—er—er ——"

"Noblestone."

"Excuse me—Noblestone—that a business man which is his own landlord has a sucker for a tenant."

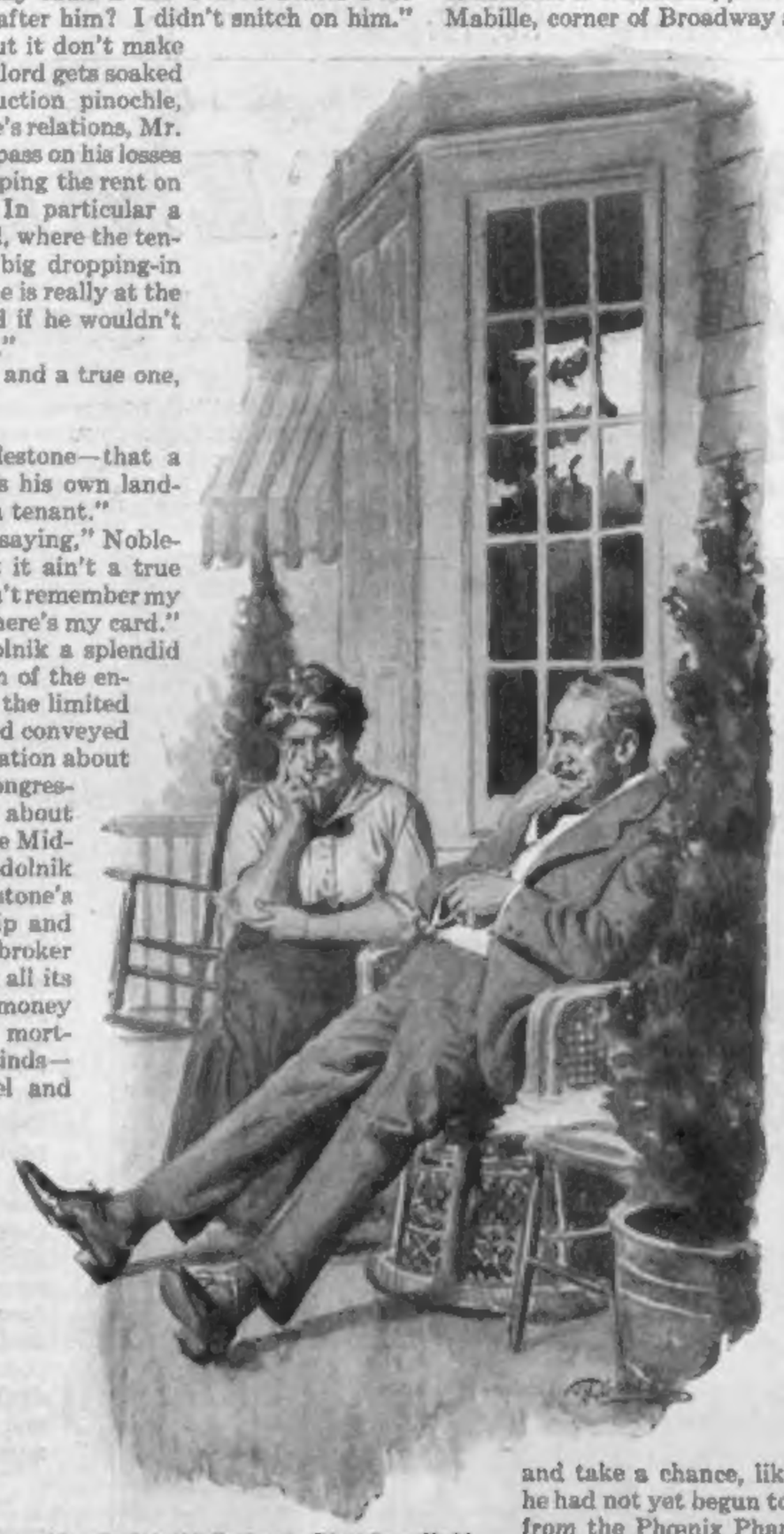
"Might it is an old saying," Noblestone admitted, "but it ain't a true one; and if you couldn't remember my name, Mr. Podolnik, here's my card."

He handed to Podolnik a splendid lithographed imitation of the engraver's art, which in the limited space of a business card conveyed nearly as much information about Noblestone as the Congressional Directory does about a new member from the Middle West. From it Podolnik gathered that Noblestone's given name was Philip and that his activities as a broker embraced insurance in all its branches, real estate, money to loan on bond and mortgage, businesses of all kinds—and particularly hotel and restaurant businesses.

"Yes, Mr. Podolnik," Noblestone said, and thereby interrupted the restaurant proprietor before he had time to inform himself of Noblestone's business address, residence, business telephone, residence telephone number, and that he took entire charge of properties, collected rents—appraisals a specialty—"Yes, Mr. Podolnik, it's a funny quincidence that I should be sitting here eating my lunch when you are getting this dirty deal from Zadkin. It's like you would—*Gott soll hüten*—got run over by a taxicab and the passenger is a doctor who makes a specialty of broken legs."

"How so?" Podolnik asked.

"Because I've got a dozen hotel and restaurant properties for you, which if you would accept any one of them, Mr. Podolnik, it would make your takings here look like a country lunch wagon. And if you would give me a few minutes at your house this evening I could prove it to you too."



Mrs. Podolnik's Estimate That One-Half of One Per Cent of the Vehicles Would Stop Proved Altogether Too Sanguine

II

THERE was little about the personality of Miss Birdie Zadkin to suggest pickles, as there was much to remind one of jams. And B. Podolnik was not alone in condemning Morris Zadkin for using his daughter's name to advertise so dubious a product as the Birdie Brand of pickles and jams.

Louis Dworkin also felt that it was unduly flattering the Zadkin jam to call it after Birdie Zadkin, and would have felt so had it been made of pure fruit and sirup, without the addition of any preservatives; and while it cannot be said that Birdie reciprocated his feelings she was not entirely unconscious of Louis' fine dark eyes and glossy hair, brushed straight from the forehead.

Moreover, three years in a pickle factory had lent to Louis' figure the slimness of a professional dancer. Indeed, it was a slimness so pronounced as to have caused the average young man to think he was going to become a consumptive, and he would have taken cod-liver oil and slept in the open air.

Louis Dworkin's wasting figure, on the contrary, persuaded him that he was going to become a professional dancer, and he, therefore, took dancing lessons and rarely slept at all; so that soon he added to a dancer's emaciation a measure of a dancer's agility.

Only the day before Zadkin's visit to Podolnik's restaurant, Louis Dworkin had been complimented by Aristide, of Aristide & Wilkinson, professional dancers of the Jardin Mabille, corner of Broadway and a Subway station—that same Aristide who, according to one interviewer, had recently been saddened by the news that his father's château near Bar-le-Duc had been destroyed by the Germans, and who, according to another, had been cheered by the news that his father's château near Isigny had been turned into a hospital for wounded aviators.

"Believe me, kid," said Aristide, the son of a two-château father, "a guy with your legs ain't got no call to be a bookkeeper in no pickle factory."

Hence, after Zadkin had left his place of business to interview Podolnik, Louis sat on his high stool, beating his wings against the bars of his pickle-factory cage, as he reflected on Aristide, who less than two short years before, his interviewers to the contrary notwithstanding, had been urging the customers of the Pedestrian $3.50 Shoe Corporation's Forty-second Street Store to try a pair of the company's five-dollar bench-made shoes, and not to forget to ask for Mr. Feingold when they came in again.

He, too, Louis reflected, might be a professional in the Jardin Mabille, or any other midnight restaurant, where the overhead on a club sandwich was figured out to be one dollar and twenty-five cents, if he only had the gumption to throw up his job in the pickle factory and take a chance, like Feingold had done! And he had not yet begun to enter in his ledger the bills from the Phœnix Pharmaceutical Specialty Company and the Rhode Island Glucose Corporation, and the other purveyors to Zadkin's jam and pickle business, when the office door opened and his despair at once gave place to a more cheerful mood. "Good morning, Mr. Dworkin," said the visitor. "Is popper in?"

Louis stepped down from his high stool and pushed it under the desk.

"He wouldn't be back till after lunch," he said as he rolled the revolving chair from in front of his employer's desk and thrust it against the wall. Miss Zadkin shut the office door.

"You are sure he wouldn't be in before?" she said.

"Not a chance!" Louis replied, for he knew that every time Zadkin visited Podolnik's restaurant he remained to lunch out of compliment to his tenant—not that Zadkin was a stickler for etiquette in such matters, but Podolnik always refused to accept any money for the meal, preferring to take it out at home in conversations with Mrs. Podolnik and Louis Dworkin, wherein he discussed the relation of landlord and tenant with a freedom and emphasis that sometimes left him hoarse for the next twenty-four hours.

"He has gone down to see my uncle and he is sure to stay to lunch," Louis continued, taking up the faded rug from the middle of the office floor and flinging it into a corner. Miss Zadkin turned the key in the office door.

"Now, listen, Mr. Dworkin," she said; "you told me last Tuesday, when popper was in Philadelphia, that in that new dip waltz it's three regular waltz steps and a dip."

"I said three hesitations and a dip," Louis said as his arm encircled her waist—"like this."

For ten minutes they hesitated and dipped in the space between the bookkeeper's desk and Zadkin's roll-top desk, until Miss Zadkin sank exhausted into the revolving chair.

"I guess you could keep that up for an hour," she said. "Don't you never get tired?"

"It's all a matter of practice," Louis replied, after the manner of Leschetizky addressing a promising pupil. "I seen Aristide and his partner working up a new step, and they done it for two hours, till they got it straight. It's the only way."

He used the spring or neap pronunciation of Aristide, but Miss Zadkin understood the allusion, nevertheless. She fanned herself with an insurance calendar she had plucked from the wall over her father's desk.

"To look at them two at the Jardin Mabille, you wouldn't think they had a trouble in the world," she said; "and I guess they've got to work pretty hard sometimes, at that."

She called it Jar-din Ma-billy, but Louis recognized the name of the restaurant where Aristide & Wilkinson danced; in fact, he pronounced it that way himself.

"I should have Aristide's pipe!" he exclaimed.

"They say," Miss Zadkin said—"They say they are now married."

"Y'orter see the home they got on Long Island!" Louis declared. "Some people think professional dancers are loafers; but there's dancers and dancers, and if you get in right there's big money in the dancing game—for a married couple."

Miss Zadkin's rounded cheeks grew a shade pinker, and it is impossible to say into what tender channels the conversation might have strayed had it not been abruptly terminated by a tremendous banging at the office door.

The interruption caused Miss Zadkin to disappear by an exit marked Factory—No Admission! while Louis Dworkin restored the office to its normal appearance with the rapidity of an experienced stage crew making good the notice in the program: "There will be an intermission of twenty seconds between scenes one and two of the last act." In fact, before twenty seconds had actually expired, Louis had unlocked the office door and admitted his employer.

"What the devil did you lock the door for?" Zadkin demanded.

"I was—now—eating my lunch," Louis explained.

"Eat your lunch in the factory!" Zadkin exclaimed.

And Louis made a most unfortunate rejoinder.

"You couldn't expect me to eat anything in the factory, Mr. Zadkin," he said—"the way it smells in there."

The effect of this utterly innocent protest was more than electrical—it was positively dynamic; and it touched off Zadkin, as though his initials were T. N. T. or perhaps T.R.

"*Sdèlzo!*" he roared. "Well, if my business don't suit you, Dworkin, there's a lot of soap and perfumery businesses where you could louf away your time."

"But, Mr. Zadkin ——" Louis began.

"'S'nough!" Zadkin retorted. "The way you and your family are passing such insulting remarks to me, you would think that there was no smell to pickles till I invented it out of *Lahochias*."

"But, Mr. Zadkin ——" Louis began again.

"I am through with you, Dworkin," Zadkin said—"you and your whole family!"

"But wouldn't you listen to me, Mr. Zadkin?" Louis pleaded.

"*Koosh!*" Zadkin bellowed. "Here is your money up to Saturday night, *und fertig!* And let me tell you one thing—if ever you or your family come near this place again, Dworkin, you would find that things could happen to you in a pickle factory which would be a whole lot more *gefährlich* as a smell!"

Thus, when Philip Noblestone arrived that evening at the Podolnik apartment on One Hundred and Seventeenth Street, a more diffident person would have hesitated to intrude upon so grief-stricken a household. In fact, as he followed Podolnik into the parlor, Mrs. Podolnik rocked to and fro on a couch in the corner and at intervals made noises that might have been either sobs or symptoms of an acute cold in the head. Beside her sat Louis Dworkin, and, far from seeming elated by his liberation from the bonds of double entry in the pickle factory, he presented an appearance of woe that was little short of despair.

"Mommer," Podolnik said, "this is Mr. Noblestone, the feller I was talking to you about."

"Pleased 'ah meet you," Noblestone murmured, and Mrs. Podolnik acknowledged the introduction by a triple-barreled sob, ending with a loud sniff.

"Aw, get a bucket!" Louis exclaimed. "You ain't helping matters none that way, Aunt Fanny."

He produced a clean yellow-bordered handkerchief from his breast pocket and handed it to Mrs. Podolnik, who, at this fresh evidence of her nephew's affection, broke down utterly and wept anew.

"*Um Gotteswillen*, mommer, *lass mir im Ruh!*" Podolnik cried. "Supposing we do got to move, that ain't the end of the world, neither."

"Say!" Noblestone exclaimed; and by the utterance of this simple monosyllable, with an appropriate gesture, he managed to express his conviction that not only were there

just as big fish in the sea, but that every cloud has a silver lining, and that sunshine follows rain.

"It ain't that, Mr. Noblestone," Mrs. Podolnik wailed; "for myself I don't give—excuse me—a damn, but why should he take it out on Louis? What did the boy done him, he should treat him that way? And I promised my sister Miriam I would look out for him, and everything; and now what is it?"

"He could easy find another position," Noblestone said by way of consolation.

"He could find another position maybe," Podolnik said, glaring at his nephew by marriage; "*aber* not easy, Mr. Noblestone, because a young feller which ain't got a idee to improve himself but dancing, dancing, *und wiedermal* dancing, Mr. Noblestone—what for a future has he got?"

Louis stirred uneasily on the sofa, but remained discreetly silent.

"Do you begrudge the boy a little pleasure?" Mrs. Podolnik wailed.

"With him it ain't a pleasure; it's already pretty near a business."

"Well, there's worser businesses," Noblestone declared. "Many a professional dancer is making his hundred dollars a week, Mr. Podolnik. Yes, and many a feller is running a restaurant *mit* a cabarettal which, instead he is paying a professional dancer a hundred a week, y'understand, he would consider himself pretty lucky if he got such a professional dancer in his family."

"What did I told you, Podolnik?" Mrs. Podolnik said. "The boy could be a big assistance to you *mit* his dancing."

"Listen!" Podolnik said. "All my life I have been running restaurants, that people should eat in 'em. And I don't intend from my time of life to start in now and run a restaurant that people should make loafers of themselves dancing and carrying on, mommer."

"Dancing ain't carryin' on!" Mrs. Podolnik protested; "and it ain't making a loafer of yourself, neither."

"Let him rave, Aunt Fanny," Louis said, stroking her hand. "He don't know what he's talking about. At the Heatherstalk Inn, on the Pelham Parkway, every night they sell a couple hundred three-dollar Southern chicken dinners that's clean profit all over fifty-eight cents, Aunt Fanny. And they're strict there, like anything! One night last week a feller tried to pull off a new step there that Aristide & Wilkinson is doing every night at the Jardin Mabille, and two waiters grabbed a-hold of him, Aunt Fanny; and Curley Mike, the manager, says, 'If he does that again,' he says, 'push his face in!' he says. So you see, Aunt Fanny, a feller could take his own mother there and she wouldn't see nothing out of the way."

Philip Noblestone made another expressive gesture.

"Say!" he exclaimed; and this time the monosyllable implied "*Ca va sans dire!*" and settled once and for all in the mind of Mrs. Podolnik that the relative respectability of a road house for automobiles and of a home for indigent clergymen was only a matter of degree.

"Now you take, for instance, a place like the Friar Tuck Inn," Noblestone said as he unfolded a list of hotels and restaurants for sale. "I presume you all heard of the Friar Tuck Hotel?"

"Jacob Fryer, of Fryer & Feinberg, in the pants business, I heard of," Podolnik said, "and Joseph Tuck, what used to was for years with Binder Bros., in the mattress business; but I never heard of no one by that name in the hotel business."

Mrs. Podolnik nodded.

"Joe Tuck was Binder's first wife's a nephew," she said. "The daughter, Lottie Tuck, married an actor; and after the divorce she went back home and kept house for Joe Tuck. He had a good job *mit* Binder Bros., because some people is willing to look after their wife's nephew, Podolnik. So long as Joe Tuck lived, they seen to it that he made a good living, Podolnik, because Sam Binder had that much respect for his wife that he couldn't see her nephew going to strangers for a job."

Here Mrs. Podolnik burst again into tears.

"Say——! Look-a-here, mommer; give me a little peace and quiet, will you?" Podolnik cried. "I told you a hundred times Louis Dworkin could live with us till he finds another job. But what for a future is there for a young feller like him in the restaurant business?"

"In the restaurant business, I give you right," Noblestone said. "*Aber* in a road house, Mr. Podolnik—that is something else again. If you would know the number of fellers which from running a road house is now presidents of hotel corporations and directors of banks, y'understand, you wouldn't talk that way. Why, if my wife should got a nephew—supposing I was married, Mr. Podolnik—I couldn't wish for him a better future, even if he was my own son, than Louis Dworkin would got with you in this here Friar Tuck Inn."

He paused and fixed an earnest gaze upon Podolnik, as though defying him to doubt the statement he was about to make.

"Imagine, Mr. Podolnik," he said—"two thousand oitermobiles passes the Friar Tuck every hour on a fine Sunday!"

Mrs. Podolnik dried her streaming eyes.

"And supposing only one-half of one per cent stop?" she said.

"You could reckon that many for tire troubles alone," Louis Dworkin assured her.

A pulse was beating in Podolnik's cheek and his lips moved as though in prayer, while he reckoned the cost of refrigerated chickens, frying size.

"Well, Mr. Podolnik," Noblestone argued, "what do you say?"

Podolnik shrugged his shoulders.

"*Nu*," he said, "where is the Friar Tuck Inn?"

III

ONE Sunday afternoon, six months later, Mr. and Mrs. Podolnik sat on a side veranda of the Friar Tuck Inn. A pulse beat in Mr. Podolnik's cheek, while at intervals sobs convulsed Mrs. Podolnik's deeply upholstered frame. And, though no one is expected to believe that this pulse-beating and sobbing had persisted continuously ever since Noblestone had suggested the purchase of the hotel, it is, nevertheless, a fact that throughout that entire period both Mr. and Mrs. Podolnik had put in a pretty emotional time.

It is a trying experience to sit for six months on a road-house veranda and during every Sabbath hour watch two thousand automobiles pass by, each one bearing away its proportional share of the profit on a five-thousand-dollar investment; for Noblestone had not exaggerated the density of the traffic on the Boston Post Road in front of the Friar Tuck Inn.

However, Mrs. Podolnik's estimate that one-half of one per cent of the vehicles would stop for refreshments and repairs had proved altogether too sanguine. The true ratio had been about .00001 to a thousand; and this ratio remained constant, despite the tacks that Louis Dworkin had sprinkled in the road and the hundreds of bottles he had broken. In fact, Louis was convinced that the only effective method of producing a sudden blow-out in front of the hotel, instead of a gradual deflation to take effect thirty miles up the road, would be to train and operate a machine gun at about the level of the average hub.

"*And He Says Why Should He Switch Now to Hens?*"

Podolnik rose from his seat and walked round to the front of the veranda, where for five minutes he surveyed the traffic-congested Sabbath calm of the Boston Post Road before returning to his chair beside Mrs. Podolnik.

"Nothing stops 'em!" he said. "The last banner I got fresh painted—*mit* Old-fashioned Chicken Dinner, Maryland Style, $2 on it—ain't got no more effect on them robbers as if it would be written altogether in *Loschen Hakodesch*."

Mrs. Podolnik sobbed hysterically; and in the dining room, below, the colored orchestra mocked at her sorrow with the splash of cymbals and shaking of cowbells.

"Tphoo-ee!" Podolnik exclaimed as an extra heavy thump of the bass drum caused Mrs. Podolnik to start in her chair. "*Gott sei dank*, we get rid of them *Schacherim* to-morrow!"

"*Aber* Louis says we should keep 'em for another week," Mrs. Podolnik pleaded.

"What do I care what Louis says?" Podolnik said as another explosive bang sounded through the veranda. "They'll have the house down round our shoulders."

Hardly had he finished speaking when there sounded a third and louder crash, accompanied by human shrieks.

"*Um Gotteswillen!* What is that *Schwartzer* up to?"

In the midst of a chorus of feminine shrieks and automobile horns Louis came on the run from the dining room.

"Come quick!" he cried. "A 1910 Twinplex just hit a 1913 Simpson-Detroit, and a 1915 James Knight piled right on top of 'em!"

"Oh, my gawd! Ain't it terrible!" exclaimed Mrs. Podolnik.

"What do you mean—terrible?" Mr. Podolnik retorted. "It's the first piece of luck we've had in six months! Louis, tell the chef to put over six chickens, stick ten quarts wine on the ice, and telephone for an amburlance."

He took the veranda steps three at a bound; but before he could reach the level of the Boston Post Road it was choked with automobiles from a point two miles east of New Rochelle to the Connecticut state line.

"Table for four? Yes, sir!" he shouted—to no one in particular—as he ran into the roadway.

And a man in a pongee duster turned to the other occupants of a motor car that, in its bedizened splendor, might have been marked Exhibit A and offered in evidence of its owner's profits in the sale of Munitions Stocks. What it actually represented, however, was the merger of the United Picture Film Company and the Picture Products Company, Limited, under the style of United Pictures, Limited. And it was William Brogdale, president, who wore the pongee duster.

"Let's go inside," he said. "This mess wouldn't be cleared up for an hour yet."

Podolnik led the way to a table near the dancing floor and handed a bill of fare to each of the party of four.

"You're lucky to get a table," he said. "The place was crowded, *aber* everybody rushed out to see the accident."

"Was they hurted much?" asked one of the young ladies of Mr. Brogdale's party.

The small delicate features of her oval face and her large melting eyes bore that inimitably wistful expression made familiar to the theatrical public through the close-up pictures of Juanita Le Grand, emotional star of United Pictures, Limited.

Without waiting for Podolnik to answer her, however, Miss Le Grand's close-up manner disappeared and her professionally mobile countenance registered exultation instead.

"Oh, goody!" she exclaimed. "They got fried chicken, Southern style!"

"Aristide can't eat it," the other lady said.

"Aw, cut it out!" Aristide retorted, for the remaining members of the *partie carrée* were no others than Aristide & Wilkinson, of the Jardin Mabille. "You treat me like I was a sick man!"

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"*Believe Me, Kid, a Guy With Your Legs Ain't Got No Call to be a Bookkeeper in No Pickle Factory*"

BEHIND THE GUNS—By Will Irwin

How Life Goes in the Devastated Districts of Northern France

WE HAD seen Clermont-en-Argonne on a previous trip to the devastated country behind the guns; and twice again I had flashed past it on the way to and from Verdun. In the crushed and broken country of Lorraine and the Meuse a ruined village is a commonplace. Once I visited in three days twenty-two such wrecks of war. But I doubt not that, even without the happy and curious event which happened on my fourth visit, I should have remembered the town for its beauty and its distinction in death.

We approached Clermont-en-Argonne—that first time—with considerable caution. It was under bombardment of long-range guns every day, the officers told us. This was not the hour when the Germans usually fired. Nevertheless, a group of men in uniform may draw a shell at any time, and caution in preserving his own life and those of his charges is hammered into the French officer. So we parked our automobile some distance back and trailed by covered paths through the ruined village.

Mayor and Mme. Jacquemet Give a Luncheon With Music of Guns and Shells

Clermont has stood, since the very days of the Gauls, on a beautiful site. It is the historic gateway to the Passes of the Argonne, through which the northern tribes have always poured southward. The town crawls, terrace by terrace, up the edge of a plateau; midway of the slope stood a beautiful and historic village church. When, coughing from the gray dust of walls newly ruined by the late bombardment, we came out to a terrace beside the church, we got a view that made us gasp. A green French countryside, checkerboarded with little farms, stretched out on three sides before us. Graystone villages dotted the landscape. Here and there, what with the poor cultivation of these farms behind the guns, the fiery-red poppies had conquered the fields, making brilliant strips of color even to the horizon.

Far before us the landscape rose to a dark, thick hill-wood—the Forest of the Argonne. First through the glasses, and at length with the naked eye, we could glimpse a yellow thread, or a tangle of such threads, breaking the black-green mass of the hills. That was the Argonne section of the great battle line. On the right was a break in the forest. That was the road to Verdun. Now and again came a noise like the bursting of a bubble of sound in the air—the great guns of the Argonne sector. And always on the right there was a murmur from the direction where Verdun was raging full force.

Old Ruins and New

OF THE town nothing remained whole except a fringe round the edge and one house, quite uninjured, on the main street. Peasant tradition, already weaving romance about the catastrophe of August, 1914, held that this was the residence of the local German spy. That was not true, as we learned later. It was spared, when the Germans burned the town, for the same reason that the Hôtel de Ville at Louvain was spared—it was German headquarters.

There were the old ruins of 1914 and there were the double ruins of 1916. Part of the walls still stood, as these stout stone walls of France will stand after a fire—the tiled roofs fallen in, the windows gaping, the red poppies blowing between the piles of débris. But here and there the stones had been reduced to pebbles and powder by the recent bombardment. For the rest, wherever the shells had spared the soil, there flourished the noble trees and the luxuriant, bright-green herbage of France the fertile.

We entered the church presently. It had been a beautiful thing, erected as it was by some cathedral builder in the age just before the Gothic spirit died. The roof gaped; the pillars and arches were broken or stripped of their carving. The rains had been pouring in for two winters; and the stumps of the pillars, the broken flags of the pavement, even the carved baptismal font, were thick with moss. At one place, where the light from the broken roof fell direct, a cluster of poppies grew and bloomed. The main portal was ruined, but a beautiful side portal, facing up the hill, had escaped undamaged to show what the church had been. From the peak above the door a singularly sweet little Virgin, carved with all the sincerity of old Lorraine sculpture, smiled down upon us. So, after one last sweep of that landscape, whereon the dancing light of France fell as in globules, in great crystals, we threaded our way back to the automobile.

The Jacquemets

WE WERE unaware, then, that there was a single inhabitant left in Clermont. We learned it only by accident as we started north on another trip for the purpose of talking first-hand with peasants and townspeople about the German occupation of 1914. Our guide and cicerone, M. Hovelaque, sub-Minister of Public Instruction, learned quite by chance from a confrère that M. Jacquemet, mayor of the town, and Madame Jacquemet were standing by. The Republic had been pleased to confer upon Monsieur Jacquemet, already a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, the Grand Rosette of the Legion. We might, if we were going that way, inform him—the official notice would arrive in a few days. No one who has not lived in France can appreciate what such a decoration means to a Frenchman. After that we would have missed any other town on our itinerary rather than Clermont-en-Argonne.

We found Monsieur and Madame Jacquemet in a hut at a little distance from the town. Its location was picturesque enough; but I shall not describe it lest I draw for them a German shell. He came out to greet us from a vine-covered doorway. This man who stood by was old and very lame. He walked on crutches; he had an extension on the sole of one boot. His was one of the fine, clean-sculptured, intelligent faces characteristic of the best type of northern Frenchmen. His skin showed a pallor that betrayed suffering. His dark, animated wife, younger by many years, walked beside him, a hand on his shoulder.

She did not look French to me; only later did I learn that her father was English and her mother half Spanish and half Greek.

In English, a little rusty through lack of practice, she welcomed us to Clermont. Then M. Hovelaque and one of our escorting officers drew them inside the hut. They had business with Monsieur and Madame Jacquemet, which was not for us aliens to hear. The door opened

The Two Who Stayed

The Beginning of Restoration in Gerbéviller

A House in Nancy Hit by Sixteen-Inch Shell

A Brick House Built by the English Quakers

Préfet at Nancy and Refugee Children From Pont-à-Mousson

A New House Out of Three Old Walls

presently and the group emerged, the mayor and his wife moist-eyed and exalted. And:

"This is a fête day for us. You must all stay to luncheon," said Madame Jacquemet.

We protested, for entertaining unexpected guests is a difficult thing in the war zone. But officers from down the valley had informed them by courier that we were coming, and madame had already made arrangements. Back somewhere beyond reach of the German long-range guns was a garrison with which they stood on friendly terms. The officers were sending up waiters and a cook, and two of the officers were to be among the guests. "So no more of protests," said madame.

We entered the hut and sat down. Woman fashion, Madame Jacquemet began to speak of her old possessions. They always do, these saving, home-loving French women up there in the devastated country; it is not the smallest pathos of the situation. "Ah, monsieur, I had such lovely tidies!" mourned an old peasant woman in a hamlet by Sermaize. "The wardrobe that my great-grandmother had for her trousseau—they burned that also," said another peasant woman to me. "The carpenter at Romilly has promised to make me another; but he is slow—he has so many coffins to make!"

Why the Town Was Burned

SO MADAME JACQUEMET, as she asked us to be seated, indicated two pretty brocaded armchairs among half a dozen crude country chairs and a bench. "These are all I have left of my furniture," she said, though she said it almost as though it were a joke; "they happened to be out in the yard. I had been collecting old Lorraine furniture all my life too—ah, beautiful things!"

Then, as such tales do, it came out in snatches of conversation—the story of Clermont. Mostly madame told it; but now and then Monsieur Jacquemet, who understands English a little, would catch the drift and stab the conversation with a quick, nervous, descriptive passage in French.

When the enemy, on the first rush of the war, advanced through the Argonne toward Paris, there was no real fighting at Clermont, though the Germans bombarded the town. During the bombardment the Jacquemets lived in their cellar. Once, Madame Jacquemet missed her husband. She went upstairs to find him. He occupied his regular armchair in the living room, and he was reading a newspaper three days old.

"My dear," he said, "I won't stay in that cellar another minute. It's entirely too damp!"

When the bombardment was over they found that everybody was gone except the inmates of a Home for the Aged and themselves. The Germans were coming on and there were French wounded along the roads. Madame Jacquemet opened the town hospital and cared for them, together with the aged paupers. When the Germans came she added German wounded to her cares, and she and the German hospital orderlies nursed them together. The occupation, at first, was perfectly orderly. The officers were brusque, but not exactly unkind.

Just before the Germans arrived Madame Jacquemet thought of burying her silver and some of the more valuable small articles in her collection. But she was afraid that if the Germans looted her house and missed the silver it might start trouble; so she left the house exactly as it was. And on the second day the German commander informed her, quite coolly and abruptly, that she and her old people must get out; they were going immediately to burn the town. Both she and Monsieur Jacquemet, who, as the only responsible citizen remaining, had seized the office of mayor, protested. Hadn't the citizens, the dozen aged paupers, behaved themselves? asked the mayor. They had; but this was orders, replied the German. Even as he spoke, a squad was going from house to house throwing and lighting those incendiary lozenges that jump like fleas of live flame, setting fire to everything they touch.

No one knows why the Germans did all this. It seemed to serve no military advantage. However, Monsieur Jacquemet has his theory, backed by pretty good proof which I refrain from quoting lest it get somebody into trouble. The headquarters of the Crown Prince at that time were just across the valley. The town, cocked up at the historic entrance of the Argonne Passes, was very conspicuous. He thinks—and, as I say, he has proofs—that the German Staff burned it to show His Highness that there was something doing.

Madame Jacquemet's Historic House

NEVERTHELESS, Madame Jacquemet believes that in losing her house she has a stupendous joke on the Germans. The finest establishment in town, it was headquarters for Emperor William I and Von Moltke during the invasion of 1870. Here were drawn up the plans for the Battle of Sedan. Every summer, before the present war, German tourists came in companies to look it over. Whoever gave the orders was doubtless ignorant of this; but after the house was gone Madame Jacquemet took great pains to remind the Germans. By mentioning this before the event she might have saved her house; but I fancy she scorned to preserve her property while letting her neighbors' burn.

The ruins cooled; the Jacquemets crawled back to the hospital, which the Germans had spared along with their own headquarters. The Battle of the Marne arrived; the Germans fell back to the Argonne Forest, and the

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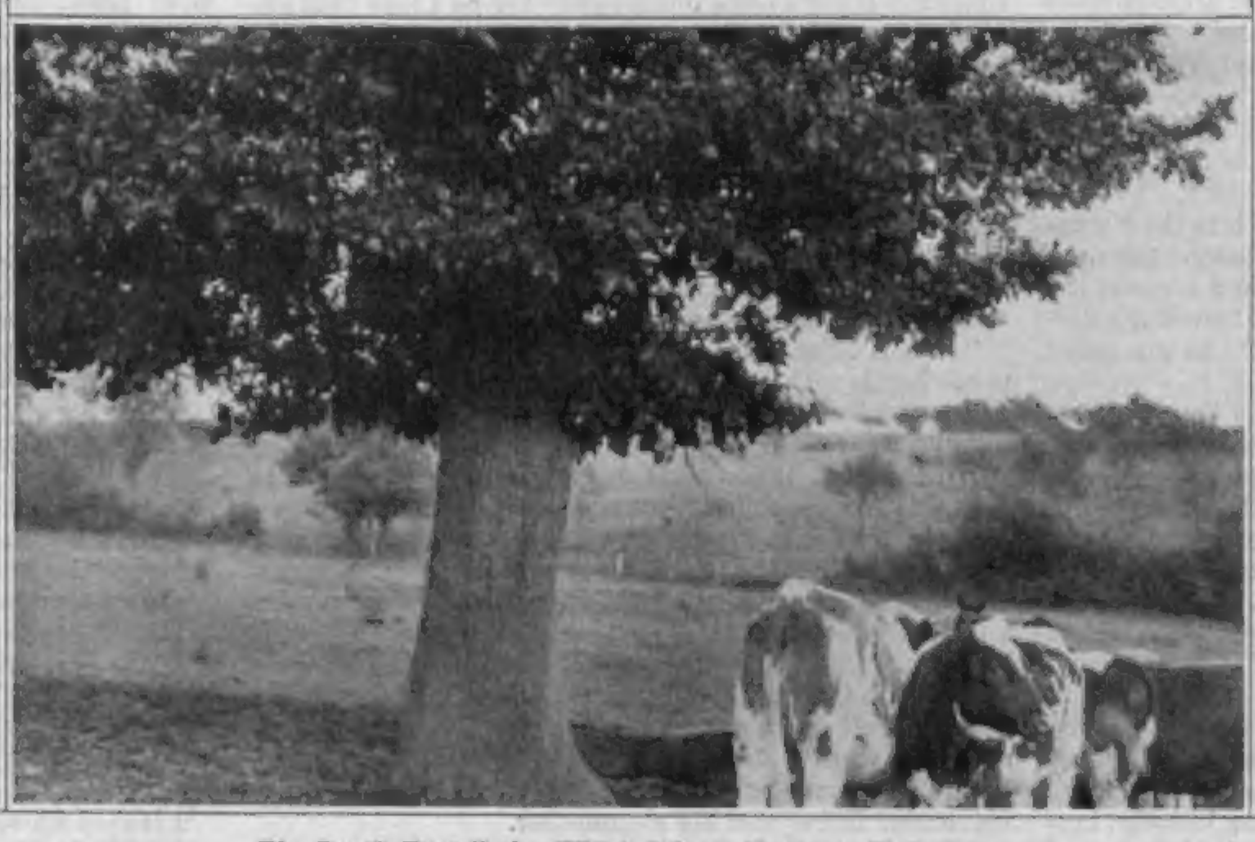
A Sixteen-Year Old Hero



The Death Tree Under Which Fifteen Hostages Were Shot

The Curé of Trieucourt

HENCE THESE TEARS

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

"Well!" She Demanded, "What's the Matter With You?"

I MAY as well scrape these facts together now before the boss gets back from Houston, because, if I don't, this history may never be written; and, furthermore, I'm extremely liable to be dead. When Boss Porter comes home and finds what I have been doing to pass the time, the chances are he'll have a stroke of some kind; and if I'm anywhere near him I'll be right in the path of a stroke myself.

It all began in Tucson, Arizona, which is a nice-enough place in the month of August for fever worms and ring-tailed lizards, but hard on humans. I was there on business for the Porter Ranch, and I lingered until I began to have heat rash on parts of my person that I had hitherto considered immune from all human frailties and weaknesses.

So I gathered my perspiring faculties together and started for Hassayampa; and the trip was highly uneventful until we sailed into Maricopa and changed trains. One railroad hits another at right angles in Maricopa, and that's all ever happens within the municipal limits—if there are any. You have a splendid vista of desert wherever you look; and, as there is nothing to halt and interest the gaze, passengers spend two hours or more each day looking at each other and guessing whether they have or have not anything the matter with them.

I picked out my passenger in a minute. She was nineteen or twenty years old, and she carried a large red rose in her hand. When I first discovered her she was looking straight at me with a pair of brown eyes that would cause any grown man to forget his early religious training, present address, and whether he was white or colored.

She was standing off at one side, as though the other passengers annoyed her, and the sun shone down through one of these transparent hats that look like a wastebasket. I will say briefly that she was pretty. That's it in one word; and I'd better stick to that one word, because if I let go on the subject of how she looked to me I'm likely to tear the lining out of the dictionary and sink us both in a futile sea of synonyms. Shakspere was a good guy in his time and batted close to the top of the percentage column, but if he had ever looked over his ruff at Mary Porter you'd find him down in the cellar gnawing a thesaurus and gibbering.

At the same time the lady bore a certain melancholy air that didn't fit her at all. Her eyes—here's where I skid for a minute—were these big lustrous ones that seem to have been made for laughing; and yet you knew if they ever began to cry—good-by to all the old records! That's what I thought, and I was not mistaken.

"This," I said to myself, with the fatal gift of prophecy I've always had, "is where you are liable to lose your heart without a word being spoken."

And that's the way I felt when I climbed into the Hassayampa train, taking care to enter directly behind the rose-bearing lady. I followed down the aisle and secured the seat behind her, annoying, in the act, a fat traveling salesman with two grips, who mistakenly thought he was going to sit there.

Then the ride north began. Most of the time I put in hoping that somebody had left a switch open so we could run into a wreck, thus affording me a chance to rescue the girl. I gave myself over to pleasing reflections, all full of violent scenes, from which I emerged carrying the heroine from certain death, with her smooth arms round my manly neck and a grateful look in her brown eyes. I certainly got a heap of comfort out of my thoughts; and after I had wrecked the train the ninth time I looked up and discovered genuine tribulation.

The lady had removed her wastebasket hat, thereby making the world brighter and better. She had the glossiest, smoothest black hair I ever saw, and about one peck of it. And she was crying. She was weeping bitterly, brokenly and miserably; and at intervals she raised up the red rose I spoke of and bruised its satin petals with a kiss. I sat there with a look on my face, thinking of the horrible waste of high-class kisses. We have a fine state capitol in our state, partly paid for, and for just one of those things the senseless rose was getting I was prepared to slip a length of dynamite under the seat of government and light the fuse. But she went right on kissing the rose and crying. The rest of that ride home to Hassayampa I might just as well have been sitting on a bee with its first stinger. When we pulled into what passes in Hassayampa as a railroad station the lady started toward the door, and then I noticed she had forgotten her rose. It hung from the back of her seat and I gathered it up. I hurried after her with a bright smile, got round in front of the six-hundred-centimeter eyes and removed my hat.

"Pardon me, ma'am," I said, "but you forgot your rose."

She looked at me.

"I did not forget it," she answered.

Then she suddenly changed from quiet melancholy and began to laugh. She turned and walked away, laughing; and while the rest of the passengers stared at me I stood there holding the salty rose and feeling sort of foolish, as anybody would under the circumstances.

My ordinary countenance is mostly all human face, a little seamed up by exposure, but not remarkable. My nose is not that of a Greek god, but I can breathe through it all right; and when shaving or otherwise looking into a mirror I avoid it and dwell upon my more fascinating features.

Our family's ancestors may have had aquiline noses, but some one of them fell on his and shoved it up from the bottom, thereby wrecking the family beak for all of us who came later. Pug as it is, my nasal apparatus would never fill a strange lady with laughter; but at that particular time it had help. One of the things I brought back from Tucson was a painful, ostentatious and exceedingly red attack of mumps. That's why the lady laughed. My feelings were hurt, and for a moment I wished she would get the mumps herself.

I thought I'd better hang round and find out where she was going; and I was doing this when Joe Beamer, the station agent, came down the track.

"Hello, Andy!" he said. "You're the man I want. Lucky, as usual. Seems the folks didn't get her wire—or, if they did, failed to understand it right. You'll have to take her up, yourself."

"Take who up?" I inquired.

"Mary Porter. You know Mary Porter?"

I looked back of me. She was standing against a pile of trunks and there was still the shadow of a smile on her face.

"You don't mean that girl over there? She ain't the boss' daughter?"

"She's all of that," Joe grinned. "Is she a bird, or not? Did you ever see a complexion like that? Don't you know her?"

"I don't know her," I said, still a little sore about the rose; "but I'm willing to. She looks like a couple of million dollars, don't she? And I can slide you a little news in advance: If she's come down to pay her pa a long visit she won't like ranch life."

While we were talking the girl began to wander down our way and I looked her over with fresh interest. Up to now all I knew was that Boss Porter had a girl and she was somewhere in a convent, because I'd only been three years on the Porter Ranch; and that's why I never saw her. I surely hadn't suspected the boss of being parent to anything like this. Porter is a nice man, but not beautiful; so his first wife, who was Mary's mother, must have been a mighty handsome woman.

"This is Miss Porter," Joe said a minute later; and I shook hands with her. "Meet Andy Cullison, Miss Porter. He's your father's foreman and it's lucky he came in, because he can take you up to the ranch."

"We've met before," Mary laughed; and when she laughed it was one of these hearty ones.

She shook hands with me in a friendly way and I tried to forget about the rose.

That's the way it started; and for the next few minutes I hustled round getting a buckboard and seeing to Mary's baggage. We drove out to the ranch and I tried to cheer her up with frivolous conversation. Now that I look back, I see where I was a success. She laughed at everything I said, and when I stopped talking she continued to laugh. So we got home amiably and I delivered Mary to her astounded father and her stepmother.

"Did you get a look at her?" I asked Jake Davis.

Jake is impressionable, with a weakness for pretty women, though he gets mighty little chance to be weak on the Porter Ranch.

"Did I see her!" he yelled. "Say, boy, would you think a human being could be made to look like that? I'm glad I bought six new shirts last week."

The next day I got the two champion shocks of a long and misspent life. The first one was named Ettory Marseeno, which is as near as I'll ever come to spelling it. He blew in about noon in a check suit and a Panama hat, and the first thing I noticed was his

"I'm All Right. What's the Matter With You?" I Asked

good looks. He made me think of an actor. His hair was black and his face thin. He had a fine, straight nose and sparkling black eyes, and when he smiled you could see white teeth all over the place. Yes; Ettory was a handsome man, and he had a foreign look about him that I judged would make him popular with women.

"Who is he?" I asked Jake.

"He's the sucker the boss is going to stick with his second-hand tractors," Jake explained. "Nice-looking, ain't he?"

The tractors on the Porter Ranch were not discussed before the boss. There were six of them, and they came to us through the Old Man's reading an advertisement with a lot of pictures in it. Any time Boss Porter reads a magazine advertisement he's gone. He has to have the thing at once; and that's how he bought the six tractors, setting the establishment back a whole lot of money.

They were run by gasoline and were designed to do everything that a ranch needs done, from winding the clock to pumping the well. They were plows and harrows and harvesters, all in one, and would take you to market or dig ditches with equal speed—only they wouldn't work on a mountain ranch cut up like ours. They were intended for a different part of the world, and we found that out after they were delivered.

From then on the boss had been trying to sell them as old iron, without success; and finally, as Jake explained, he hooked up with a San Francisco company, which sent Ettory Marseeno down to make a deal. I sort of sniffed at that story, because Ettory certainly didn't remind me of a man about to purchase six defunct tractors. He might have been interested in silk underwear or dandruff destroyer, but not gasoline engines. And when I first beheld him he was leaning over the porch railing, talking to Mary Porter and showing his even white teeth back to his ears.

The second shock was much worse than the first and came later on. About two o'clock the boss drifted into the bunkhouse, where I was boring holes in a saddle girth, and coughed a couple of times, like a man will when he is about to push over a nasty one.

"Andy," he began, "I've got a peculiar request to make. I don't want to hurt your feelings, either."

I put down the girth and looked at him.

"Starting off," I said, "it sounds like a murder. Usually you ain't so tender about my feelings. What's on your mind?"

"It's about Mary," he went on apologetically.

"Well, what about Mary?"

"She asked me to tell you; and I'm doing it—not on my own account, but solely on hers. Remember that, Andy."

"You ain't asking me anything at all yet," I said impatiently. "What's Mary want me to do?"

"Well," said the boss, "putting it briefly, she wants you to get out of sight whenever you see her or she sees you. That's all."

I looked up to see whether he was joking.

"What for?" I demanded.

"Darned if I know! I'm just asking you what she ordered me to ask."

"She don't want to see me at all!" I went on, trying to figure it out. "Funny! We got along pretty well on the way up from Hassayampa. I thought I made a hit with her. She must have taken a mighty sudden dislike to me."

"I don't know," returned the boss, shaking his head. "Girls are queer. She's got to be humored, because she'll be here only a week; and most likely I'll have to go to Houston in the morning. You won't mind, for a week, Andy?"

"No; I won't mind," I said grimly, feeling of my mumps, which were aching that day like a couple of broken legs. "You go on in and tell your daughter that it'll be all right with me. I won't vitiate the human eyesight while she's round; and if you think it'll cheer her up any I'll go and live in the silo till her vacation's over."

"Don't get sore on me," the chief growled. "I'm only her father."

He went away and left me trying to understand the workings of the female intellect. Up to then I had entertained profound feelings about Mary—all secret, of course, but still of a sacred character. In other words, I was inclined to be nutty about her and was getting ready to show her that I was one man in a million. I had expected to be with her a lot, because I know the country better than anyone else round the ranch; and all of a sudden—Bang! I am asked to go and crawl under the barn whenever she comes outdoors. Jake Davis sympathized with me.

"Of course it's tough," he said, when I told him; "but there may be some good reason for it. I can imagine that a beautiful young lady might not want to look at you much. You're bad enough with just your regular face; but right now, with them mumps, you certainly are hard for the human eye to rest upon."

"If she can look at you and not die she ought to stand me," I said morosely, and went away.

The rest of the day I saw nothing of Mary Porter; and I wandered round the place like a lost soul, cursing my luck and my mumps, and wishing I looked more like Ettory Marseeno.

II

IT MUST have been some time toward noon the next day when I cut across the bed of Salt River, which is dry except during the spring floods. I was mounted on Romulus Scudder, the finest pony in Arizona; and in the middle of the river Romulus stopped and pretended to quench his thirst. He always does this. It's an amiable failing and I humor him in it. I glanced up and down the vacant river in search of interesting objects, and about the time Romulus started I noticed a large rock and, on the rock, Mary Porter.

She was sitting with her hands clasped round her knees, and she was making queer bobbing motions with her head. I watched her for a few seconds and it dawned on me. The poor girl was crying again. And from the looks of it she was making the other cry on the train nothing but a momentary shower. It began to look as though Salt River would find itself a lot saltier than ever. I gazed round to see what was making her cry, but nothing was in sight.

"Go ahead; see about it," said my better nature.

"No," my pride answered: "stay right on Romulus Scudder."

It took me eleven seconds to lose a battle with myself, and then I fell off my steed and began to hurdle rocks in Mary's direction. She was crying as though the entire Porter family had died during the night.

I all but broke my neck getting to her side; and as I crashed along over bowlders and through the brush she looked round, pretty much startled. Her face was hot and flushed, and her hands were clenched tightly. She was winking hard as I came to a quick halt in front of her; and then she stopped crying, wiped her eyes and nose with a handkerchief, and turned upon me with what you certainly could not call a friendly air.

"Well!" she demanded, dabbing at her eyes. "What's the matter with you?"

"I'm all right. What's the matter with you?" I asked. "I saw you crying and I came to see if I could do anything."

"You can," Mary sniffed.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Beat it!" she answered coldly. "Take it on the run. Didn't I tell you not to come near me?"

"Certainly; but you ought to know, Miss Mary, that a Western man can't see a lady in distress and stand by without helping her. I'm sorry to find you crying; and so I came in ——"

That was as far as I got in what I intended to be a nice speech.

"Go away!" she cried, getting up on her rock and apparently intending to have a fit. "And remember what father told you to do. Stay out of my sight."

"Why?" I demanded with sudden boldness.

She began to laugh. She laughed so hard that she couldn't talk and I expected her to fall off the rock into the river. In time she regained part control of her faculties.

"Because I wish it!" she shrieked.

It began to look to me as though that conversation might as well end there.

I stumbled back irritably to Romulus Scudder and slipped him a kick in the ribs, much to his astonishment, because we never have any trouble.

That was on Wednesday. Thursday noon I was galloping along through the sand and cactus when I suddenly discovered a crumpled object huddled under a Jimson plant. There was no time to escape and the object was Mary Porter, out there alone in the blazing sun. When she looked up at me her eyes were wet with many tears and her nose was redder than my mumps.

Being taken by surprise I said nothing at all; but Mary did. She addressed me directly, using some of her best words and speaking in an angry voice. In the middle of the reproaches she began once more to laugh, and right there I decided that the Porter family was a nice-enough one, but certainly it had a taint. Somebody in that family had once lived where the guards can always watch you and cutlery is never allowed. Either that or Mary Porter fell off a table when a child and hit on the back of her baby head, where the soft spot is.

"I beg of you not to come near me!" she said as I turned to sneak away. "Why in heaven's name can't you do as I ask you? Why? Why? Why? It isn't much to ask of a man."

"It's a lot to ask of me," I grunted. "I want to make friends with you. What ails you, anyhow? Why all these tears? Who's responsible for this agonizing woe? You tell me, Mary, and I'll stop your troubles in a hurry."

She only shook her head helplessly, laughed some more, and waved her hands feebly, as though the situation was beyond words. I went away, sort of angry with her. No girl, pretty or otherwise, can act that way with Andy Cullison. The deuce of it was that I couldn't stay mad at her, and neither could anyone else in the world.

As I Went Into Jake, Headfirst, I Was Thinking Principally of My Pants

What made me sorest of all was the fine way Mary treated everybody else round the ranch. She liked everybody and everything, leaving out Andy Cullison; and any man would get peevish about it—especially if he had always been used to getting on well with the women.

She liked Jake Davis and took extended walks with him, looking up into his countenance and listening to his conversation with bright eyes and parted lips. When you can listen to the noise Jake makes, under the impression that he's conversing, you are a six-cylinder listener and immune to pain.

Furthermore, Mary Porter walked abroad with Ettory Marseeno, the tractor man, and I began to loathe that slicker worse than ever; in fact, I was beginning to loathe the entire population round Hassayampa at this time. I used to sit on my bunk and think by the half hour, trying to figure out what hidden sorrow was wrecking Mary Porter's young life. I even got it down to where I decided that her stepmother was unkind to her.

In most of the books I read the stepmother is a cruel and heartless wretch, although up to now I had always regarded Mrs. Porter as a nice little lady, with rosy cheeks and a friendly blue eye.

Now I began to think the old lady must be sticking pins into her stepchild; and it didn't please me. Nothing pleased me. I was the champion unpleased he-person in Sonora County during these feverish days, and I hated myself all over—but principally in the region of the unabated mumps. I did, indeed, loathe those mumps, and they grew bigger, redder and more ridiculous all the while.

Every now and then I would come across Mary, and invariably she would be either crying or finishing up a spell of tears. Once I passed through the hall and overheard Ettory Marseeno's voice on the piazza. When I investigated, Mary was lounging back in a hammock, and what do you suppose that infernal male maniac was reading to her? The Death of Little Nell! Can you beat that for intelligence of a high order? Left all to herself under the sunniest conditions, Mary was generally dissolved in tears, and here that fool read the saddest thing in the English language to her! I stood there for a second, debating whether to go out and do anything; and then I slunk softly away.

The first actual violence occurred on Friday night. During the day I had seen nothing of either Ettory or Mary, and only once had Jake Davis appeared amid my troubles. "I'll tell you what I think about this Marseeno," I said to Jake; but he stopped me.

"It don't matter what you think about him!" Jake snapped. "He offered the old man eighteen thousand dollars for the tractors and the boss wants twenty. About to-morrow the tractors will begin leaving here—unless the boss fails to get back from Houston to close the deal. So what you think about Mr. Marseeno ain't of much importance. What the boss thinks of him sounds like a pile of dough in the bank."

"Ettory Marseeno ——" I began; but Jake waved a scornful hand at me and walked off.

Nothing further happened during the day, but that night I heard the mournful strains of the phonograph coming from the veranda; and, having nothing on my mind, I investigated.

The Porter phonograph was the worst of its breed, and Ettory specialized in sad music. He went in for funeral marches, dirges of all kinds and harmonious lamentations; and two or three times I had been tempted to ruin the machine.

The two of them were out there on the porch—Ettory and Mary—and the moon was beating down upon them, while Ettory played the phonograph. I found a protecting shadow and watched Mary. Yes; she was crying as usual, but in a subdued sort of way. Standing there, I meditated strange crimes, all ending up with Ettory's body being found somewhere.

I wandered in a few feet nearer. Now and then Ettory pushed the little button and stopped the music; and during these intermissions he conversed with Mary in low tones. Being at a distance, I couldn't hear what was said, but I certainly could see the result; and all of a holy sudden it flashed on me. Like a shaft of lightning from heaven an inspiration hit me and the whole thing was plain.

Now I saw everything. The one and only reason for Mary's misery was—Ettory. And Ettory was a married man!

I saw Mary's face in the moonlight and it was literally spangled with tears. He was standing beside her and sort of bending over, making gentle motions with his hands, which were expressive fins, like most of them that come from the south of Italy.

I saw now mighty plain why Mary Porter had come, after four years, to visit her father's ranch. I also understood the presence of Ettory. He had come down to be with Mary, and the tractor business was nothing but guile.

His real purpose was to go ahead and break the girl's heart; and by the way things looked it was pretty well broken already. The chances are that Mary was deceived at first and had just found out what I already knew—that Marseeno had a wife and children in 'Frisco. I got that from letters I mailed for the hound. Maybe there was deeper trouble. Whatever the situation, it meant nothing but growing tribulation and woe for the daughter of Boss Porter. And—Lord!—how she cried and sobbed there in the moonlight, with that handsome devil standing over her talking and playing the tunes you hear when the hearse starts up the hill for the cemetery.

That ended it. The minute the revelation struck me I knew the bell had rung for one Ettory Marseeno, and that ranch life would know him no more. I moved silently away; and two hours later I met Ettory on the little path that leads from the bunk-house to the corral. It was his custom to take a solitary stroll before retiring, and I knew it. He was startled, and I wanted to startle him; but, further than that, I had formed some fairly definite plans for him, and one of them included the two-o'clock Western Express in the morning.

"Good evening," said Ettory, stopping.

"Good nothing!" I answered. "It's a bad evening, especially for people named Marseeno, and it's liable to get a lot worse. You're going West on the train that leaves Hassayampa in three hours! Do you get that, you miserable hound?"

Ettory stared at me in the moonlight, fingering his cigarette nervously.

"No," he answered; "I don't get it. I have no intention of going West until Mr. Porter returns from Houston and we settle about the tractors."

"You're going West to-night!" I repeated, raising my voice a trifle. "You think you've fooled everybody round this ranch, but you haven't fooled me. Mary Porter is an angel, and during her father's absence I'm her self-appointed guardian. I don't know how far this affair between you and her has gone, but it's far enough. So you're going to leave us with sudden abruptness. And if you did wait for the boss to get back you wouldn't go anywhere but down—and then only about six feet. You understand?"

"I don't understand," he said, glaring at me.

"You understand well enough to take that train from Hassayampa at two in the morning, don't you?"

"I think you're drunk!" said Ettory; and then he also decided to say one or two other things that need not go in here.

I leaned forward and let him have it.

Well, maybe you think the Marseeno family can't fight! If you do, you're wrong. This bird fought like a cage of crazy tigers; and I was glad of it, because I wanted to hand him what he had coming, and you can't work right on a man who won't fight back.

The next ten or fifteen minutes were devoted wholly to the art of manslaughter, and I learned that in Ettory's country it is apparently all right to use everything you have, including nails, teeth, feet and fists. He hit me once on the right mump, which was the tenderer of the two, and for a second I thought death had arrived.

Once I was the temporary champion of Sonora County, and what I did to Mr. Marseeno before that pleasing fracas ended would get me some fresh reputation if the authorities knew about it. When I was all through with him he had his fine Italian nose in the Arizona earth and it was no longer wholly aquiline in shape. He swore at me feebly through a set of lips that had lost their skill; and, though I felt a little sorry, I steeled myself with thoughts of Mary Porter and the stream of sorrow he had brought her.

The rest of the night was pleasant. I removed Ettory from the scene in a buckboard. I told him if he opened his mouth for any purpose but to breathe I would start where I left off, and when I got through he would be on a marble slab waiting for identification. He sat on a seat in the buckboard and remained silent, while I chucked in his belongings, which I got from his room. Then we started for Hassayampa and I felt that I had not lived in vain.

That is how Ettory Marseeno departed from the Porter Ranch. The last I saw of him he was standing on the dim platform of the Western Express, holding his bunged nose in a silk handkerchief and pointing the maffia curse my way. Then I breathed a sigh of relief, went back home, and took an ax to the phonograph and its doleful records.

III

I SLEPT rather late the following morning and was awakened by Jake Davis, who came to me in a state of mind. News of the preceding evening's affair had sort of scattered round, though nobody knew the detailed facts, and the folks were asking.

"What did you do to him?" Jake roared in my ear as I woke up. "Mary wants to know."

"You go and tell Mary she'll never need to worry any more about that lizard," I told Jake. "Mr. Marseeno has gone back home to his wife and children, though they may not recognize those perfect features when first they see them. Tell her to cheer up. All is well; and, in spite of her treatment of me, Andy Cullison is her staunch friend."

Jake looked at me a minute and acted as though he wanted to say something. Then he said something else.

"I used to think you were crazy, Andy, but I always kept a few charitable doubts. Now they're gone. I'm about as fond of you as a man can be, and it breaks my heart to see your intellect breaking up. You don't drink or take drugs, and yet the fact that you are softening up here is plain as day."

Jake tapped his head with his finger and I meditated tapping the same place with my personal cuspidor, which is iron.

"I know what I'm doing!" I snorted as I slid out of bed. "Everybody round this ranch but me is blind. You let this scoundrel of a Marseeno come in here and start to wreck one of the finest young lives without offering a protest and without recognizing villainy when you see it. You wait till I tell Boss Porter!"

"Yes," said Jake chokingly. "And you wait too! You wait till the boss gets here and finds that you beat up his tractor man and fired him off the ranch! You'll have a nice time with the chief when he finds out he ain't going to get that eighteen or twenty thousand. That ought to be a real nice event for you, Andy."

"That was all a bluff about the tractors," I explained. "This Ettory Marseeno simply came here to carry on a treacherous siege of Mary Porter. What went before I don't know; but there's nothing going on now—and I get the credit."

Jake looked at me and moaned. He put both hands round his head and staggered out into the sunlight.

"It's no use!" I heard him muttering. "It's no use!"

That was Saturday morning, and about forty-nine things had to be done on the ranch, all requiring my personal attention; so I was kept pretty busy and I saw nothing of Mary. I wanted to have a good long talk with her about everything, now that the poison had been removed from our midst; but there was no opportunity and I decided to put it off until the Sabbath.

Sunday morning came round and I determined to shave if it killed me, because I wanted to look as nice as the physical facts would permit. I remember that I hunted up the only pair of white doeskin pants ever owned in Arizona and put them on with sentiments of pride and pleasure. They were really tennis pants, but they have never played any tennis, though they have all the looks demanded by aristocracy and fashion. They cost me fourteen dollars out of the mail-order book—seven dollars a leg, including freight—and they were worth it.

It was my intention to tell Mary Porter something about the pitfalls that wait for a young and comely girl—especially pitfalls by the name of Marseeno—and so I went at the painful job of shaving with a light heart. If you ever own a crop of wire whiskers and a set of soft-boiled mumps at the same time you'll find any number of things pleasanter than shaving.

I had tenderly and almost tearfully denuded the left mump, exposing its raw and tomatolike surface to the air, and was starting on the right-hand side, when I heard the sound that always maddens me.

It will never be your privilege to hear Jake Davis play his ukulele, at the same time rendering strange sounds out of his throat. He called it singing. And he used to state, without a smile, that he was accompanying himself.

To begin with, a ukulele is a weird instrument which must always have the human voice with it. Alone, it is no good; and likewise it is no good in my opinion, under any conditions. It makes you think of the dead bodies of fair young women floating amid the seaweed at high tide, and it sounds—well, it sounds sad. And though the human voice helps it a trifle, still you couldn't call Jake's a human voice if you love the truth.

He got the cursed thing in a raffle held by the owner of a San Francisco water-front saloon, and he devoted a lot of time to it subsequently.

As you may know, the ukulele is the Hawaiian national instrument; and in all the history of harmonics nothing to equal it in the way of fathomless sorrow has ever been invented. It has four strings and looks like the mandolin son of a banjo mother. In Hawaii, whenever anyone dies they play the ukulele; and, if I lived in Hawaii, whenever they played the ukulele somebody would die! When a ship sails, the native girls go down to the wharf and play droning lullabies while the steamer gets under way, and the passengers lean on the rail and weep.

It's a mighty fine instrument—but not to listen to.

Right after he got it, I went to Jake, who had learned to mangle several very doleful tunes, and told him that from then on there would be no more ukulele music tolerated round the ranch. Yes; we had a fight about it. I gave him a good punching, but promised not to destroy the thing if he would go far out on the desert every time he felt an attack of harmony coming on. He promised and that ended the ukulele—until this Sunday morning.

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The Last I Saw of Him He Was Standing on the Dim Platform, Pointing the Maffia Curse My Way

OUR MOST HUMAN INDUSTRY

How the Gold Dredge Navigates—By James H. Collins

The Gold Dredge Asks Nothing From Congress in the Way of a Rivers-and-Harbors Appropriation

STREWN along a dozen miles of rough mountain road in Idaho, far from lake or river, are all the materials for building a whale of a boat. The timbers for its hull are there and indicate a size approaching Noah's Ark, while gigantic parts of machinery, housed only under the turquoise Western sky, suggest a power plant big enough to transport all the animals of Noah's day—and then some more animals.

The stuff has been lying there for years. It is easy to see that somebody started something which was never carried through. When the word came—whatever it was—every teamster dumped his load wherever he happened to be, and disappeared; and there it lies, just as it was abandoned.

The Eastern tenderfoot might reason that the boat builders suddenly woke up to the fact that there is no place in all the country round to float such a craft; for the only stream is a forked creek a few miles up the road. This country is almost on top of a mountain and many hundred feet above sea level.

What really happened, however, was that the promoters who brought this material fifty miles from the nearest railroad were forced to suspend operations for lack of capital. Had they been able to put the financial part of the enterprise through, their boat would have provided its own navigable waters; for this is the material for a gold dredge, and it looks like a big one.

The gold dredge asks nothing from Congress in the way of a rivers-and-harbors appropriation. It needs no water at all for a beginning so long as there is a creek handy. Its parts are hauled into a sagebrush desert and the hull is put together on dry land. The navigable water begins with a dry pit in which the hull is assembled and calked. Then the pit is filled with water from the creek, the hull floated, and the heavy dredging machinery put aboard. It is now a continuous power shovel of enormous capacity, built at high-investment cost for low-cost operation. So, when its big chain of buckets is available, it can navigate anywhere within reason by the simple method of digging its own rivers and harbors.

The first operation usually is to throw up a dam or deepen the small pit and get more creek water to make an ocean. From that it will keep on digging its own ocean until it has gone over and turned up every acre in the territory shown by the prospectors' drillings to carry pay dirt. Its waters are deep enough to float the largest dreadnought thrice over; for a big gold dredge nowadays digs to depths of seventy and eighty feet, and the dredge builders say they will contract for one hundred feet if anybody wants to pay the price—perhaps half a million dollars!

When the Cream Was Skimmed

LOOK round this section of Idaho a moment, with dredge parts scattered over the landscape. It was a prosperous gold camp of the real romantic kind shortly after the days of Forty-nine. It came in while the Argonauts were still flocking to the Bret Harte country, and passed through the common cycle of discovery—gold rush, riches, gradual impoverishment and final abandonment. Its history shows all the stages that lead up to dredging.

First the Bret Harte miner arrived, with his red shirt, and staked his claim on gravel so rich in gold flakes and nuggets that fortunes were washed out with the miner's pan. This pan was a shallow iron affair about the diameter of a dishpan. He filled it with a shovelful of dirt, dipped it in water, and by skillful manipulation washed all the dirt over its edge, leaving the heavy gold flakes in the bottom. He had tall notions as to what a day of his labor was worth—this Bret Harte brother; for he seldom wasted effort on gravel that yielded less than a dollar a pan, and on very rich ground his earnings might run from one to five thousand dollars a day. He was the first man on the spot, and the rich gold lay right under the grass roots. He skimmed the top cream off Nature's bounty.

When the top cream was gone—and it usually lasted but from three to five years—he turned his attention to mechanical devices that would wash leaner dirt by the wheelbarrowful. These were contrivances like the rocker, or cradle, the "long tom," the sluice, and so on. In principle they were much alike, washing the dirt over riffles, where quicksilver caught the gold. This skimmed off the remaining cream.

Then the Argonaut left for other regions, and the patient Chinaman arrived and panned the whole district over again, satisfied with a Chinaman's wages for his work. When he could no longer make wages the hydraulic-mining company came on the scene, with its reservoirs, canals, sluices, and those big water jets that you read about in the geography at school, which turned the soil topsy-turvy and extracted what seemed at that time all the available gold. This would be along in the seventies, when millions were invested in hydraulic mining in the West, and the industry lasted until farmers began to complain of the sand that came down from the placer country, overflowing their fields. Uncle Sam stepped in and stopped the hydraulic-mining game.

And then, probably, the country lay dead for a whole generation. From time to time somebody tried to start hydraulic mining again, on the conservation idea, with dams to impound the sand. Or some miner would strike a little old-time pay dirt and create a small gold flurry. For the most part, however, these old placer districts vegetated and lived in the past, and were interesting only to the occasional tourist who was willing to make the long journey out of beaten travel tracks for the sake of getting into the atmosphere of Bret Harte and Mark Twain. Gold mining continued through the West, of course; but it was mostly quartz mining, with shafts and tunnels taking out the ore at considerable depths, to be put through crushers and separating devices on a factory system.

It was along in the nineties that dredging began to be heard of as a method for working the lean dirt of the old placer districts. The idea is said to have come from New Zealand, where the British, who are great dredge builders by necessity, had taken their machinery for deepening ocean and river channels and applied it to the economical working of gold-bearing dirt. But the placer districts and dredging outfits of the antipodes are small beside the great California-type dredges which have been developed to work the exceptional placer deposits of the Golden State; and these dredges are now found at work from Colorado to Alaska.

At the San Francisco Exposition one of the dredge-building concerns had a model on exhibition, showing by actual operation how thousands of tons of material are worked over daily to get a few cents' worth of gold from each cubic yard. An old lady in a rusty black bonnet followed the lecturer's explanation of its mechanism with close attention. When he finished she asked:

"Yes; but what I'd like to know is, Where does the gold come out and where does it come from?" Which was a thoroughly pertinent and intelligent question.

Mingle with the noonday crowd of mining men who gather along Market Street in San Francisco and you will soon hear references to the Mother Lode. This is one of the great quartz-gold districts of the Sierras, with the precious metal running in veins; and with other quartz districts of California, which still leads all the states in gold production, it was laid down when the world was young—oh, very young! Back in those far geologic times, according to the engineers' reasoning, the gold came up from the depths of the earth, probably in a vaporous state, and was deposited in fissures in the rock. Then there were upheavals later, which sent large, swift mountain rivers tearing through the Mother Lode and similar deposits, and by the action of water much of the gold was washed from the rock and carried off westward toward the Pacific and also eastward toward the big inland sea that has since shrunk to Great Salt Lake.

Before reaching the ocean on the west, however, these mad mountain rivers were tamed by levels of land that slowed down their currents and forced them to drop their gold and gravel; and thus were formed the remarkable placer deposits of California which proved so rich to the first miners sixty-odd years ago, and which still afford the best field for the dredge—which may be the last method of mining, and may not. And this is where the gold comes from.

The amount now left in the gravel is so small that only the most elaborate modern machinery for handling dirt can extract it at a profit. A dredge can be made to pay when the dirt it handles averages as little as ten cents' worth of recoverable gold to the cubic yard of material. Some of the largest dredges clear a profit on six-cent dirt. It is said by the dredge builders that the cost for handling material is far below anything ever achieved in any other line, because gravel is dug seventy feet below the waterline, sorted, passed through the gold-recovering devices, and stacked out of the way for about two cents a ton.

Mining on a Mathematical Basis

WHERE the gold comes out of the dredge we shall see presently.

When it does come out it is exceedingly fine. Up in Alaska, on ground that has not been so frequently worked by a succession of miners, the dredge sometimes recovers nuggets. But in California the particles are often so small that they must be viewed through a magnifying glass to be seen separately. If the old forty-niner, who set a dollar a pan as his standard, was able to wash any color at all out of a panful of this dirt he would find the value running far less than a cent a pan. Even a Chinaman would disdain that.

One day a dredge engineer took an old Chinese miner aboard and showed him some of this fine gold. The Chinaman looked at it in amusement.

"Heap young!" he said. "Heap young!"

Gold dredging is almost invariably done by corporations, the small investor having seldom been invited to venture his savings in this form of mining, probably because considerable capital is required, and the operations are largely of a factory nature when the plant is once at work on ground whose nature has been ascertained by careful prospecting.

A gold dredge costs anywhere from fifty thousand to four hundred thousand dollars—that depends on size, capacity, depth of digging. In California the present trend is toward large boats. The amount of gold recovered from a cubic yard of ground is so small that the most economical working of the material is necessary. California has big dredges because it affords extensive fields for their operation and the investment in plant is paid back over a term of years.

An attractive dredging project will have an ample yardage of gold-bearing dirt. The area will be from one hundred acres to several thousand, and the depth from thirty feet to eighty. With twenty years' work ahead of a big boat on a project of this size, the initial investment of three or four hundred thousand dollars is reasonable. But before the boat is ordered, hauled into some dry valley of the foothills and put together, the ground must be carefully prospected to make certain that there is enough pay dirt to work on, and of the right kind.

Prospecting is done by drilling down into the gold-bearing area with apparatus like that used in drilling deep wells. The area and depth of pay dirt are thus gauged, and the average amount of gold is determined by panning or other simple recovery methods. The kind of material to be worked is as important as the amount of gold it contains. For, though Nature is bountiful, she is also decidedly careless, taking no thought for Man.

Age upon age, in the dim and oozy past, she may have worked to collect all the fine free gold in the hills roundabout, washing it down on to a nice, level valley floor. But, having done this, it is just her style to cover it over with a sheet of lava, as she has done in some localities, or bury it six or seven hundred feet deep, to be recovered sometime, somehow, by Man; but not by his present methods. Or she will spread this bounty over bedrock so rough and hard that it breaks all the dredge's teeth and spoils the dredger's temper when getting it out. Again, regarding her bounty as a sort of Christmas pudding, she will sow it thickly with bowlders of a ton or two in weight, to make trouble.

"If Nature didn't have such a thundering lot of material," says one Westerner, "she'd have a durned hard time making a living!" And that seems to be the plain truth of it.

However, the character of the dredging ground can be ascertained beforehand with greater certainty than almost any other kind of mining project. Borings show the gold yield for every foot and these are lumped in a general average. The difficulties are foreseen and provided for as far as possible; and the whole enterprise is calculated on the basis of capital invested in the dredge, millions of yards of material to be worked over, capacity of the boat for a day, operating cost, profit, dividends—here is one branch of mining in which the prognostications of the adding machine do really sometimes come true.

Various kinds of dredges have been tried out for gold recovery—steam-shovel, dipper, suction, caisson-and-pump. The only one that is now used to any extent in this country is the California type, which has an endless chain of from fifty to one hundred big steel buckets, revolving on a swinging girder, eating into the gravel bank, or scraping the surface of bedrock far below the waterline, bringing up gravel, sand, clay, bowlders, and practically everything that can be torn loose and lifted by one of the buckets.

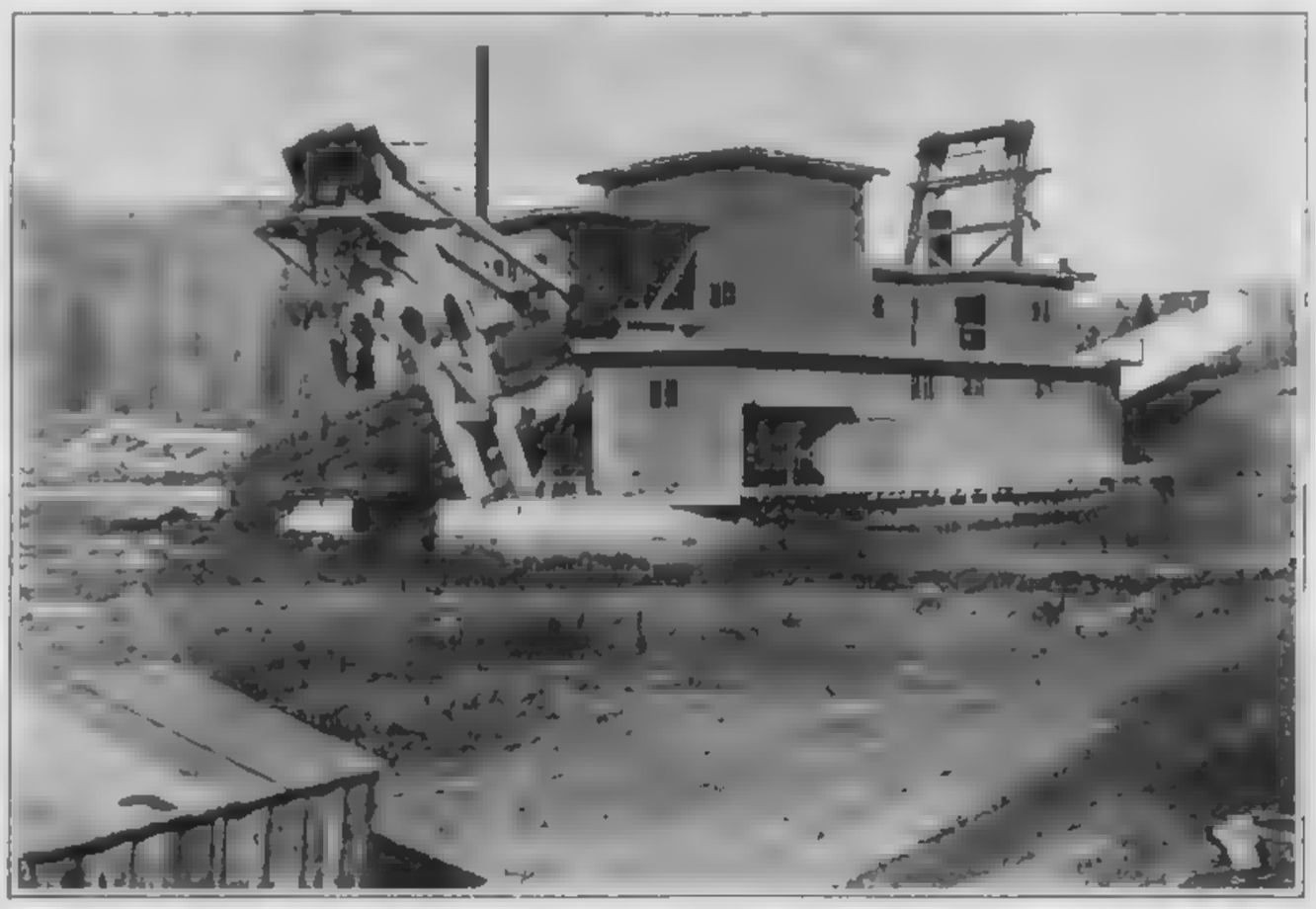
These buckets are massive, because they must do a giant's work and stand up under immense strains and shocks. On the latest type of steel dredge the buckets weigh more than two tons each, with all wearing parts made of manganese and nickel-chrome steel, replaceable when worn or broken. They cost six or seven hundred dollars apiece, and have an individual capacity of seventeen cubic feet of earth to a bucket, or an hourly capacity for the dredge of four or five hundred cubic yards. They will pick up bowlders weighing a ton or more, bringing them aboard; but this particular feat of strength excites little admiration in the dredging crew, for the machinery must be stopped and the bowlders rolled off. Clay makes a lot of trouble, too, because it coats the buckets and working parts with a sticky mass hard to get rid of.

Wherever possible, the motive power is electricity, which is available in many parts of the West, being generated by water; and where there is no necessity for steam the working crew of a giant dredge can be kept down to three or four men.

As the material comes aboard the boat, it is dumped by the buckets into a hopper, and a revolving screen separates the big stones from the fine dirt that carries gold. This goes to the gold-saving devices, which consist of tables with riffles, where quicksilver catches the metal; and here—to answer the old lady's question—is where the gold comes out.

Some of it comes out there, at least, in the form of amalgam; so

(Concluded on Page 65)



The Gold Dredge Can Navigate Anywhere by the Simple Method of Digging Its Own Rivers and Harbors

ROSEMARY ROSELLE

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IT WOULD be better for my purpose if you could hear the little clear arpeggios of an obsolete music box, the notes as sweet as barley sugar; for then the mood of Rosemary Roselle might steal imperceptibly into your heart. It is made of daguerreotypes blurring on their misted silver; tenebrous lithographs—solemn façades of brick with classic white lanterns, above them the inky smoke of a burning city; the pages of a lady's book, elegant engravings of hooped and gallooned females; and of the scent of crumbled flowers.

From such intangible sources, it must of necessity be fragile—a perfume linked to a thin chime, illusive faces on the shadowy mirror of the past, memories of things not seen but sensed in poignant, unfathomable emotions. This is a magic different from that approved by to-day; here perhaps are only some wistful ghosts brought back among contemptuous realities—a man in a faded blue uniform with a face drawn by suffering long ended, a girl whose charm, like the flowers, is dust.

It is all as remote as a smile remembered from youth. Such apparent trifles often hold a steadfast loveliness more enduring than the greatest tragedies and successes. They are irradiated by an imperishable romance . . . that is my desire—to hold out an immaterial glamour, a vapor, delicately colored by old days in which you may discover the romantic and amiable shapes of secret dreams.

I

IT WILL serve us best to see Elim Meikeljohn first as he walked across Winthrop Common. It was very early in April and should have been cool, but it was warm—already there were some vermilion buds on the maples—and Elim's worn, shad-belly coat was uncomfortably heavy. The coat was too big for him—his father had worn it for twenty years before he had given it to Elim for college—and it hung in sumber greenish folds about his tall, spare body. He carried an equally oppressive black, stiff hat in a bony hand and exposed a gaunt, serious countenance.

Other young men passing, vaulting lightly over the wooden rail that inclosed the common, wore flowing whiskers, crisply black or brown like a tobacco leaf; their luxuriant waistcoats were draped with a profusion of chains and seals; but Elim's face was austerely shaved, he wore neither brocade nor gold, and he kept seriously to the path. He was, even more than usual, absorbed in a semigloom of thought. It was his birthday, he was twenty-six, and he had been married more than nine years. Already, with his inherited, dark temperament, he was middle-aged in situation and feeling. He had been assistant to the professor of philosophy and letters for three of those married years; yes—he had graduated when he was twenty-three. He arrived at an entrance to the common that faced the row of houses where he had his room, and saw that something unusual was in progress.

The front of his boarding house was literally covered with young men: they hung over the small portico from steps to ridge, they bulged from every window and sat astride of the dormer windows in the roof. Before them on the street a camera had been set up and was covered, all save the snout, by a black rubber cloth, backward from which projected the body and limbs of the photographer.

The latter, Elim realized, was one of a traveling band that took pictures of whatever, on their way, promised sufficient pecuniary return. Here the operator had been in luck – he would sell at least thirty photographs at perhaps fifty cents each. Harry Kaperton, a great swell, was in his window with his setter, Spot; his legs, clad in bags with tremendous checks and glossy boots, hung outward. On the veranda were Hinkle and Ben Willing, the latter in a stovepipe hat; others wore stovepipes set at a rakish angle on one ear. They were all irrepressibly gay, calling from roof to ground, each begging the photographer to focus on his own particular charm.

Perhaps fifty cents—Elim Meikeljohn would have liked a place in the picture; he would like to possess one, to keep it as a memento of the youthful life that flowed constantly about him, but the probable cost was prohibitive. He even wished, as he paused before making his way up the crowded veranda steps, that some one would ask him to stay and have his picture taken with the rest. He delayed, hoping for the mere formality of this friendliness. But it was not forthcoming. He had felt that it wouldn't be; he had divined the careless silence with which the men moved aside for him to mount. There was even a muttered allusion to his famous Scotch thrift, contained in a sharper word. Elim didn't mind—actively. He had been accustomed to the utmost monetary caution since the first dawn of his consciousness. He had come to regard the careful weighing of pennies as an integral part of his being. It had always been necessary for the Meikeljohns, father and son, on their rocky pastures. He didn't mind, but at the same time he bore a faint resentment for the injustice of the marked and perceptible disdain of the majority of his fellows.

They didn't understand, he told himself, still mounting to his room in the third-floor back. Every cent that he could squeeze from his small salary must go back to the support of the invalid, his wife. He had never, of course, explained this to anyone in Cambridge. They wouldn't be particularly interested and, in addition, his daily companions seemed far too young for such serious confidences. In reality Harry Kaperton was three years older than Elim; and Kaperton had been pleasantly at college, racing horses, for seven years; many others were Elim's age, but the maturity of the latter's responsibility separated him.

In his room he took off his formal coat and nankeen waistcoat and hung them on a pegged board. The room was bare, with two uncurtained windows that afforded a shining glimpse of the river; it contained a small air-tight stove, now cold and black, and a wood box, a narrow bed, a deal table with a row of worn textbooks and neatly folded papers, a stand for water pitcher and basin, and two split-hickory Windsor chairs. Now it was filled with an afternoon glow, like powdered gold, and the querulously sweet piping of an early robin.

He dipped his face and hands in cooling water and, at the table, with squared elbows, addressed himself to a semiweekly task.

II

ELIM MEIKELJOHN laid before him a small docket of foolscap folded lengthwise, each section separately indorsed in pale, flowery ink, with a feminine name, a class number and date. They were the weekly themes of a polite Young Ladies' Academy in Richmond, sent regularly north for the impressive opinion of a member of Elim's college faculty. The professor of philosophy and letters had undertaken the task primarily; but, with the multiplication of his duties, he had turned the essays over to Elim, whose

careful judgments had been sufficiently imposing to secure for him a slight additional income.

He sat for a moment regarding the papers with a frown; then, with a sudden movement, he went over the names that headed each paper. Two he laid aside. They bore above their dates in March, eighteen sixty-one, the name Rosemary Roselle.

He picked one up tentatively. It was called A Letter. Elim opened it and regarded its tenuous violet script. Then, with an expression of augmented determination, he folded it again and placed it with its fellow at the bottom of the heap. He firmly attacked the topmost theme. Elim read it slowly, made a penciled note in a small, precise hand on its margin, folded it once more and marked it with a C minus. He went carefully through the pile, jotting occasional comments, judging the results with A, B or C, plus or minus. Finally only the two he had placed at the bottom remained.

Elim took one up again, gazing at it severely. He wondered what Rosemary Roselle had written about—in her absurd English—this time. As he looked at the theme's exterior, his attention shifted from the paper to himself, his conscience towered darkly above him, demanding a condemnatory examination of his feelings and impulses.

Had he not begun to look for, to desire, those essays from a doubtless erroneous and light young woman? Had he not even, on a former like occasion, awarded her effort with a B minus, when it was questionable if she should have had a C plus? Had his conduct not been dishonest, frivolous and wholly reprehensible? To all these inexorable questions he felt compelled to confess himself guilty. He had undoubtedly, only a few minutes gone, looked almost impatiently for something from Rosemary Roselle. Beyond cavil she should have had an unadorned C last month. And these easily proved him a broken reed.

He must at once take himself in hand. flames were reaching hungrily for him from the pit of eternal torment. In a little more he would be damned beyond any redemption. He was married . . . shame! His thoughts turned to Hester, his wife for nine and more years.

Her father's farm lay next to the Meikeljohns'; the two places formed practically one convenient whole; and when Elim had been no more than a child, Meikeljohn Senior and Hester's parents had solemnly agreed upon a mutually satisfactory marriage. Hester had always been a thin, pale slip of a girl, locally famous for her memory and grasp of the Scriptures; but it was only at her fourteenth year that her health began perceptibly to fail, at the same time that a succession of material mischances overwhelmed her family. Finally, borne down to actual privation, her father decided to remove to another section and hope. He sold his place for a fraction more than the elder Meikeljohn could pay . . . but there was Hester, now an invalid; and there was the agreement that Meikeljohn had made when it had seemed to his advantage. The latter was a rigidly upright man—he accepted for his son the responsibility he himself had assumed, and Hester was left behind. Space in the Meikeljohn household was valuable, the invalid presented many practical difficulties, and, with the solemn concurrence of the elders of their church, Elim—something short of seventeen but a grave, mature-seeming boy—and Hester were married.

The winter of his marriage Elim departed for college; his father was a just man, he had felt obscurely that some reparation was due Elim, education was the greatest privilege Meikeljohn could conceive of, so, at sacrifices that all grimly accepted, Elim was sent to Cambridge. There, when he had graduated, he remained—there were already more at the Meikeljohn home than their labor warranted—assistant to the professor of philosophy and letters.

Elim again opened the paper before him and spread it severely on the table. The supposititious letter, "Two, Linden Row," commenced in proper form and spelling, addressed to "Dearest Elizabeth." However, its progress soon wubbled, its periods degenerated into a confusion. It endeavored to be casual, easy, but he judged it was merely trivial. At one paragraph, despite his resolution of critical impersonality, his interest deepened.

"On Thursday we have to have ready a Theme to send off to Harvard. Of course, every Thursday morning We, with one accord, begin to make excuses. Well, the Dread Day rolls around to-morrow, and consequently I am deep in the Slough of Despond. My only consolation is that our Geniuses can't write regularly, but then the mood to write never possesses me. . . . This week, in writing a comparison between Hamlet and Antonio, I did succeed in jotting down something, but unfortunately I found that I had said the same many times before, only about different heroes. My tale of Woe——"

Elim once more took himself firmly in hand; he folded the paper and sharply indorsed it with a C minus. Afterward he felt decidedly uncomfortable. He wondered if Rosemary Roselle would be made unhappy by the low marking? Probably she wouldn't care; probably all that occupied her thoughts were dress and company. Possibly she danced—light, godless.

The gold haze in his room deepened; he could see through the window the tops of the maples—they held a green sheen as if in promise of the leaves to follow. The robin whistled faint and clear.

Possibly she danced. Carried away on the gracious flood of the afternoon, he wondered what Rosemary Roselle looked like. He was certain that she was pretty—her writing had the unconscious assurance of a personable being. Well, he would never know. . . . Rosemary Roselle—the name had a trick of hanging in the memory; it was astonishingly easy to repeat. He tried it aloud, speaking with a sudden emphasis that startled him. The name came back to him from the bare walls of his room like an appeal. Something within him stirred sharp like a knife. He rose with a deep breath, confused, as if someone else, unseen, had unexpectedly spoken.

III

HIS conscience, stirring again, projected the image of Hester, with her pinched, glistening countenance, on his conjecturing. He resolutely addressed himself to the judgments of Rosemary Roselle's second paper, his lighter thoughts drowned in the ascending, dark tide of his temperament. It was called Our Waitress, and an instant antagonism for the entire South and its people swept over him.

He saw that the essay's subject was a negro, a slave; and all his impassionate detestation for the latter term possessed him. The essence of the Meikeljohns was a necessity for freedom, an almost bitter pride in the independence of their bodies. Their souls they held to be under the domination of a relentless Omnipotence, evolved, it might have been, from the obdurate and resplendent granite masses of the highland where they had first survived. These qualities gave to Elim Meikeljohn's political enmity for the South a fervor closely resembling fanaticism. Even now when, following South Carolina, six other states had seceded, he did not believe that war would ensue; he thought that slavery would be abolished at a lesser price; but he was a supporter of drastic means for its suppression. His Christianity, if it held a book in one hand, grasped a sword in the other, a sword with a bright and unsparing blade for the wrongdoer.

He consciously centered this antagonism on Rosemary Roselle; he visualized her as a thoughtless and capricious female, idling in vain luxury, cutting with a hard voice at helpless and enslaved human beings. He condemned his former looseness of thought, his playing with insidious and destructive forces. A phrase, "Babylonish women," crept into his mind from some old, yellow page. He read:

"Indy is a large light mulatto, very neat and very slow. She has not much Sense, but a great deal of Sensability. Helping her proves Fatal. The more that is done for her the less well does she work. . . . Indy is very unfortunate: going out with a present of money she lost every penny. Of course she was incapable of work until the sum was replaced."

Elim paused with an impatient snort at this exhibition of shiftlessness. If the negroes were not soon freed they would be ruined beyond redemption. He read the remainder of the paper rigid and unapproving. It gave, he considered, such an excellent picture of Southern iniquities that he marked it B plus, the highest rating his responsibility had allowed Rosemary Roselle.. Now he was certain that her very name held a dangerous potentiality—it came too easily to the tongue; it had a wanton sound like a silk skirt.

The warm glow faded from the room; without, the tenuous and bare upper branches of the maples wavered in the oncoming dusk. The river had disappeared. Elim was acutely conscious of the proximity of the evening meal; and in preparation to go out to it he donned again the nankeen waistcoat and solemn garment that had served his father so long and so well.

Houses Were Tightly Shuttered; Some With Broken Doors Had a Trail of Hastily Discarded Loot on the Porticoes

IV

THE following day was almost hot; coming across Winthrop Common at its decline, Elim was oppressed and weary. Nothing unusual was happening at the boarding house; a small, customary group was seated on the veranda steps, and he joined it. The conversation hung exclusively to the growing tension between North and South, to the forming of a Confederate States of America, in February, the scattered condition of the Union forces, the probable fate of the forts in Charleston harbor.

The men spoke, according to their dispositions, with the fiery emphasis or gravity common to great crises. The air was charged with a sense of imminence, the vague discomfort of pending catastrophe. Elim listened without comment, his eyes narrowed, his long countenance severe. Most of the men had gone into Boston, to the Parker House, where hourly bulletins were being posted. Those on the steps rose to follow, all except Elim Meikeljohn—in Boston he knew money would be spent.

He went within, stopping to glance through a number of lately arrived letters on a table and found one for himself,

addressed in his father's painstaking script. Alone, once more without his coat, he opened his letter. Its beginning was commonplace—"My dear son, Elim"—but what followed confused him by the totally unexpected shock it contained: Hester, his wife, was dead.

At first he was unable to comprehend the details of what had happened to him; the fact itself was of such disturbing significance. He had never thought of the possibility of Hester's dying; he had come to think of her as a lifelong responsibility. She had seemed, in her invalid's chair, withdrawn from the pressure of life as it bore upon others, more enduring than his father's haggard concern over the increasing difficulties of material existence and spiritual salvation, than his mother's flushed toiling.

Elim had lived with no horizon wider than the impoverished daily necessity; he had accepted this with mingled fatality and fortitude; any rebellion had been immediately suppressed as a wicked reflection upon Deity. His life had been ordered in this course; he had accepted it the more readily from the inherited distrust of worldly values and aspirations; it had, in short, been he, and now the foundations of his entire existence had been overthrown.

He read the letter more carefully, realizing the probable necessity of his immediate return home for the funeral. But that was dispelled—his father wrote that it had been necessary to bury Hester at once. The elder Meikeljohn proceeded relentlessly to an exact exposition of why this had been done. "A black swelling" was included in the details. He finished:

"And if it would be inconvenient for you to leave your work at this time it is not necessary for you to come here. In some ways it would be better for you to stay. There is little enough for you to do and it would stop your money at college. . . . The Lord is a swift and terrible Being Who worketh His will in the night."

Hester was dead. Elim unconsciously walked to a window, gazing with unseeing eyes at the familiar, pleasant prospect. A thought flashed unbid through his mind, a thought like a stab of lightning—he was free. He suppressed it immediately, but it left within him a strange, tingling sensation. He directed his mind upon Hester and the profitable contemplation of death; but rebellion sprang up within him, thoughts whirled in his brain beyond control

Free! A hundred impulses, desires, of which—suppressed by his rigid adherence to a code of duty—he had been unaware, leaped into vitality. His vision of life swung from its focus upon outward and invisible things to a new, surprising regard of his own tangible self. He grew aware of himself as an entity, of the world as a broad and various field of exploit and discovery.

There was, his father had bluntly indicated, no place for him at home; and suddenly he realized that his duties at college had been a tedious grind for inconsiderable return. This admission brought to him the realization that he detested the whole thing—the hours in class; the droning, negligent recitations of the men; the professor of philosophy and letters' pedantic display; the cramped, academic spirit of institution. The vague resentment he had felt at the half-concealed disdain of his fellows gave place to a fiery contempt for their majority; the covert humility he had been forced to assume—by the thought of Hester and the few miserable dollars of an inferior position—turned to a bitter freedom of opinion.

The hour for supper approached and passed, but Elim did not leave his room. He walked from wall to wall, by turns arrogant and lost in his new situation. Of one thing he was certain—he would give up his occupation here. It might do for some sniveling sycophant of learning and money, but he was going forth to—what?

He heard footfalls in the bare hall below, and a sudden, easy desire for companionship seized him; he drew on the sturdy Meikeljohn coat and descended the stairs to the lower floor. Harry Kaperton's door was open and Elim saw the other moving within. He advanced, leaning in the doorway.

"Back early," Elim remarked. "What's new at Parker's?"

Kaperton was unsuccessful in hiding his surprise at the other's unexpected appearance and direct question. "Why—why, nothing when I left"; then more cordially: "Come in, find a chair. Bottle on the table—oh, I didn't think." He offered an implied apology to Elim's scruples.

But Elim advanced to the table, where, selecting a decanter at random from three, he poured out a considerable drink of pale spirits. Harry Kaperton looked at him in foolish surprise.

"Had no idea you indulged!" he ejaculated. "Always thought of you as a severe, Puritan duck."

"Scotch," Elim corrected him, "Presbyterian."

He tilted the glass and the spirits sank smoothly from sight. His throat burned as if he had swallowed a mouthful of flame, but there was a quality in the strong drink that accorded with his present mood: it was fiery like his released sense of life. Kaperton poured himself a drink, elevated it with a friendly word and joined Elim.

"I'm going home," the former proceeded. "You see, I live in Maryland, and the situation there is getting pretty warm. We want to get our women out of Baltimore, and our affairs conveniently shaped, before any possible trouble. I had a message this evening to come at once."

The two men presented the greatest possible contrast—Harry Kaperton had elegantly flowing whiskers, a round young face that expressed facile excitement at a possible disturbance, sporting garb of tremendous emphasis. Elim's face, expressing little of the tumult within, harsh and dark and dogged, was entirely appropriate to his somber, greenish-black dress. Kaperton gestured toward the bottle, and they took a second drink, then a third.

Kaperton's face flushed, he grew increasingly voluble, but Elim Meikeljohn was silent; the liquor made no apparent impression upon him. He sat with his legs extended straight before him across the table from the other. They emptied the decanter of spirits and turned to sherry, anything that was left. Kaperton apologized profoundly for the depleted state of his cellar—knowing that he was leaving, he had invited a party of men to his room the night before. He was tremendously sorry that Elim had been overlooked—the truth being that no one had known what a good companion Elim was.

Elim Meikeljohn, drinking sherry, thought that the night before he had not existed at all. He did not analyze his new being, his surprising potations; he was proceeding without a cautious ordering of his steps. It was neither a celebration nor a protest, but instinctive, like the indiscriminate gulping of a man who has been swimming under the water.

"Why," Kaperton gasped, "you've got a head like a cannon ball."

He rose and wandered unsteadily about, but Elim sat motionless, silent, drinking. He was conscious now of a drumming in his ears like distant martial music, a confused echo like the beat of countless feet. He tilted his glass and was surprised to find it empty.

"It's all gone," Kaperton said dully.

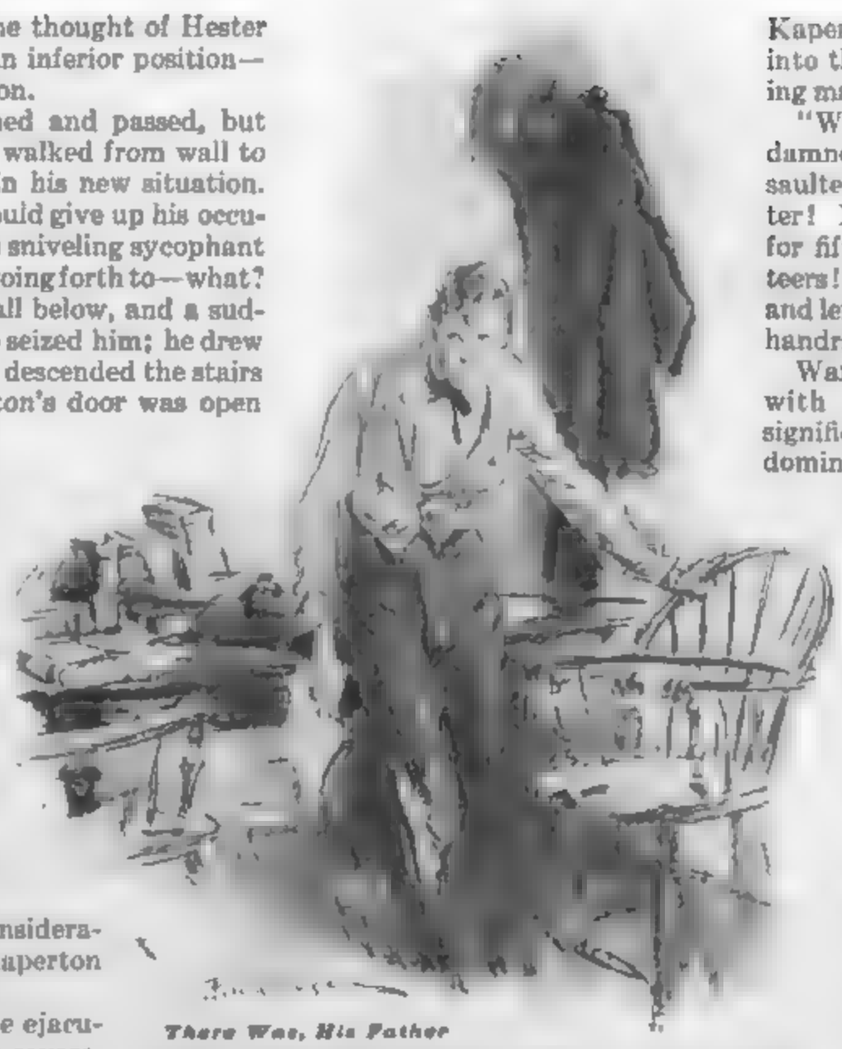
He was as limp as an empty doll, Elim thought contemptuously. He, Elim, felt like hickory, like iron; his mind was clear, vindicative. He rose, sweeping back the hair from his high, austere brow. Kaperton had slid forward in his chair with hanging, open hands and mouth.

The drumming in Elim's ears grew louder, a hum of voices was added to it, and it grew nearer, actual. A crowd of men was entering the boarding house, carrying about them a pressure of excited exclamations and a more subtle disturbance. Elim Meikeljohn left Kaperton and went out into the hall. An ascending man met him.

"War!" he cried. "The damned rebels have assaulted and taken Sumter! Lincoln has called for fifty thousand volunteers!" He hurried past and left Elim grasping the handrail of the stair.

War! The word carried with an overwhelming significance to his mind dominated by the intangible drumming, to his newly released freedom. War upon oppression, upon the criminal slaveholders of the South! He descended the stairs, pausing above the small, agitated throng in the hall. A passionate elation swept over him. He held his long arms upward and out.

"How many of the fifty thousand are here?" he cried. His ringing voice was answered in an assent that rolled in a solid volume of sound up the stairs. Elim Meikeljohn's soul leaped in the supreme kinship that linked him, man to man, with all.



There Was, His Father Had Bluntly Indicated, No Place for Him at Home

"Well," He Demanded Impatiently, "Whom Shall I Shoot?"

II

IT WAS again April, extremely early in the morning and month, and thickly cold, when Brevet-Major Elim Meikeljohn, burning with the fever of a reopened old saber wound, strayed away from his command in the direction of Richmond. His thoughts revolved with the rapidity of a pinwheel, throwing off crackling ideas, illuminated with blinding spurts and exploding colors, in every direction. A vague, persistent pressure sent him toward the city. It was being evacuated; the Union forces, he knew, were to enter at dawn; but he had stumbled ahead, careless of consequences, oblivious of possible reprisal.

He was, he recognized by the greater blackness ahead, near the outskirts of the city—for Richmond was burning. The towering black mass of smoke was growing more perceptible in the slowly lightening dawn. Elim Meikeljohn could now hear the low, sullen uprush of flames, the faint crackling of timbers, and a hot, aromatic odor met him in faint waves.

His scabbard beat awkwardly about his heels, and he impatiently unhooked it and threw it into the gloom of the roadside. The service revolver was still in its holster; but he had forgotten its presence and use. In the multicolored confusion of his mind but one conscious impression remained; and, in its reiteration, he said aloud, over and over, in dull tones, "Two, Linden Row."

The words held no concrete meaning, they constructed no vision, embodied no tangible desire; they were merely the mechanical expression of an obscure and dominating impulse. He was hardly more sensate in his progress than a nail drawn irresistibly by a magnet.

The gray mist dissolved, and his long, haggard face grew visible; it had not aged in the past four years of struggle—it had been almost from boyhood marked with sober, longitudinal lines—but it had grown keener, more intense, with the expression of a man whose body had starved through a great spiritual conflict. His uniform, creased and stained, and now silvery with dew, flapped about a gaunt, ironlike frame; and from under the leather peak of his kepi, even in his fever, his eyes burned steady and compelling.

Scattered houses, seemingly as unsubstantial as shadows, gathered about him; they grew more frequent, joined shoulder to shoulder, and he was in a city street. On the left he caught a glimpse of the river, solid and smooth and unshining; a knot of men passed shouting hoarsely, and a wave of heat swept over him like a choking cloth. Like the morning, his mind partially cleared, people and scenes grew coherent. The former were a disheveled and rioting rabble; the conflagration spread in lurid waves.

The great stores of the tobacco warehouses had been set on fire, and the spanning flames threatened the entire city. The rich odor of the burning tobacco leaves rolled over the streets in drifting showers of ruby sparks. The groups on the streets resolved into individuals. Elim saw a hulking woman, with her waist torn from grimy shoulders, cursing the retreating Confederate troops with uplifted, quivering fists; he saw soldiers in gray joined to shifty town characters furtively bearing away swollen sacks; carriages with

plunging, frenzied horses, a man with white-faced and despairingly calm women. He stopped hurrying in the opposite direction and demanded:

"Two, Linden Row?"

The other waved a vague arm toward the right and broke away.

The street commenced to mount; Elim passed an open space teeming with hurrying forms, shrill with cries lost in the drumming roar of the flames. Every third man was drunk. He passed fights, bestial grimaces, heard the fretful crack of revolvers. The great storehouses were now below him, and he could see the shuddering, inky masses of smoke blotting out quarter after quarter. He was on a more important street now, and he stopped and demanded of another:

"Two, Linden Row?"

This man ejaculated:

"The Yankees are here!" The fact seemed to stupefy him, and he stood with hanging hands and mouth.

Elim Meikeljohn repeated his query and was answered by a negro who had joined them.

"On ahead, capt'n," he volunteered; "fourth turn past the capitol and first crossing."

The other regained his speech and commenced cursing the negro and Elim, but the last moved swiftly on.

Above him, through the shifting tenebrous banks, he saw a classic white façade on a patch of incredible greenery, infinitely remote; and then from the center of the city came a deafening explosion, a great sullen sheet of flame, followed by flashes like lightning in the settling blackness.

"The powder magazines," Elim heard repeated from person to person. An irregular file of Confederate soldiers galloped past him, and the echo of their hoofs had hardly died before a troop of mounted Union cavalry, with slanting carbines, rode at their heels. They belonged, Elim recognized, to Kautz' command.

He had now reached the fourth turn beyond the withdrawn vision of the capitol, and he advanced through a black snowing of soot. Flames, fanlike and pallid, now flickered about his feet, streamed in the gutters and lapped the curbs. He saw heaps of broken bottles against the bricks, and the smell of fine spilled wines and liquors hung in his nostrils. His reason again wavered—the tremendous spectacle of burning assumed an apocryphal appearance, as if the city had burst spontaneously into flame from the passionate and evil spirits engendered and liberated by war.

He stopped at the first crossing and saw before him a row of tall brick houses, built solidly and set behind small yards and a low iron fencing. They had shallow porticoes with iron grilling, and at this end a towering magnolia tree swept its new, glossy greenery against the third-story windows.

"Linden Row," he muttered. "Well—Number Two?"

He swung back a creaking gate and went up a flight of bricked steps to the door. He had guessed right; above a brass knocker filmed with the floating muck of the air he saw the numeral, Two, painted beneath the fanlight. The windows on the left were blank, curtained. The house rose silent and without a mark of life above the obscene clamor of the city. He knocked sharply and waited; then he knocked again. Nothing broke the stillness of the façade, the interior. He tried the door, but it was solidly barred. Then a second fact, a memory, joined the bare location in his brain. It was a name—Rose—Rosemary Roselle. He beat with an emaciated fist on the paneling and called, "Roselle! Roselle!"

There was a faint answering stir within; he heard the rattle of a chain; the door swung back upon an apparently empty and cavernous, cool hall.

VI

A COLORED woman, in a crisp white turban, with a strained face more gray than brown, suddenly advanced holding before her in both hands a heavy revolver of an outworn pattern. Elim Meikeljohn could see by her drawn features that she was about to pull the trigger, and he said fretfully:

"Don't! The thing will explode. One of us will get hurt." She closed her eyes, Elim threw up his arm, and an amazingly loud report crashed through the hall. He stood swaying weakly, with hanging palms, while the woman dropped the revolver with a gasp. Elim Meikeljohn commenced to cry with short, dry sobs. . . . It was incredible that anyone should discharge a big revolver directly at his head. He sank limply against a chest at the wall.

"Oh, Indy!" a shaken voice exclaimed. "Do you think he's dying?" The colored woman went reluctantly forward and peered at Elim. She touched him on a shoulder.

"Oh, Indy!" a Shaken Voice Exclaimed. "Do You Think He's Dying?"

"'Deed, Miss Rosemary," she replied, relieved and angry, "that shot didn't touch a hair. He's just crying like a big old nothing." She grasped him more firmly, gave him a shake. "Dressed like a soldier," she said scornfully, "and scaring us out of our wits. What did you want to come here for anyhow calling out names?"

Elim's head rolled back and forward. The hall seemed full of flaming arrows, and he collapsed slowly on the polished floor. He was moved; he was half-conscious of his heels' dragging upstairs, of frequent pauses, voices expostulating and directing thinly. Finally he sank into a sublimated peace in, apparently, a floating white cloud.

He awoke refreshed, mentally clear, but absurdly weak—he was lying in the middle of a four-post bed, a bed with posts so massive and tall that they resembled smooth, towering trees. Beyond them he could see a marble mantel; a grate filled with softly smoldering coals, and a gleaming brass hod; a highboy with a dark, lustrous surface; oval gold frames; and muslin curtains in an open window, stirring in an air that moved the fluted valance at the top of the bed. It was late afternoon, the light was fading, the interior wavering in a clear shadow filled with the faint, fat odor of the soft coal.

The immaculate bed linen bore an illusive, cool scent, into which he relapsed with profound delight. The personality of the room, somber and still, flowed about him with a magical release from the inferno of the past years, the last hours. He heard a movement at a door, and the colored woman in the white turban moved to the side of the bed.

"I told her," she said in an aggrieved voice, "there wasn't nothing at all wrong with you. I reckon now you're all ready to fight again or eat. Why did you stir things all up in Richmond and kill good folks?"

"To set you free!" Elim Meikeljohn replied.

She gazed at him thoughtfully.

"Capt'n," she asked finally, "are you free?"

"Why, certainly ——" he commenced, and then abruptly stopped, lost in the memory of the dour past. He recalled his father, with a passion for learning, imprisoned in the narrow poverty of his circumstances and surroundings; he remembered Hester, with her wishful gaze in the confines of her invalid chair; his own laborious, lonely days. Freedom, he saw, a high and difficult term, concerned regions of the spirit not liberated—solved—by a simple declaration on the body. The war had been but the initial, most facile step. The woman had silenced his sounding assertion, humiliated him, by a word. He gazed at her with a new, less-confident interest. The effort of thought brought a momentary recurrence of fever; he flushed and muttered: "Freedom . . . spirit."

"You're not as wholesome as you appeared," the woman judged. "You can't have nothing beside a glass of milk." She crossed the room and, stirring the fire, put on fresh coal that ignited with an oily crackle. Again at the door she paused. "Don't you try to move about," she directed; "you stay right in this room. Mr. Roselle, he's downstairs, and Mr. McCall, and ——" her voice took on a faint, insistent note of warning. He paid little heed to her; he was lost in a wave of weariness.

The following morning, stronger, he rose and, tentatively trying the door, found it locked. The colored woman appeared soon after with a tray which, when he had performed a meager toilet, he attacked with a pleasant zest.

"The city's just burning right up," she informed him, standing in the middle of the room; "the boats on the river caught fire and their cannons banged into Canal Street." She had a pale, even color, a straight, delicate nose and sensitive lips.

"Are the Union troops in charge?" he queried.

"Yes, sir. They got some of the fire out, I heard tell. But that's not the worst now—a body can't set her foot in the street, it's so full of drunken, roaring trash, black and white. It's good Mr. Roselle and Mr. McCall and Mr. John are here," she declared again; "they could just finish off anybody that offered to turn a bad hand."

This, Elim felt, was incongruous with his reception yesterday.

Still he made no inquiry. The breakfast finished, he relapsed once more on his pillows and heard the key stealthily turn in the door from the outside.

He told himself, without conviction, that he must rise and join his command. The war, he knew, was over; the spirit that had sustained him during the struggle died. The simple question of the colored woman had largely slain it. His own personality, the thought of his forthcoming life and necessity, rose to the surface of his consciousness. Elim realized what had drawn him to his present situation—it had, of course, been the memory of Rosemary Roselle. The days when he—an assistant to a professor of philosophy and letters—had read and marked her essays seemed to lie in another existence, infinitely remote. How would he excuse his presence, the calling of her name before the house? This was an inopportune—a fatal—moment for a man in the blue of the North to make his bow to a Richmond girl, in the midst of her wasted and burning place of home. He decided reluctantly that it would be best to say nothing of his connection with her academic labors, but to depart as soon as possible and without explanation of his first summons. . . . Rosemary Roselle—the name had clung persistently to his memory. It was probable that he would see her—once. That alone was extraordinary. He marveled at the grim humor of circumstance that had granted him such a

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The Vicissitudes of Victor, or Shoot the Piece

By Rob Wagner

Ready to Film the Scene Across the Canon

It Looks Risky; But the Rope is Strong

MRS. GOODHUE'S desire to get me into a less hazardous occupation than that of camera man is not based solely on any silly feminine fright, just because I happened to land in the hospital. No, sirree! Leave it to her, when she wants to win a point, to back up her argument with facts.

It seems there are in the world certain hard-boiled, ferret-eyed individuals who every so often gather about a mahogany table and, from the statistics on accidents that lie before them, figure out a very gruesome thing called a mortuary table. This is the dope sheet for the sprightly life and accident insurance officials.

The thing friend wife discovered was that this table prompted the insurance companies to bet very high that a camera man will be either killed or injured within a specified time; in fact, they consider us fully a sixty-per-cent greater risk than the directors.

She told me this morning she had been talking to the agent—"a charming fellow!"—and he had told her that, even so, our rates were very much too low, considering the hazards of our profession. The only reason they were not higher was because we were such good moral—now I understand the agent's charm—and physical risks; and, furthermore, we were so enamored of our jobs that we would rather be right back on them again than stick the company fifty dollars a week while we looked at a knothole and smoked cigarettes.

Far be it from me to dispute their disgusting statistics; but, such is human nature, we always feel that, of course, we shall not be killed. It is the same human optimism that prompts people to rebuild a town over the volcanic ashes of the one they lost. However, our life is not all chance and danger; it has its quieter angles. These less strenuous phases are no less interesting.

There are four quite distinct fields of operation for the camera man: Educational work, which may be done by travel or in the laboratory; promotion enterprises, showing, for instance, the citrus industry or a manufacturing plant; the semiweekly news service; and studio work. It is in the last that I have had my adventures; but I know enough of the exploits of the other fellows to give a quick slant at their various stunts.

Moving-Picture News Service

THE camera men of Los Angeles have an organization known as the Static Club, and at its meetings the members exchange views of mutual helpfulness and incidentally enliven their evenings by recounting their experiences. A writer seeking material for the adventure stuff would find in the affairs of these men a veritable gold mine of incidents upon which to build his stories.

One chap, for instance, was the first cinematographer to penetrate the Congo. He took pictures in the days when reels were only sixty feet long; and he has a story that would curl your hair. Another has filmed icebergs and glaciers in the Arctics; while one got into the deepest recesses of forbidden Tibet. In every remote quarter of the globe these fellows have filmed the wonders of the world and made them real. Each one has his story, but they are perhaps more interesting as travelogues than camera experiences; so I shall confine my story to the news bulletin and the studio camera man.

A few years ago the moving-picture newspaper was practically unknown; if a public event happened in a city where some studio was located, a man would be sent out to make a picture, which would be spliced on any reel that happened to be short. But, as the interest in news pictures grew, a few of the studios began to devote more time to the work, until its importance demanded a complete department for handling news stories only.

Now we have several great organizations devoted to the single purpose of furnishing biweekly news bulletins to the public. They are pictorial newspapers in every sense of the word; each has its central office, editorial staff, headline writers, reporters, mechanical plant and circulation department. From the central office, the editor is in telegraphic communication with his reporters all over the world. In this case the reporters are camera men. If an event of any importance is scheduled in the remotest corner of the earth, the editor looks at his map, covered with little flags giving the precise location of every reporter, and telegraphs to the one who is most accessible to the spot. It may mean a motor trip of three hundred miles, or the hiring of a special train, in order to get the picture; but if the editor thinks it justifies the expenditure, he orders it. And just as a newspaper editor will demand that his correspondent send in a thousand words of some feature story, so the staff camera man will be ordered to send in fifty, a hundred or two hundred feet of film. Sometimes, after great labor and

The Kids Require Patience and a Baby Tripod

Not So Bad in Hot Weather

expense, the camera man arrives only to find light conditions impossible.

The editorial staff is constantly alert for possible news stories, and a scoop by one company is a complete beat when it is accomplished. A daily newspaper may find that its rival has beaten it to a good story, but it can always come out a few minutes later with enough of a story to save its face and give its readers the news. In pictorial reporting one either gets a picture or he doesn't, and it is absolutely impossible to fake up a substitute when one has been scooped.

The editorial staff handles the film when it comes in, has titles written and the footage cut according to its importance; and sometimes, in great events like the arrival of the Deutschland, holds up the bulletin and, if necessary, tears down the reel, so that the story can be spliced in. Incidentally it might be interesting to know that one reporter hired a tug at one A. M., steamed down the Potomac, grabbed the picture before his competitors, and had them scooped in all theaters west of Pittsburgh.

Competition is very keen and speed becomes a reporter's greatest attribute. The local reporters, mostly married men with families, have definite territory to cover—they send in their film and get their weekly checks. The correspondents, of whom there are a great many throughout the country, are paid on the footage basis, the rate being from forty cents to a dollar a foot. When one of these fellows films an event he wires to the news film the nature of it, the amount of negative, and whether competitors were present.

To facilitate speed, the men are equipped with police and fire passes.

The personality of the camera man is much more important than in ordinary reporting; and some of the fellows with the news films are almost national characters and know practically all the big men in public life well enough to get to them at the times they need them.

The laboratories also are run on newspaper lines—there is no leisurely developing to get fine effects of lighting. If the film arrives early, of course they can give it more time or "keep it on ice"; but most of the stuff is rushed through by express or parcel post, and must be developed at once. Sometimes a few hours only are permitted for the work. When the make-up man finally has the film assembled and spliced and labeled, it is projected for the editor, and then rushed to the printing rooms, where the positives are made—a hundred or more, according to the circulation of the service—and sent to the different subscribers throughout the country. Perhaps you think a circulation of one hundred is stingy; but these few copies will, no doubt, reach the eyes of five million people.

Pictures of Politicians

BEFORE the present elaborate means of getting live pictures was developed, many of the news films were padded out with very uninteresting pictures. The novelty alone sustained the interest; but as this novelty wore off the fans began to tire of silk-hatted politicians laying corner stones, frumpy ladies breaking pop bottles on the bows of launching ferryboats, colorless flower parades and stupid railroad wrecks. They could see a real wreck in the "drammer" that was to follow; so they were not interested in the pictures of a lot of smoking junk. Editors began to realize that human interest was the thing; so when they showed thirty feet of that little old sport, Captain Koenig, the

An Anti-Aircraft Gun or Two Was the Only Thing Lacking to Make Us Thoroughly Comfortable

audiences applauded for every foot. But the excitement of the news-service game is with the outside—usually unmarried—man. As I said before, he can't get his news vicariously; he must be aggressively present, and this has led to some very curious situations.

In the case of notable men, many of them will give out carefully prepared interviews, but most of them balk at having their pictures taken without an opportunity of editing the proofs. President Wilson, for instance, will permit no pictures of himself as a private citizen; but as President, if he is notified, he will submit upon occasions. Mrs. Wilson at first was very firm in her refusal; but occasionally she will now walk past the machine without ducking. T. Roosevelt has the Napoleonic psychology as to the picture he wants published. Napoleon, you may have heard, instructed his court painters to render him as he wished to appear in the imagination of the people; so the artists portrayed him as the very Imperious Emperor. He also had his coins stamped with his profile, haloed by a wreath of bay leaves, like a Roman imperator.

Colonel Roosevelt objects seriously to being taken unawares, as various camera-smashing episodes testify; but he will pose, not unwillingly. An artist friend once told me that he was making character sketches of The Colonel in the Old Fifth Avenue Hotel while T. R. was meeting an endless train of callers. When through the artist tried to make a nice, quiet little get-away, thinking that The Colonel had quite forgotten his inconspicuousness. He did not wish to interrupt immense affairs of state. But, after all, the joke was on the state, for it had to wait until The Colonel had looked at the sketches; and then he asked: "My dear fellow, won't you kindly put nose-glasses on me instead of these spectacles? I wear them because they are comfortable, but in a picture they make me look like a schoolmaster." If a former schoolmaster, living in a large white mansion in Washington, D. C., should read this he would be entitled to a large and luxuriant smile.

J. P. Morgan, Senator Root and Justice Hughes—at least before he became a candidate—are the despair of camera men. But their joy is Mr. Taft. He will pose most cordially.

Of course, if we are sent out for a picture of some public personage we try to get it, even if the p. p. acts shy and kittenish about it. We sometimes have to conceal the machine in a moving van or delivery wagon; but our best stunt is to take the camera in a limousine, and then keep just ahead of the carriage of the p. p. while we film him through the back window. Sometimes we even arrange a street blockade, so that we can sneak a few feet of our shy little statesman. He is always perfectly furious at being snapped, and then he will go, in a state of great indignation—often several times—to see the picture when it is released.

The Vanity of Sacred Cows

IT'S too bad that I can't tell of the delightful vanity of some of the sacred cows of business and politics. There are a whole lot of these great leaders who do not care to have their pictures taken—only they do! In fact, some of them are more downstage than the vainest film favorite who ever scrawled his John Hancock across his foolish face. There is one well-known philanthropist who is constantly inviting the camera men to his estate, hoping that the next week's release will show the great almoner playing golf with a bunch of important nobodies. It's a hard thing to record, mates, but the news reporters tell me that, as a rule, men have much more silly vanity before the camera than women.

The news photographer has to be very alert not to fall for the little tricks of the foxy advertiser. If it is seen that a platform is building in preparation for the filming of a certain event, like a parade or an inauguration, leave it to some merry wight, advertising shredded bath mitts or Turkish cigarettes, to get his goods emblazoned all over the background. In order to butt into the pictures these fellows will resort to every known trick and a few new ones. I heard of one man who placarded the whole side of a building with a beer ad, and then went to the camera man and told him he'd give him fifty dollars if he didn't change his location. The camera man took the fifty dollars and kept his obligation, for he did not change his location; but when he shot the picture he cut it just below the brewer's sign!

Once, when an important parade picture was being taken in San Francisco, a moving van, with a famous ad newly painted on its huge side, went by just as a great Oriental statesman was getting out of his carriage. When the film reached the editorial staff it was confronted with a great question: The picture was important; yet if they let this wildcat advertiser get away with that dodge they would be pestered to death in the future. Every ad man in the country would be sitting up nights trying to think up schemes for breaking into the news bulletins, for five million spectators are worth going after. The film was killed and that particular stunt discouraged. But, like newspapers, the films are developing regular advertising sections—the

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The Fight on the Freight Car, or Who Will Fall Off First?

General Joanne Kindly Postponed the Battle Until the Light Was Good

PICCADILLY JIM

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

V

BAYLISS took a spectacle case from the recesses of his costume, opened it, took out a pair of gold-rimmed glasses, dived into the jungle again, came out with a handkerchief, polished the spectacles, put them on his nose, closed the case, restored it to its original position, replaced the handkerchief and took up the paper.

"Why the hesitation, Bayliss? Why the coyness?" inquired Jimmy, lying with closed eyes. "Begin!"

"I was adjusting my glasses, sir."

"All set now?"

"Yes, sir. Shall I read the headlines first?"

"Read everything."

The butler cleared his throat.

"Good heavens, Bayliss," moaned Jimmy, starting, "don't gargle! Have a heart! Go on!"

Bayliss began to read:

FRACAS IN FASHIONABLE NIGHT CLUB
SPRIGS OF NOBILITY BRAWL

Jimmy opened his eyes.

"Am I a sprig of nobility?"

"It is what the paper says, sir."

"Carry on."

The butler started to clear his throat, but checked himself.

SENSATIONAL INTERNATIONAL CONTEST
BATTLING PERCY
(ENGLAND)
VS.
CYCLONE JIM
(AMERICA)
FULL DESCRIPTION BY OUR EXPERT

"My Father Has Come Down to See Me Off. This is Miss Chester, Dad"

Jimmy sat up. "Bayliss, you're indulging that distorted sense of humor of yours again. That isn't in the paper?"

"Yes, sir. Very large headlines."

Jimmy groaned.

"Bayliss, I'll give you a piece of advice which may be useful to you when you grow up. Never go about with newspaper men. It all comes back to me. Out of pure kindness of heart I took young Bill Blake, of the Sun, to supper at the Six Hundred last night. This is my reward. I suppose he thinks it funny. Newspaper men are a low lot, Bayliss."

"Shall I go on, sir?"

"Most doubtless. Let me hear all."

Bayliss resumed. He was one of those readers who, whether their subject be a murder case or a funny anecdote, adopt a measured and sepulchral delivery which gives a suggestion of tragedy and horror to whatever they read. At the church he attended on Sundays, of which he was one of the most influential and respected members, children would turn pale and snuggle up to their mothers when Bayliss read the lessons. Young Mr. Blake's account of the overnight proceedings at the Six Hundred Club he rendered with a gloomy gusto more marked even than his wont. It had a topical interest for him which urged him to extend himself.

"At an early hour this morning, when our myriad readers were enjoying that refreshing and brain-restoring sleep so necessary to the proper appreciation of the Daily Sun at the breakfast table, one of the most interesting sporting events of the season was being pulled off at the Six Hundred Club, in Regent Street, where, after three rounds of fast exchanges, James B. Crocker, the well-known American welterweight scrapper, succeeded in stopping Lord Percy Wrapple, second son of the Duke of Devizes, better known as the Pride of Old England. Once again the superiority of the American over the English style of boxing was demonstrated. Battling Percy has a kind heart, but Cyclone Jim packs the punch.

"'The immediate cause of the encounter had to do with a disputed table, which each gladiator claimed to have engaged in advance over the telephone.'"

"I begin to remember," said Jimmy meditatively. "A pill with butter-colored hair tried to jump my claim. Honeyed words proving fruitless, I soaked him on the jaw. It may be that I was not wholly myself. I seem to remember an animated session at the Empire earlier in the evening, which may have impaired my self-control. Proceed!"

"One word leading to others, which in their turn led to several more, Cyclone Jim struck Battling Percy on what our rude forefathers were accustomed to describe as the mazard, and the gong sounded for

"ROUND ONE

"Both men came up fresh and eager to mix things, though it seems only too probable that they had already been mixing more things than was good for them. Battling Percy tried a right swing, which got home on a waiter. Cyclone Jim put in a rapid one-two punch, which opened a large gash in the atmosphere. Both men sparred cautiously, being hampered in their movements by the fact, which neither had at this stage of the proceedings perceived, that they were on opposite sides of the disputed table. A clever Fitzsimmons' shift on the part of the Battler removed this obstacle, and some brisk work ensued in neutral territory. Percy landed twice.

"ROUND TWO

"The Cyclone came out of his corner with a rush, getting home on the Battler's shirt front and following it up with a right to the chin. Percy swung wildly and upset a bottle of champagne on a neighboring table. A good rally followed, both men doing impressive in-fighting. The Cyclone landed three without a return. The Cyclone's round.

"ROUND THREE

"Percy came up weak, seeming to be overtrained. The Cyclone waded in, using both hands effectively. The Battler fell into a clinch, but the Cyclone broke away and, measuring his distance, picked up a haymaker from the floor and put it over. Percy down and out.

"Interviewed by our representative after the fight, Cyclone Jim said: 'The issue was never in doubt. I was handicapped at the outset by the fact that I was under the impression that I was fighting three twin brothers, and I missed several opportunities of putting over the winning wallop by attacking the outside ones. It was only in the second round that I decided to concentrate my assault on the one in the middle, when the affair speedily came to a conclusion. I shall not adopt pugilism as a profession. The prizes are attractive, but it is too much like work.'"

"Is that all?"

"That is all, sir."

"And about enough."

"Very true, sir."

"You know, Bayliss," said Jimmy thoughtfully, rolling over on the couch, "life is peculiar, not to say odd. You never know what is waiting for you round the corner. You start the day with the fairest prospects, and before nightfall everything is as rocky and ding-basted as stig tossed full of doodlegammon. Why is this, Bayliss?"

"I couldn't say, sir."

"Look at me. I go out to spend a happy evening, meaning no harm to anyone, and I come back all blue with the blood of the aristocracy. We now come to a serious point. Do you think my lady stepmother has read that sporting chronicle?"

"I fancy not, Mr. James."

"On what do you base these words of comfort?"

"Mrs. Crocker does not read the halfpenny papers, sir."

"True! She does not. I had forgotten. On the other hand, the probability that she will learn about the little incident from other sources is great. I think the merest prudence suggests that I keep out of the way for the time being, lest I be fallen upon and questioned. I am not equal to being questioned this morning. I have a headache that starts at the soles of my feet and gets worse all the way up. Where is my stepmother?"

"Mrs. Crocker is in her room, Mr. James. She ordered the car to be brought round at once. It should be here at any moment now, sir. I think Mrs. Crocker intends to visit the park before luncheon."

"Is she lunching out?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then if I pursue the excellent common-sense tactics of the lesser sand eel, which, as you doubtless know, buries itself tail upward in the mud on hearing the baying of the eel hounds and remains in that position till the danger is past, I shall be able to postpone an interview. Should you be questioned as to my whereabouts, inflate your chest and reply in a clear and manly voice that I have gone out, you know not where. May I rely on your benevolent neutrality, Bayliss?"

"Very good, Mr. James."

"I think I will go and sit in my father's den. A man may lie hid there with some success as a rule."

Jimmy heaved himself painfully off the sofa, blinked, and set out for the den, where his father, in a deep armchair, was smoking a restful pipe and reading the portions of the daily papers which did not deal with the game of cricket.

Mr. Crocker's den was a small room at the back of the house. It was not luxurious, and it looked out onto a blank wall, but it was the spot he liked best in all that vast pile which had once echoed to the tread of titled shoes; for, as he sometimes observed to his son, it had the distinction of being the only room on the ground floor where a fellow could move without stubbing his toe on a countess or an honorable. In this peaceful backwater he could smoke a pipe, put his feet up, take off his coat and generally indulge in that liberty and pursuit of happiness to which the Constitution entitles a free-born American. Nobody ever came there except Jimmy and himself.

He did not suspend his reading at his son's entrance. He muttered a welcome through the clouds, but he did not raise his eyes. Jimmy took the other armchair, and began to smoke silently. It was the unwritten law of the den that soothing silence rather than aimless chatter should prevail. It was not until a quarter of an hour had passed that Mr. Crocker dropped his paper and spoke:

"Say, Jimmy, I want to talk to you."

"Say on. You have our ear."

"Seriously."

"Continue—always, however, keeping before you the fact that I am a sick man. Last night was a wild night on the moors, dad."

"It's about your stepmother. She was talking at breakfast about you. She's sore at you for giving Spike Dillon lunch at the Carlton. You oughtn't to have taken him there, Jimmy. That's what got her goat. She was there with a bunch of swells, and they had to sit and listen to Spike talking about his half-scissors hook."

"What's their kick against Spike's half-scissors hook? It's a darned good one."

"She said she was going to speak to you about it. I thought I'd let you know."

"Thanks, dad. But was that all?"

"All?"

"All that she was going to speak to me about? Sure there was nothing else?"

"She didn't say anything about anything else."

"Then she doesn't know! Fine!"

Mr. Crocker's feet came down from the mantelpiece with a crash.

"So You're Sailing on the Atlantic Too! How Odd!"

"Jimmy! You haven't been raising Cain again?"

"No, no, dad. Nothing serious. High-spirited Young Patrician stuff, the sort of thing that's expected of a fellow in my position."

Mr. Crocker was not to be comforted.

"Jimmy, you've got to pull up. Honest, you have. I don't care for myself. I like to see a boy having a good time. But your stepmother says you're apt to queer us with the people up top, the way you're going on. Lord knows I wouldn't care if things were different, but I'll tell you exactly how I stand. I didn't get wise till this morning. Your stepmother sprang it on me suddenly. I've often wondered what all this stuff was about, this living in London and trailing the swells. I couldn't think what was your stepmother's idea. Now I know. Jimmy, she's trying to get them to make me a peer."

"What!"

"Just that. And she says ——"

"But, dad, this is rich! This is comedy of a high order! A peer! Good heavens! If it comes off, what shall I be? This title business is all so complicated. I know I should have to change my name to Hon. Rollo Cholmondeley or the Hon. Aubrey Majoribanks, but what I want to know is, which? I want to be prepared for the worst."

"And you see, Jimmy, these people up top, the guys who arrange the giving of titles, are keeping an eye on you, because you would have the title after me and naturally they don't want to get stung. I gathered all that from your stepmother. Say, Jimmy, I'm not asking a lot of you, but there is just one thing you can do for me without putting yourself out too much."

"I'll do it, dad, if it kills me. Slip me the info!"

"Your stepmother's friend Lady Corstorphine's nephew ——"

"It's not the sort of story to ask a man with a headache to follow. I hope it gets simpler as it goes along."

"Your stepmother wants you to be a good fellow and make friends with this boy. You see, his father is in right with the Premier and has the biggest kind of a pull when it comes to handing out titles."

"Is that all you want? Leave it to me. Inside of a week I'll be playing kiss-in-the-ring with him. The whole force of my sunny personality shall be directed toward making him love me. What's his name?"

"Lord Percy Whipple."

Jimmy's pipe fell with a clatter.

"Dad, pull yourself together! Reflect! You know you don't seriously mean Lord Percy Whipple."

"Eh?"

Jimmy laid a soothing hand on his father's shoulder.

"Dad, prepare yourself for the big laugh. This is where you throw your head back and roar with honest mirth. I met Lord Percy Whipple last night at the Six Hundred Club. Words ensued. I fell upon Percy and beat his block off! How it started, except that we both wanted the same table, I couldn't say. ""Why, that I cannot tell," said he; "but 'twas a famous victory!"" If I had known, dad, nothing would have induced me to lay a hand upon Perce, save in the way of kindness, but not even knowing who he was, it would appear from contemporary accounts of the affair that I just naturally sailed in and expunged the poor, dear boy!"

The stunning nature of this information had much the same effect on Mr. Crocker that the announcement of his ruin has upon the Good Old Man in melodrama. He sat clutching the arms of his chair and staring into space, saying nothing. Dismay was written upon his anguished countenance.

His collapse sobered Jimmy. For the first time he perceived that the situation had another side than the humorous one which had appealed to him. He had anticipated that Mr. Crocker, who as a general thing shared his notions of what was funny and could be relied on to laugh in the right place, would have been struck, like himself, by the odd and pleasing coincidence of his having picked out for purposes of assault and battery the one young man with whom his stepmother wished him to form a firm and lasting friendship. He perceived now that his father was seriously upset. Neither Jimmy nor Mr. Crocker possessed a demonstrative nature, but there had always existed between them the deepest affection. Jimmy loved his father as he loved nobody else in the world, and the thought of having hurt him was like a physical pain. His laughter died away, and he set himself with a sinking heart to try to undo the effect of his words.

"I'm awfully sorry, dad; I had no idea you would care. I wouldn't have done a fool thing like that for a million dollars if I'd known. Isn't there anything I can do? Gee whiz! I'll go right round to Percy now and apologize. I'll lick his boots. Don't you worry, dad. I'll make it all right."

The whirl of words roused Mr. Crocker from his thoughts.

"It doesn't matter, Jimmy. Don't worry yourself. It's only a little unfortunate, because your stepmother says she won't think of our going back to America till these people here have given me a title. She wants to put one over on her sister. That's all that's troubling me—the thought that this affair will set us back, this Lord Percy being in so strong with the guys who give the titles. I guess it will mean my staying on here for a while longer, and I'd have liked to have seen another ball game. Jimmy, do you know they call baseball "rounders" in this country, and children play it with a soft ball!"

Jimmy was striding up and down the little room. Remorse had him in its grip. "What a damn fool I am!"

"Never mind, Jimmy. It's unfortunate, but it wasn't your fault. Of course you couldn't know."

"It was my fault. Nobody but a fool like me would go about beating people up. But don't worry, dad; it's going to be all right. I'll fix it. I'm going right round to this fellow Percy now to make things all right. I won't come back till I've squared him. Don't you bother yourself about it any longer, dad. It's going to be all right."

VI

JIMMY removed himself sorrowfully from the doorstep of the Duke of Devizes' house in Cleveland Row. His mission had been a failure. In answer to his request to be permitted to see Lord Percy Whipple, the butler had replied that Lord Percy was confined to his bed and was seeing nobody. He eyed Jimmy, on receiving his name, with an interest which he failed to conceal, for he, too, like Bayliss, had read and heartily enjoyed Bill Blake's version of the affair of last night which had appeared in the Daily Sun. Indeed, he had clipped the report out and had been engaged in pasting it in an album when the bell rang.

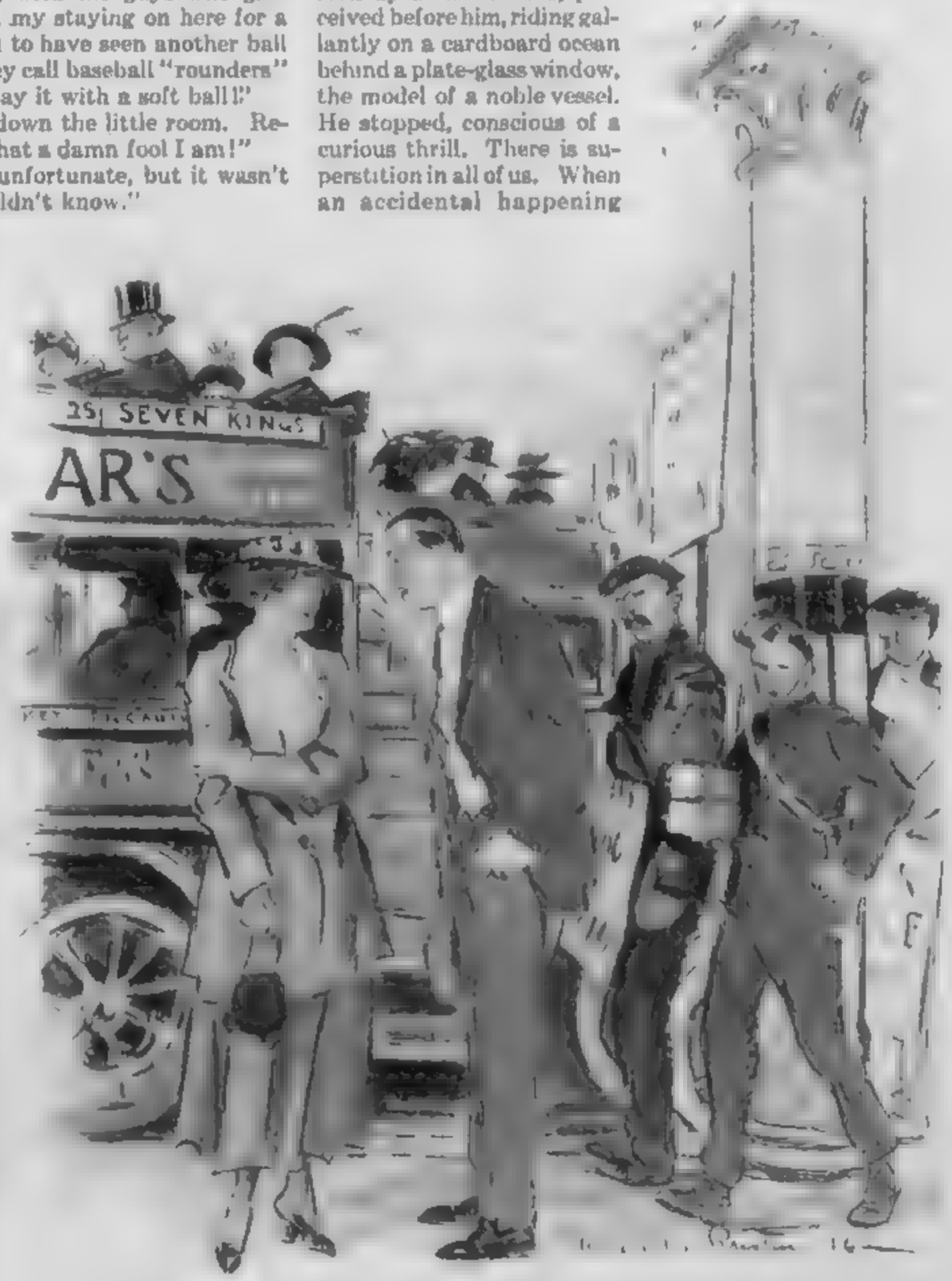
In face of this repulse Jimmy's campaign broke down. He was at a loss to know what to do next. He ebbed away from the Duke's front door like an army that has made an unsuccessful frontal attack on an impregnable fortress. He could hardly force his way in.

He walked along Pall Mall, deep in thought. It was a beautiful day. The rain which had fallen in the night, and relieved Mr. Crocker from the necessity of watching cricket, had freshened London up. The sun was shining now from a turquoise sky. A gentle breeze blew from the south. Jimmy made his way into Piccadilly, and found that thoroughfare aroar with happy automobilists and cheery pedestrians. Their gayety irritated him. He resented their apparent enjoyment of life.

Jimmy's was not a nature that lent itself readily to introspection, but he was putting himself now through a searching self-examination which was revealing all kinds of unsuspected flaws in his character. He had been having too good a time for years past to have leisure to realize that he possessed any responsibilities. He had lived each day as it came in the spirit of the monks of Thelema. But his father's reception of the news of last night's escapade and the few words he had said had given him pause. Life had taken on of a sudden a less simple aspect. Dimly, for he was not accustomed to thinking along these lines, he perceived the numbing truth that we human beings are merely so many pieces in a jig-saw puzzle, and that our every movement affects the fortunes of some other piece. Just so, faintly at first and taking shape by degrees, must the germ of a civic spirit have come to prehistoric man. We are all individualists till we wake up.

The thought of having done anything to make his father unhappy was bitter to Jimmy Crocker. They had always been more like brothers than father and son. Hard thoughts about himself surged through Jimmy's mind. With a dejectedness to which it is possible that his headache contributed he put the matter squarely to himself. His father was longing to return to America—he, Jimmy, by his idiotic behavior was putting obstacles in the way of that return. What was the answer? The answer, to Jimmy's way of thinking, was that all was not well with James Crocker; that, when all the evidence was weighed, James Crocker would appear to be a fool, a worm, a selfish waster and a hopeless, lowdown skunk.

Having come to this conclusion Jimmy found himself so low in spirit that the cheerful bustle of Piccadilly was too much for him. He turned and began to retrace his steps. Arriving in due course at the top of the Haymarket he hesitated, then turned down it till he reached Cockspur Street. Here the transatlantic steamship companies have their offices, and so it came about that Jimmy, chancing to look up as he walked, perceived before him, riding gallantly on a cardboard ocean behind a plate-glass window, the model of a noble vessel. He stopped, conscious of a curious thrill. There is superstition in all of us. When an accidental happening



"I Hope I Didn't Hurt You," Said Jimmy. "You Did, But the Taxi Would Have Hurt Me More"

chances to fit smoothly in with a mood, seeming to come as a direct commentary on that mood, we are apt to accept it in defiance of our pure reason as an omen. Jimmy strode to the window and inspected the model narrowly. The sight of it had started a new train of thought. Hypnotic influences were at work on him. Why not? Could there be a simpler solution of the whole trouble?

Inside the office he could see a man with whiskers buying a ticket for New York. The simplicity of the process fascinated him. All you had to do was to walk in, bend over the counter while the clerk behind it made dabs with a pencil at the illustrated plate of the ship's interior organs, and hand over your money. A child could do it, if in funds. At this thought his hand strayed to his trousers pocket. A musical crackling of banknotes proceeded from the depths. His quarterly allowance had been paid to him only a short while before, and though a willing spender he still retained a goodly proportion of it. He rustled the notes again. There was enough in that pocket to buy three tickets to New York. Should he? Or, on the other hand—always look on both sides of a question—should he not?

It would certainly seem to be the best thing for all parties if he did follow the impulse. By remaining in London he was injuring everybody, himself included. Well, there was no harm in making inquiries. Probably the boat was full up anyway. He walked into the office.

"Have you anything left on the Atlantic this trip?"

The clerk behind the counter was quite the wrong sort of person for Jimmy to have dealings with in his present mood. What Jimmy needed was a grave, sensible man who would have laid a hand on his shoulder and said: "Do nothing rash, my boy!" The clerk fell short of this ideal in practically every particular. He was about twenty-two, and he seemed perfectly enthusiastic about the idea of Jimmy's going to America. He beamed at Jimmy.

"Plenty of room," he said. "Very few people crossing. Give you excellent accommodation."

"When does the boat sail?"

"Eight to-morrow morning from Liverpool. Boat train leaves Paddington six to-night."

Prudence came at the eleventh hour to check Jimmy. This was not a matter, he perceived, to be decided recklessly, on the spur of a sudden impulse. Above all, it was not a matter to be decided before lunch. An empty stomach breeds imagination. He had ascertained that he could sail on the Atlantic if he wished to. The sensible thing to do now was to go and lunch and see how he felt about it after that. He thanked the clerk, and started to walk up the Haymarket, feeling hard-headed and practical, yet with a strong premonition that he was going to make a fool of himself just the same.

It was halfway up the Haymarket that he first became conscious of the girl with the red hair. Plunged in thought he had not noticed her before. And yet she had been walking a few paces in front of him most of the way. She had come out of Panton Street, walking briskly, as one going to keep a pleasant appointment. She carried herself admirably with a jaunty swing.

Having become conscious of this girl, Jimmy, ever a warm admirer of the sex, began to feel a certain interest stealing over him. With interest came speculation. He wondered who she was. He wondered where she had bought that excellently fitting suit of tailor-made gray. He admired her back, and wondered whether her face, if seen, would prove a disappointment. Thus musing, he drew near to the top of the Haymarket, where it ceases to be a street and becomes a whirlpool of rushing traffic. And here the girl, having paused and looked over her shoulder, stepped off the sidewalk. As she did so a taxicab rounded the corner quickly from the direction of Coventry Street.

The agreeable surprise of finding the girl's face fully as attractive as her back had stimulated Jimmy, so that he was keyed up for the exhibition of swift presence of mind. He jumped forward and caught her arm, and swung her to one side as the cab rattled past, its driver thinking hard thoughts to himself. The whole episode was an affair of seconds.

"Thank you," said the girl.

She rubbed the arm which he had seized, with rather a rueful expression. She was a little white, and her breath came quickly.

"I hope I didn't hurt you," said Jimmy.

"You did. Very much. But the taxi would have hurt me more."

She laughed. She looked very attractive when she laughed. She had a small, piquant, vivacious face. Jimmy, as he looked at it, had an odd feeling that he had seen her before—when and where he did not know. That mass of red-gold hair seemed curiously familiar. Somewhere in the hinterland of his mind there lurked a memory, but he could not bring it into the open. As for the girl, if she had ever met him before she showed no signs of recollecting it. Jimmy decided that, if he had seen her, it must have been in his reporter days. She was plainly an American, and he occasionally had the feeling that he had seen everyone in America when he had worked for the Chronicle.

"That's right," he said approvingly. "Always look on the bright side."

"I arrived in London only yesterday," said the girl, "and I haven't got used to your keeping-to-the-left rules. I don't suppose I shall ever get back to New York alive. Perhaps, as you have saved my life, you wouldn't mind doing me another service. Can you tell me which is the nearest and safest way to a restaurant called the Regent Grill?"

"It's just over there, at the corner of Regent Street. As to the safest way, if I were you I would cross over at the top of the street there and then work round westward. Otherwise you will have to cross Piccadilly Circus."

"I absolutely refuse even to try to cross Piccadilly Circus. Thank you very much. I will follow your advice. I hope I shall get there. It doesn't seem at all likely."

She gave him a little nod, and moved away. Jimmy turned into that drug store at the top of the Haymarket at which so many Londoners have found healing and comfort on the morning after, and bought the pink drink for which his system had been craving since he rose from bed. He wondered why, as he drained it, he should feel ashamed and guilty.

A few minutes later he found himself, with mild surprise, going down the steps of the Regent Grill. It was the last place he had had in his mind when he had left the steamship company's offices in quest of lunch. He had intended to seek out some quiet, restful nook where he could be alone with his thoughts. If anybody had told him then that five minutes later he would be placing himself of his own free will within range of a restaurant orchestra playing My Little Gray Home in the West—and the orchestra at the Regent played little else—he would not have believed him.

Restaurants in all large cities have their ups and downs. At this time the Regent Grill was enjoying one of those bursts of popularity for which restaurateurs pray to whatever strange gods they worship. The more prosperous section of London's Bohemia flocked to it daily. When Jimmy had deposited his hat with the robber band who had their cave just inside the main entrance, and had entered the grillroom, he found it congested. There did not appear to be a single unoccupied table.

From where he stood he could see the girl of the red-gold hair. Her back was toward him, and she was sitting at a table against one of the pillars with a little man with eyeglasses, a handsome woman in the forties, and a small stout boy who was skirmishing with the olives. As Jimmy hesitated, the vigilant head waiter, who knew him well, perceived him and hurried up.

"In one moment, Mister Crockaire!" he said, and began to scatter commands among the underlings. "I will place a table for you in the aisle."

"Next to that pillar, please," said Jimmy.

The underlings had produced a small table, apparently from up their sleeves, and were draping it in a cloth. Jimmy sat down and gave his order. Ordering was going on at the other table. The little man seemed depressed at the discovery that corn on the cob and soft-shelled crabs were not to be obtained, and his wife's reception of the news that clams were not included in the Regent's bill of fare was so indignant that one would have said that she regarded the fact as evidence that Great Britain was going to pieces and would shortly lose her place as a world power.

A selection having finally been agreed upon, the orchestra struck up My Little Gray Home in the West, and no attempt was made to compete with it. When the last lingering strains had died away and the violinist leader, having straightened out the kinks in his person which the rendition of the melody never failed to produce, had bowed for the last time, a clear musical voice spoke from the other side of the pillar:

"Jimmy Crocker is a worm!"

Jimmy spilled his cocktail. It might have been the voice of Conscience.

"I despise him more than anyone on earth. I hate to think that he's an American."

Jimmy drank the few drops that remained in his glass, partly to make sure of them, partly as a restorative. It is an unnerving thing to be despised by a red-haired girl whose life you have just saved. To Jimmy it was not only unnerving, it was uncanny. This girl had not known him when they met on the street a few moments before. How then was she able to display such intimate acquaintance with his character now as to describe him—justly enough—as a worm? Mingled with the mystery of the thing was its pathos. The thought that a girl could be as pretty as this one and yet dislike him so much was one of the saddest things Jimmy had ever come across. It was like one of those Things Which Make Me Weep in This Great City so dear to the hearts of the sobwriters of his late newspaper.

A waiter bustled up with a high ball. Jimmy thanked him with eyes. He needed it. He raised it to his lips.

"He's always drinking ——"

He set it down hurriedly.

"—— and making a disgraceful exhibition of himself in public! I always think Jimmy Crocker ——"

Jimmy began to wish that somebody would stop this girl. Why couldn't the little man change the subject to the weather, or that stout child start prattling about some general topic? Surely a boy of that age, newly arrived in London, must have all sorts of things to prattle about. But the little man was dealing strenuously with a breaded cutlet, while the stout boy, grimly silent, surrounded fish pie in the forthright manner of a starving python. As for the elder woman, she seemed to be wrestling with unpleasant thoughts, beyond speech.

"I always think that Jimmy Crocker is the worst case I know of the kind of American young man who spends all his time in Europe and tries to become an imitation Englishman.

(Continued on Page 69)

A Clear Musical Voice Spoke From the Other Side of the Pillar: "Jimmy Crocker is a Worm!"

A CIRCUIT RIDER'S WIDOW

By Corra Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT

ON MONDAY, November 23, 1914, the list of appointments for the Methodist preachers in the Georgia Conference appeared in the morning paper. The first thing I saw as I ran my eye down the column was that Brother Battle, our pastor, had been sent to Camden, Georgia. Then I found this at the bottom of the column, as if the Conference had barely remembered us at all: "Felix Wade, Berton Circuit."

I know the preachers of this Conference as a tired old Sister of Mercy knows her beads; but this was a new one. I had never heard of him, and I was troubled, fearing that we had got another theologue, just out of college. My anxieties were not relieved when Brother Battle returned to Berton the next day.

I went over to the parsonage at once to find out what I could about the new preacher. Brother Battle was very busy getting ready to leave on the evening train, Sister Battle having packed as usual on the sly.

He said he did not know Brother Wade, who had been transferred from another Conference. Yes; he was young. No; he did not look like a theologue. Well, how did he look, then? He couldn't say; he was not good at describing people. No; Brother Wade did not ask him about the Berton Circuit, he answered, laughing when I pushed him for a few particulars. He knew nothing about him—not even whether he was married.

The next day after the Battles left, the Aid Society met at the parsonage.

Naturally we talked a good deal about the new preacher and his family. Mrs. Lipton said she hoped his wife would take some interest in the church, which was more than Mrs. Battle had done. Mrs. Parks said she knew they would have a baby—that they always did, even if it was a grandbaby; and she had sent her little Jimmy's high chair, which he had outgrown, to the parsonage that day. She said it made her feel bad to see the preacher's baby sitting on two volumes of Kitto's Commentaries in a chair at the table, and even then only showing his head and spoon over the top of it. She waved her hand at the high chair, which was in the hall. The arms were battered where little Jimmy had registered his spoon vows for two years. The paint had been kicked off the foot rest, and the top of the back was scarred where he had tried his early teeth on it.

We took a list of everything in the house, which is an investigation of character the preacher's wife always faces after her back is turned. Mrs. Lipton discovered that a sheet was missing. The parsonage had four new sheets and one old one. Where was that old sheet? She'd like to know. We found it wrapped and sewed round the ironing board. This cleared Sister Battle from the suspicion of theft, but not from the charge of extravagance.

I do not know anything more pathetic than a parsonage after one preacher's family has moved out and before the next one comes in. It is so forlornly dingy inside, like an old nest used year after year. A sort of secondhand home; never quite fresh—the rugs faded; the shades hanging to springs that refuse to roll up or down; the china chipped; a little dab of scraps mixed with the dust in the garbage can, showing how frugal they were with the very crumbs from the table, and the last frantic effort of the pastor's wife not to leave any dust behind to accuse her.

We looked into all these things, as was our right and privilege. Then we planned what we could afford to do for the new preacher's family. We bought a doormat, a dishpan, and put in a new stovepipe. These purchases left only forty cents in the treasury of the Aid Society. We made a list of things we could spare for the pantry from our own stores. Mrs. Peters said she would give six glasses of jelly, though she thought Sister Wade ought to return the glasses. She had contributed jelly last year and the molds were not returned. Mrs. Sims would send two dozen eggs. Mrs. Lipton thought she could spare a pound of butter. Mrs. Warren would see that the stewards contributed the "staples," meaning flour, lard, sugar and coffee. I've noticed that no one ever associates the thought of meat with a preacher's diet when we are stocking the pantry. I always make a cake and take it to the parsonage the day they come.

We decided not to wash the windows, because the weather was cold and because Mrs. Warren said she thought the preacher ought to wash his own windows. We went home, having done the best we could and believing we had three more days before the Wades came to get things ready for them.

I was in the kitchen Saturday morning mixing the cake when the telephone bell rang. I knew it must be Sally Parks, for I never faced a crucial moment in my domestic life, when the soup was about to boil over or when I had both hands in the biscuit dough, that she didn't call and keep me at the phone until the worst had happened.

"Is this you, Sister Thompson?" she began in quavering tones.

"Yes. How are you this morning?" I answered.

"I'm not very well. I feel strange and excited."

She always felt abnormal or subnormal; so I waited without spending my sympathy.

"Have you seen him?" she began again.

"Seen who?"

"The new preacher. He's come!"

"What's that?"

"I say, Brother Wade's here; came in a car, with a servant and a bulldog."

"A servant and a bulldog! Where's his wife?"

"I reckon she'll be in later. They say he's got a houseful of children. Sister Lipton's just called to say that Sister Warren saw him pass her house. Said it looked to her as if he had a piano in the back of the car. She knew it was the preacher, because Sister Peters called up directly and said they stopped at the parsonage."

I hung up the receiver without ceremony and hurried to the window. I always keep the curtains drawn so as to see in secret what is going on in public.

A high-powered gray car stood in front of the parsonage on the opposite side of the street. What I should call an extremely high-powered bulldog sat on the seat behind the windshield. And not another living creature was in sight. He was a white dog, laced up in brass-studded harness. And he looked as if Nature had mashed him in the face. His nose pointed straight up. His lower lip sagged and showed his teeth. He had no ear at all on one side, and the other was only the remnant of an ear. His whole appearance was that of evil majesty. If ever I saw rank heresy in my life, it was that dog sitting in that car, which rumbled and snored like a rich man in his sleep, in front of our Methodist parsonage!

Before I could recover from my amazement a heathen came down the steps from the house, hurried to the car and loaded himself with luggage, which he carried in.

Presently smoke shot up from one of the chimneys in long, snarled masses. I could hear doors banging, the thumps and thunders of a terrific adjustment going on, as if a strange and powerful presence was making room for himself in that small place. All this time that dog sat with his nose keened to the wind, his ragged ear laid flat, and his lower teeth showing, as if he wore a false plate that didn't fit.

I do not know how long I stood there, waiting for a glimpse of the preacher and craving to know what was going on in that parsonage, where I had known for nearly forty years everything that did happen there.

The heathen skipped in and out through the back door, nosed everything in the back yard, as if he couldn't find what ought to be there. It's one thing to take up missionary collections year in and year out for the salvation of the heathen, but it's another thing altogether to see him frisking round your parsonage as if he owned it. That Chinaman in the back yard didn't look any more in keeping with a Christian minister than the bulldog did in the front yard.

While I was considering this the figure of a man appeared at one of the windows. Never before had I longed for the sinful luxury of opera glasses! I could make out that he was tall and clean-shaved, but I could not distinguish his features. He appeared to be staring straight across the street at the window where I stood. No woman is willing to be judged by the eye with which she peeps, or the ear she flirts to a keyhole; so I drew the curtains together gently as a zephyr stirs them in summer weather and retired to the kitchen.

The competition between Taggy Lipton, Charlotte Warren and myself, as to who shall make the acquaintance of the new preacher first, has always been strong and at times heated. If Mrs. Lipton wins she tells him all the bad news in the church, which members he can trust, and mentions, by description rather than by name, those whom she considers stumbling-blocks or pharisees or busybodies. If Mrs. Warren gets the first chance at him she tells him how to manage the church and lets him know the "awful mistakes" his predecessor made. But if I come in a neck ahead I tell him what a good people he has come to serve, how devoted we are to the preacher, ever ready to hold up his hands; leaving it with him to discover how difficult we are and how gifted with all human perversities.

I Was Not Sure Whether I Should Thank God for Our New Pastor or Ask Him to Have Mercy on the Methodists in Berton

Owing to the fact that my house is nearest the parsonage, and to the pardonable eagerness of my spirit to be up and doing, I am usually the first one to meet him.

My interest was quickened by what I had seen, and more particularly by what I had not seen. I was concerned to know what manner of man this was, come to preach the Gospel with a fine car, a bulldog and a heathen for his personal attributes.

It is the custom here for the preacher to come first, while his wife makes a visit to her folks. I reflected that this was all the better reason to bestir myself in Brother Wade's behalf, and to go over at the earliest possible moment to see whether he was comfortable. Before the middle of the afternoon I fixed up a little, not too much, took the cake, and crossed the street to the parsonage.

The heathen opened the door and, seeing the cake, I think he was for sending me back to the kitchen, but I knew my place; so I marched past him into the parlor.

"Tell Brother Wade Mrs. Thompson wishes to see him," I said, setting the cake on the center table and turning upon him with Christian authority in my eye.

He bowed, strained out a sound that resembled a sniff or a grunt, or a word which had not yet grown into language, and disappeared.

I looked about me with the avid curiosity of a woman who is alone among somebody else's things.

The room was the same little dingy parlor with golden-oak furniture. Yet it was not the same. The sofa was drawn up in front of the fire, as if it meant to keep warm and enjoy itself. The chairs reared back, as if they might cross their legs presently. A gun leaned against the wall in one corner. Fishing rods, reels and nets littered the floor. Kitto's Commentaries on the Old and New Testaments, which have been the whole of the parsonage library for years, were packed into the bottom shelf of the bookcase; and the shelves above were glowing with volumes bound in as many colors as Joseph's coat.

This was no longer the place where children played before the fire; where a man in a rusty long-tailed coat tramped back and forth preparing his Sabbath sermon to the shrill music of these young voices. I missed the pastor's wife's workbasket.

And—bless my soul!—what had become of the pictures on the walls? The Aid Society spent three dollars for them—The Martyr's Crown, Clinging to the Cross, and a really splendid colored print of Wyclif being burned at the stake. They were not there.

Suddenly I saw something. A very large picture hung above the mantel. It inhabited the room, gave it a meaning and a majesty that were new and strange. The colors were subdued and very rich, like memories that blend and soften beneath the tone of time. The background beneath a distant sky was filled with the figures of men and women clad in New Testament clothes. They pressed forward with eager, listening faces. In the foreground stood Jesus, with a young man who kneeled before him.

I recognized the scene portrayed as that of the "rich young ruler" who, having everything else, desired eternal life. It was all there in the picture—not the words, but the meaning. The majesty and terrible tenderness in the face of Jesus; the pride, wealth and respectability of the world kneeling at His feet in the figure of this young man, who seemed already to have heard the command: "Sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, . . . and come, take up the cross, and follow Me." The face of the kneeling man bore that expression which is thus interpreted: "He went away grieved: for he had great possessions."

Never before have I seen such a picture in a Methodist parsonage. The men who live in them usually have had no great possessions; so they find it easy to follow the Prince of an invisible Kingdom.

I was standing in the middle of the room, trying to offset the impression of the other things scattered about, the meaning of the fishing tackle and the variegated library blooming above Kitto's Commentaries, with the significance of this picture, when the door opened behind me and I stood in the presence of our new pastor.

He was tall; not spare, but slender. His brown, coarse hair was so thick it rolled opulently from the part. The bones of his face showed beneath the smooth tanned skin like a steel frame, delicate and strong. He had the lips of a man, pleasing and wistful; but he had the clear, passionless blue eyes of a priest. His clothes, not clerical, fitted him with a kind of elegance. They belonged to him like a worldly charm, as if he had not chosen his tailor from among the brethren.

All this I saw in the first uplook I had at him over the top of my spectacles as he entered the room.

"Mrs. Thompson?" he said, advancing.

"Yes; and you are our new pastor?" I returned, forgetting to mention the cake or to ask him about his wife and children; in fact, forgetting everything, because he looked at me so hard—as if he had seen me before but could not remember where.

"It is good of you to drop in like this," he said, still holding my hand and leading me to a seat on the sofa in a manner that made me wish I had worn my best dress.

Then he drew his chair up, sat down and bent a little forward to me, which somehow implied a compliment. I do not know whether he meant it for my Dorcas soul or for just the old woman who had come out in a blustering wind and a drizzling rain to welcome him; but I felt suddenly the faded femininity of my years flame, as if more of me had been recognized and revered than usual. I knew I had two red spots on my cheeks. The corners of his mouth deepened—merely two ends of a smile. And somehow I knew he had wished me those little faded pink roses among the wrinkles.

"I just thought I'd come right over and see if there is anything I can do to make you comfortable," I explained.

"Well, you've done the only thing I needed. You came," he answered.

Preachers, as a rule, are offish to women. They will feed out of your hand and keep their distance at the same time. The Saint Paul in them never really trusts us. That is why I say, and have always said, that if a preacher gets into trouble with one the fault is more hers than his. I have noticed time and again that the pastors we have here prefer to sit more than two arm lengths from the best female saint in this church, no matter how old she is in her virtues and Christian fortitude. Even Lily Triggs couldn't get near enough to sing out of the same book with Brother Worthen. Thus, I was not prepared for Brother Wade's easy manner. I was flustered.

"It's a habit," I explained primly.

"To visit the preacher?"

"And his family; yes."

"Well, keep it up."

I shot a glance at him sidewise. His face was turned away, as if he had something on it not for me to see. But I saw something else—a cowlick on the crown of his head; a little place up there where the hair stood up, denying the order of things inside. In the days to come I recognized it as the place in this man where the boy of him still lived, impish, fantastic, and never quite consecrated. Sometimes, when he would be preaching and bent his head forward for emphasis, I could see the minister of God in front and that rebellious boy of him behind, with his hair tousled. But now the only thing I understood was that there was something in the situation, which charmed and amused him, that was concealed from me.

We went on talking. I felt that I was being led away from the things I wished to say, and the things he ought to know about the church, to something else he preferred to know.

I have looked many a preacher through and through at a glance. I can tell the minute I lay eyes on one whether his Gospel will be meek or militant. But this was the first time I ever had one to look me through as if he knew me from my a-b-abs, to my nether transgressions. It was like having my spiritual pockets picked when I had come to deliver a welcome address and put him on his feet in the church. I felt a pardonable irritation; and I made up my mind to say what I'd come to say, if it was the last thing I ever did. I waited with repressed energy for the next pause in the conversation, which was so polite as to be almost secular. The moment it occurred I shot in:

"We are glad to have you with us this year, Brother Wade."

"Thank you. I am delighted with my appointment. Berton Circuit has quite a reputation in the Conference," he answered, smiling, but with such directness I knew someone had been tattling.

"Yes; but you mustn't be discouraged. This church needs ——"

"How many inhabitants has Berton?" he interrupted.

"Fifteen hundred, counting the colored people; about a thousand whites. The membership of our church ——"

"How many churches?" cutting me off again; not rudely, but like a physician who sticks a thermometer in your mouth when you want to go on telling him how you feel.

"Three for the white people, not counting Olive-Vine," I answered.

"Why not count Olive-Vine?"

"It belongs to the Primitive Baptists, and ——"

"Four churches," he went on, "for a thousand people! And what is the aggregate membership?"

I just folded my hands and looked at him. Did he think he was called to all of them? I was tempted to tell him he'd do well to fix his attention on the one congregation he'd been sent to serve; but I bore with him.

"The Methodists have two hundred members," I answered patiently; "more than the Presbyterians and Baptists put together. But we hear that there are only twenty on the roll at Olive-Vine."

"What do these churches pay, all told, for missions, preachers' salaries—everything?"

"The Methodists lead, of course. Since Berton has been made a half station, with two services a month, we pay six hundred dollars a year, everything included, the Baptists nearly as much, and I hear the Presbyterians collect more; but that's because they have two or three rich members. Nobody knows what the pastor of Olive-Vine gets, but it's all the people give, because they don't believe in missions, or Sunday schools, or anything but close communion, cold-water baptism ——"

"And in Jesus, the Saviour of Men," he put in so quickly that I felt rebuffed.

"I begin to see how things are," he mused, not noticing that I had snatched off my spectacles and was looking at him with a strictly doctrinal stare. "Four churches, worth, say, thirty thousand dollars; four hundred members, contributing two thousand dollars for the support of the church, missions and ministry. Probably one thousand more for repairs and incidentals. That's around seven dollars a head, counting the women and children."

"But they don't. There are many members who give nothing, and as many more who give almost nothing."

"That would probably bring the tax up to twenty dollars on an average for those who do pay."

"Tax! Tax!" I exclaimed, scandalized at the use of this secular word about the Lord's moneys.

"What about your school?" he asked, paying no attention to what I wanted to go on saying.

I told him we had a fine school, with three teachers.

"They should receive about three thousand dollars a year, at the very least," he mumbled to himself.

"They are thankful to get two thousand," I corrected. "The state doesn't pay its teachers very well, you know."

"And the people cannot if they are taxed three thousand for preachers and missions."

To hear him, one might think a bailiff took the Conference collection! My idea of a Methodist itinerant is that he should attend to his own business and keep out of all the other businesses round him. I was about to take a peck at Brother Wade, by telling him so for his own good, when he began again:

"Any places of amusement?"

"No; thank heaven! You will not have theaters or dance halls to contend with here."

"Well, we must do something about that."

"Don't you think of such a thing!" I exclaimed, deeply troubled.

"Well, I won't—now," he laughed.

I felt during the next few minutes, as we talked of any little thing, that he was smoothing my feathers; that he was aware of the vague anxieties in my mind. Though I was still troubled, I felt strangely soothed. And before I could fly up out of reach he looked at me as if he had just found me in an old hymn book and wanted to hear the tune.

"Tell me about yourself," he suggested gently.

"There's nothing to tell. I was born here; I've grown up and grown old in the church."

"Not in the world?"

"No; I've never seen much of the world," I began.

Then a queer thing happened to me. I looked up at him, this man with the eyes of a priest, and the mouth drawn across his face like a secret he kept, and the boyish cowlick on his head, giving him away. I was moved to tell him something I'd never confessed before, not even to William.

"But, Brother Wade, sometimes I've been tempted. I've wanted to see things no Christian woman ought to see, and to hear things—and to do things! I can't get over wishing, just wishing ——"

With that, my mouth got the best of me and primped up so I couldn't get it down. I began to pat my foot, which is a nervous habit I have, and to pat my knee, which I always do when I pat my foot. But not another word could I get out.

"I know," he said kindly; "but you never did any of those things."

"Well, I couldn't, you see, here in Berton. There are so few sins a respectable woman could commit," I answered, laughing, because he threw back his head and laughed like a human being.

"And you've always stood by the pastor," he went on, grinning as if he accused me of that.

"If only you knew what I've endured, holding up the hands of preachers!" I exclaimed, not realizing I was talking to one, until he laughed again.

"I can imagine that has been no easy job."

"Not a job. It was my duty," I corrected. "They've all been good men. But this is a poor charge; so we get the young ones before they know how, and the old ones when they are about to quit. The young ones whoop and rant until they come down with the laryngitis, not realizing that the Gospel is a still small voice and that they've got to save themselves to preach it for the next forty years.

"Or they do right in the wrong place, which always makes the stewards mad or hurts the women's feelings. Or they don't visit enough; or they preach heresy without knowing it's heresy. And the old ones—well, you know how it is. They've outgrown the ways of youth. They don't draw the young people, and they take the rest of us for granted, like an easy chair they drop into after a long, long journey. I don't blame 'em. But it's been hard on this church, and I reckon it's been harder on them."

He sat silent, staring in the fire. I thought I'd discouraged him, so I added:

"But their wives have been a great help to them. It's years since we had a single man, which is a mercy. We used to get 'em so poor they couldn't marry, and we had to look after 'em, even to see whether they kept their feet dry and took medicine when they had a bad cold."

He made no reply; just looked round at me as if I'd caught him with his head wet from going in swimming on the sly.

Then I got up to go, and caught sight of Jimmy Parks' little old high chair in the hall, which reminded me of Brother Wade's wife and children.

"When's Sister Wade coming?" I asked.

"I don't know," he answered slowly, like a man breaking bad news, cutting his eye at me. "The fact is, I'm not married."

"Not married!" I fairly screamed. "Why, we heard you had a wife and—and a houseful of children."

"Mistake!" he said, grinning.

"But we haven't had a bachelor preacher for twenty years! We've got a parsonage. That entitles us to a pastor with a wife."

All this came out indignantly, before I could stop, I was so taken aback.

"I'm sorry. But it may not be so bad as you fear. I'll do the best I can. If I get cold feet or a sore throat, I'll know where to come for help," he answered, smiling.

By this time my mind was running back and forth so fast through the circuit, with this preacher who had no wife for a shield and buckler, that I forgot the cake. We were standing in the hall, both of us looking at that baby's high chair reared back against the wall.

Then he said something about the parsonage, which, if he hadn't been the pastor sent to us by the Conference, would have made me suspect he'd never been inside one before. Experience damages illusions faster than most people can mend them. It seemed to me that Brother Wade had wrapped that little house about him like a spiritual garment, not knowing yet how cold it is in winter or how hot in summer.

"But Their Wives Have Been a Great Help to Them"

"I like it—living in this house," he concluded. "It contains the Gospel of poverty and charity, the Scriptures of men and women who have denied themselves, little worn places on the rugs where children played. I'm sure it is full of prayers—odd, how you get an idea like that from just things, sometimes, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is; very odd. . . . You'll find that the plumbing's bad," I added dryly as I went down the steps.

When I was halfway across the street I remembered something.

"Wait a minute, Brother Wade," I called, turning back and seeing him still standing in the doorway. "I just wanted to ask you one thing," I panted. "How do you pray the Lord's Prayer?"

"How do I pray the Lord's Prayer?" he asked, looking puzzled, as if he might not be able offhand to remember the prayer at all.

"Yes; do you say 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us,' or do you say 'Forgive us our debts'?"

"Oh, yes; of course"—relieved. "I say 'trespasses.' Why?"

"The Shanklins are all Episcopalians. They have no church here and they won't come to ours if the preacher says 'Forgive us our debts.' Those poor people were without the Gospel all last year because Brother Battle said 'debts.'"

"Ah, I see! Well, they are safe this year as trespassers, which means more against them than being debtors," he said, not laughing, but as if he was ready to accuse the whole Shanklin tribe of their deeper sins.

I was not sure, when I knelt to say my prayers that night, whether I should thank God for our new pastor or ask Him to have mercy on the Methodists in Berton. I was unsettled in my spirit, which is worse than being unsettled in your mind, when you've been sitting and singing your soul "away to everlasting bliss" for nearly forty years in a familiar place. But I had not got so far as this in my devotion when the telephone bell rang.

It is wrong to make a woman mad when she's on her knees before the throne of grace; but I was too angry to go on, knowing Sally at the telephone was like the importunate widow. So I rose from my indignant knees and flounced into the cold hall.

"Is this you, Sister Thompson?" she cheeped in her snowbird voice.

"It's always me, Sally, when you ring this number," I answered irritably.

"Have you been over to the parsonage yet?"

"Yes."

"What kind of preacher did we get?"

"Methodist," I returned maliciously.

There was a pause as if I'd shot cold water on her through the phone.

"Of course he's a Methodist! I just wanted to know what you thought of him."

She began again primly, as if she didn't consider herself responsible for the rudeness of a woman who pretended to be a Christian, and she'd hang up the receiver then and there. But I knew she wouldn't; so I answered:

"It's not what I think of him or what anybody thinks that's going to count this year, Sally; but it's what he thinks."

"Oh, then he's a strong character. We need a strong man to pull this church up."

"We've got him."

"I reckon he was glad to see the high chair."

"I left him doting on it"—dryly.

"Sister Warren's going to send her last winter's coat over for Sister Wade as soon as she gets in."

"Tell her she'd better wait until she sees her."

"Why?"

Sally's tone was breathless with curiosity. I knew she awaited the answer, to fill in the lines of Sister Wade's figure.

"Because it might not fit," I answered evasively.

I could see Sally at the other end of the phone, her hair skinned back, her eyes rolled up trying to think of something else she wanted to know.

"Was that really his car?" came the next question.

"I didn't ask him."

"Sam says it can't be. He says if Brother Wade could afford a fine automobile like that the bishops would have given him a better appointment."

"You tell Sam Parks a Methodist steward ought to know better than to slander his bishop," I answered sharply.

"Oh, he didn't mean it that way," she sniffed. "Well, good night! I do hope Brother Wade's the right man for this church"—in a last effort to draw my fire.

But I held to my reserve. I was in no mood to betray the preacher by gossiping about my visit. Besides, I never talk about a new pastor. It's like predicting the weather and then have it turn against you and make you a prophet without honor in your own church.

The next day was Sunday. Before time for services the rear seats in our church were filled with Baptists and Presbyterians. They always come in force to hear our new pastor preach his first sermon, and they always occupy the frigid zone in this church, as if it agreed with them better spiritually.

The Methodists were spread out comfortably in the middle latitudes, with a sprinkling of the sterner, stronger saints in the amen corners. The front pews were empty, as if the body of the congregation shrank from the uncertainty of a new pastor. All the most promising young sinners in town were still standing outside on the pavement. Now and then one of them would sneak up the steps, look in and draw back. They were too meek in their transgressions to risk those front pews with a new preacher in the pulpit; for if he should prove to have a furnace soul and the sparks of his Gospel flew out they would have no protection in that exposed place.

(Continued on Page 73)

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 30, 1916

Protecting Birds

MIGRATORY game and insect-eating birds—a category which embraces a great part of all bird life—are now under the protection of the Federal Government in every part of the Union. They are all, in their yearly northern and southern flights, interstate creatures; most of them are international. No one state could protect them. Protective laws in various states conflicted and left "twilight zones" for the slaughter of the birds.

Congress therefore passed an act making them wards of the nation, under regulations to be prescribed by the Department of Agriculture. Recently the Department issued its regulations, establishing the closed seasons for all migratory birds in every part of the country. Whoever shoots a bird out of season is amenable to Federal law. The chief object of the regulations is to stop spring shooting, in the breeding season, and other unconscionable destruction of bird life.

It was high time! The destruction of wild life in America gives abundant proof that in the absence of adequate law nothing that flies is safe from a blockhead with a gun; and mere state law could not be adequate. This act of Congress, however, has already been brought before the Supreme Court on constitutional grounds, where the case now pends.

But a still higher power of the Government may be used to protect the birds. They belong to Canada as much as to us, for their annual migration takes them across the line; and Canada has already signed a treaty by which, if ratified here, protection of migratory game birds will be a matter of international compact. That the treaty should be ratified here goes without saying.

This Federal protection will not only save from extinction certain varieties of game birds, but it will give hunters in the several states, as nearly as possible, an equal chance at game birds under conditions that afford the birds, too, a chance to perpetuate themselves—all round, a fair sporting proposition. It is a fact that real sportsmen have been the most effective protectors of wild life in the United States.

Trade After the War

THE close of the war, of course, will not affect international trade in any such violent way as the opening of the war did, when panic and paralysis descended upon it overnight. Whatever the situation may be one or two years after fighting ceases, some time will certainly be required to get Europe's industrial plant in good working order again.

Belgium and that part of France which is in German hands was a vast workshop. The former country, with a population nearly equal to our Pacific and Mountain States combined, on an area smaller than Maryland, exported a third as much as the United States did four years ago, a much higher proportion of Belgian exports being manufactures.

It is calculated that about forty per cent of French manufactures are in the region held by the enemy. There has been a considerable outright destruction of plant there. Deterioration probably has been more important than outright destruction. A modern industrial plant, if kept up to maximum efficiency, must be practically rebuilt every few years. Undoubtedly plants in Belgium and Northern France—some of them idle; some, according to report, looted of machinery; some hastily converted into munitions factories—are in poor condition for their original uses.

No doubt Germany's industrial plant has deteriorated much also. Originally it was used to a large extent in making goods for export. That use has been stopped for more than two years. With the other calls for capital and labor, probably not much has been devoted to repairs and renewals. Plants converted to munitions making cannot be restored to their original uses without a good deal of rebuilding.

Germany, Belgium and Northern France were important in European manufactures out of all proportion to their area. A very considerable part of Europe's manufacturing was located there. To put this plant back in shape for peace purposes will undoubtedly require considerable time and some billions of capital. A sudden, overnight change in international trade at the end of the war is not likely.

A Year's Immigration

THIS country's emigration experience in the last fiscal year was unique. Fewer aliens arrived than in any recent year—even fewer than in the first year of the war. But the outflow of aliens, also, was smaller than in the year before; so the net gain of population was a hundred and twenty-five thousand against fifty thousand in 1915.

The striking feature is that, of this hundred and twenty-five thousand, seventy-five thousand came from Canada and twenty-three thousand from Mexico; so our gain in population through the movement of immigrants was almost entirely a gain from North America—particularly from Canada. Europe was practically out of the running.

In two years of war six hundred thousand foreign-born residents have left this country—mainly nationals of belligerent countries returning to their fatherlands. Yet, balancing outflow against inflow, we have practically lost no European-born population on account of the war; nor have we gained any. As yet there is no positive indication how the tide will run when the war ends.

Marooned

AN ENTERPRISING Illinois newspaper has been asking farmers' wives what they think on the subject of good roads. In a general way, it appears from the answers, that is a good deal like asking a marooned sailor what he thinks on the subject of being rescued.

It is winter or late spring; dirt roads are all but impassable—which means that womenfolk and youngsters on the farm are virtually prisoners. They cannot go to town or to church or to the neighbor's. Or the going is so distressful that only in an exigent case will they attempt it. One woman writes that the state of the roads during many weeks in the year is the one thing that makes her entertain the notion of leaving the farm.

After heavy rains a farm on a bad road is a jail.

War and Cotton

NO OTHER world staple was so violently depressed by the outbreak of war as cotton; but in the cotton-crop year which recently ended—and which coincides with the second year of the war—the world consumed virtually as much cotton as in the high-record peace year of 1913–1914.

Germany and Austria, normally consuming about three million bales of American cotton, were bottled up and able to get very little of the raw material. Belgium was in the hands of the enemy, and so was the most important cotton-manufacturing district of France. But England used substantially as much as ever, and decreased consumption on the Continent was, roughly, offset by increased consumption in the United States. Northern mills used half a million bales more than in 1913–1914 and Southern mills almost a million bales more.

The world used nineteen million and a half bales against nineteen million and three-quarters in 1913–1914, which, we believe, was the greatest quantity ever used in a year. It is calculated that at least a million bales were used in the manufacture of explosives. With that exception, we may conclude that the world was as well clothed in the second year of war as ever. Southern mills manufactured nearly four million bales, or double the quantity used a dozen years ago.

Though war hit Southern cotton growers hard for a while, Southern cotton mills are evidently profiting from it. Some of them have been working night and day. The South alone manufactured virtually as much cotton last year as the whole country did a dozen years ago.

Tenant Farmers

OUR mail shows that amortization of farm loans has the same fascination for some minds that the sinking fund had in Pitt's time. The theory, of course, is the same in both cases. You pay a little of the principal of your loan every year along with the interest; so, in time, the principal is extinguished without your ever having paid it in a lump—and this is sometimes regarded as fairly equivalent to your never having paid it at all! The essential difference, of course, is just that between paying for an article in a lump and paying for it in installments.

The tenant farmer's important problem is not how to repay a loan representing fifty per cent of the purchase price, but how to get the other fifty per cent which he must pay down. There is the knottiest problem in rural credits, which no legislation so far has touched, and which it would be difficult for legislation to solve. Generally speaking, if a man can pay half the purchase price of a farm he has no difficulty in raising the other half by mortgaging the premises; and he can renew a mortgage amounting to only half the value of the farm as often as he likes.

For many years, if a tenant farmer who was able to pay down half the price of the farm remained a tenant instead of becoming owner of the farm it was because he chose to—not because he had to. With half the purchase price in hand, he could have bought the farm at any time. The rise in the number of tenant farmers to two million and a third in 1910 is a powerful indication of lack of money to make the initial fifty per cent payment.

Of course lower interest and an amortized loan will help the farm-purchasing tenant to pay off his loan; but in respect of raising the first payment, which enables him to become a farm owner, he is where he was before.

The State of Nature

FOUR savage mothers bore thirty-five children, of whom only three lived to their teens. Todd, writing on the primitive family, remarks: "Probably these figures could be matched almost at random among savage and barbarous peoples, but it has always proved extremely difficult to collect child-mortality statistics among them, largely on account of their feeble memorial powers in this particular."

Often the savage mother cannot remember how many children she has buried; but in virtually every low state of civilization infant mortality is appalling, because infants get very little intelligent care.

A few silly people are still taken in by that romantic eighteenth-century tommyrot about the beauties of a state of Nature uncorrupted by civilization. Investigation in a more scientific spirit has shown that savages have all the vices of civilized man, hardly any of his virtues, and barely intelligence enough to get indoors when it rains.

The Moral Loss

AN ACUTE economist observes: "Probably the most consequential loss touching the personnel engaged in warlike operations is the loss of morale; loss of the frame of mind serviceable for peaceful occupations, due to the discipline of the service, to exposure to the vicissitudes of a vocation made up of those things that would in private life be called arson, murder, larceny, and the rest of what the Decalogue forbids. These are infirmities that unavoidably beset the personnel and unavoidably lower their industrial serviceability."

We have several times come across the prediction that this war would be followed by a large emigration from Great Britain to the more undeveloped British colonies, because many, after two years or more of soldiering, would never again be content with the humdrum industrial occupations in which they were engaged before the war. The weaker wills, demoralized by war—with its freedom from personal responsibility; its suppression of the burdensome problem of earning a livelihood; its periods of idleness interspersed with outbursts of furious, exciting activity; its stimulation of elementary passions of hatred and combat—could not again submit to the ruthless, unvarying discipline of peace.

How well founded this prediction may be we do not know; but that war, on the whole, lowers the morale of the personnel is possible. That our own wars demoralized a good many young men, who were never afterward so capable of meeting the conditions of life under a peace régime as they would have been if they had had no experience of war, is very probable.

Patriotism

COUNT KAROLYI, leader of the Independence party, speaking in the Hungarian Chamber of Deputies, passionately declared: "So long as a Hungarian breathes, we shall fight for the integrity of Hungary."

We do not know what word, translated by the cables as "Hungarian," Count Karolyi really used; but taking the word in the sense of a citizen of the kingdom his statement would mean that eleven million Croatians, Slavonians, Rumanians, Ruthenians, Czechs, Germans, and others, must fight to the bitter end for the blessed privilege of being ruled with much harshness and incompetence by some eight million Magyars, who mostly despise them.

A BUSINESS MAN

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

MR. DURKEY was ruined. He had put every cent he possessed—a hundred thousand dollars—into a manufactory of kitchen refrigerators at Plum Hill, and the concern was insolvent.

It was his brother-in-law, Lorenzo Snow, who had got him into it. He felt a bitter conviction on that point. It was Lorenzo who had been all enthusiasm for those wonderful refrigerator patents; Lorenzo who had insisted upon the advantages of locating in the village of Plum Hill, where he had an old acquaintance. It was Lorenzo who had managed the selling campaign with its monstrous expense, heartbreaking losses and meager returns in hard cash. It was Lorenzo who had let him in for this last crushing loss on the Hodnut-Brown account.

Mr. Durkey could see it now plainly enough—how they'd just slipped and staggered downhill from the start, using up his own capital and then in various ways getting deeper and deeper into debt to the private banking house of William Broadtree & Son, which had a patriotic pride in supporting a manufacturing establishment such as Plum Hill had long dreamed of getting. Plum Hill had felt that the refrigerator plant was a momentous turning point in its hitherto uneventful career.

Certainly, under Lorenzo's enthusiastic promptings, it had been a momentous turning point in Mr. Durkey's hitherto undistinguished career. If only he'd stuck to the good, slow, safe, six per cent preferred stock in a Massachusetts shoe factory which his father had left him!

But finally—as the two sat in Mr. Durkey's room at a Chicago hotel amidst the fairly visible wreckage of his fortune—it was Lorenzo who was cheerful and confident; Lorenzo who had a saving plan.

"Don't be sentimental, Elton," he counseled earnestly; "let the bank hold the bag; hand it back to Plum Hill. You're sixty-two years old. What in the world could you do if you stepped out of there with nothing but the shirt on your back? Maybe you could get a job somewhere at twelve dollars a week, and maybe you couldn't. Nobody's looking for a bookkeeper or salesman with gray whiskers and rheumatism and no particular business experience. You went to Plum Hill on their invitation and built your plant and did the best you could." Latterly, with failure in sight, he always modestly spoke of it as Mr. Durkey's doing. "Well, you didn't succeed. That's one of the regular chances of business which everybody's got to take. I've had a great deal more experience in business than you have, Elton.

"Those Plum Hill chaps knew there's always a chance in business and were willing to take it. Let them hold the bag! Watrous will buy your plant for a hundred thousand dollars. I'll tackle him myself. Just keep the bank quiet for a fortnight and sell to Watrous. Take the money and step over into Canada for a while. They can't touch you. All they can do is get a judgment against you and frame it. You can go abroad. You know how you've always been used to living. In a stuffy boarding-house bedroom, with bad food and working twelve hours a day, you'd die in a year. Don't be sentimental! Self-protection is the first law of business. This is a business affair!"

Lorenzo spoke earnestly and rapidly as was his wont. He was an undersized man, wiry and wrinkled, a mere bundle of tough nerves, with a bulbous nose, a broad and majestic brow, and brown eyes set wide apart and a trifle aslant under heavy eyelids. His heels were hooked up on the rung of the chair, but he sat erect and spoke forthright with a candid air. His advice, however, was not disinterested. For twenty-five years he had sponged on his brother-in-law. With that means of support eliminated, his own prospects were poor.

Looking over at him with horrified eyes, Elton Durkey was sensible of a goneness at the pit of his stomach.

"Why Did You Give a Mortgage? Idiot!"

"It's mighty rough on me, Lorry, any way you put it," he said weakly with poignant self-pity, and put his plump white fingers up to his curly beard.

He almost never stroked or plucked his beard, but just felt of it lightly, as though it were fragile. It was still a handsome beard, although now streaked with gray—brown, curly and beautifully trimmed to an exact point. He was a handsome man, although now portly and afflicted with rheumatism. His cheeks had grown fat, but the beard carried that off. His small mouth was red, his nose straight, his eyebrows arched. His curly hair was as neatly trimmed as the beard and parted in the middle. A tiny scallop of it came down on each side of his forehead. His light-brown hat, which lay on the table with his light-brown gloves neatly folded into its brim, was exactly creased across the middle and the creases in his light-brown trousers might have been used for plumb lines.

He felt all gone and aquake inside. Certainly it was an appalling situation. To step out of Plum Hill without a penny or a particular prospect of getting one—at the age of sixty-two, with rheumatism, a weak heart, and lifelong habituation to a genteel manner of living—certainly that was appalling enough! But to beat the bank of William Broadtree & Son out of eighty-odd thousand dollars and step out a branded knave! That was almost more appalling!

His blue eyes were glassy with horror and he wheezed slightly in his labored breathing, so that he might have suggested the mortal helplessness of a fish out of water. With a fine cambric handkerchief he delicately blotted the beads of perspiration from his brow.

But Lorenzo persisted with cheerful earnestness:

"You'll have no trouble at all with old Tommy Broadtree. He's a half-senile old blockhead, anyway. Just tell him a plausible story—throw it all on me if you want to—and keep him quiet for a fortnight. This is fairly a matter of life or death for you, man! It's business. Don't be sentimental, now! Broadtree can't touch you." So Lorenzo argued, thinking of his own future.

II

THE founder of the private banking house of William Broadtree & Son—who came West from Massachusetts in 1856—had long since departed this life, leaving his son Thomas sole proprietor of the bank.

For a great many years Thomas was not popular. They said he was a snob. He had even, upon several occasions, electrified Plum Hill by walking to church with a tall, narrow-brimmed cylinder of shiny black silk on his head. Plum Hill had heard of such contrivances, but hardly expected to see one. The little bank had not flourished under his hands, the First National getting the lion's share of the town's business. It was even reported, with considerable satisfaction, that the Broadtree bank had been let in for losses on several ventures.

But of late years this attitude toward Thomas Broadtree had changed and his little bank was decidedly picking up. No one denied that to him was due the tremendous credit of securing the refrigerator plant for Plum Hill. In view of that, all any silk hat could connote might readily have been forgiven him. Then, in advanced age, he mellowed and unbent somewhat, and so he became, if not an object of affection, at least one of the town's respected citizens.

One day, before his stubby chin-whisker had grown entirely white, a chunky, round-faced, snub-nosed lad of fourteen, in a shabby jacket, cap in hand, approached his desk and said with a breathless earnestness:

"Mr. Broadtree, is there any chance of my getting a job in your bank? I want to learn some business and I thought I'd like to learn the banking business."

After a moment the banker identified him as Danny Whitman, eldest son of a village teamster who had died six weeks before, leaving two indifferent horses, a battered dray—all mortgaged to Truman A. Babcock—and a wife and three children quite unprovided for. Mr. Broadtree recalled that the last time he went into the Guffy House barber shop to have his hair and beard trimmed, Danny had solicited the shining of his shoes. From shoeblack stand to bank suggested an ambitious flight of youthful imagination. As a matter of fact, five minutes before this Danny's humble petition had been rejected at the more flourishing First National Bank. Nevertheless, Thomas Broadtree engaged the lad at one dollar a week.

Twelve years later he formally appointed Daniel P. Whitman cashier of his bank. Plum Hill said that the youngster had in him the making of a fine business man, or even that he was a fine business man. Sometimes it said this with a touch of deprecation, as though that quick eye, always cool and smiling, which possessed a fatal capacity to see the one or two essential elements in a situation and ignore the rest, must imply—at the age of twenty-six—an absence of warmer human qualities.

The appointment as cashier was only a year old, but the cashier was not happy. For one thing Mr. Broadtree—long a widower and his only son dead—had a granddaughter, Doris by name, by whom he set great store. Daniel P. Whitman set great store by her also, but in deep secrecy. The round face which he presented at Mr. Broadtree's desk had lost its boyish chubbiness, but there was no euphemizing its downright, tow-headed, snub-nosed, broad-cheeked, lumpy-browed homeliness, while his hands and feet were of the blunt and stubby plebeian order. As though these were not handicaps enough, Thomas Broadtree—and very likely his granddaughter too—held certain quaint old notions about family, and so on, which were unpromising in view of the fact that Daniel P. Whitman had once blacked Thomas Broadtree's shoes.

There was another cause for unhappiness. For two years now Dan Whitman had been watching the steadily rising indebtedness of the Durkey Refrigerator Company with ever-growing misgivings. He had said all he could—in every conceivable mode of direct statement and indirect suggestion—and the net result was only a strained relationship between himself and his employer. Of late Mr. Broadtree had stopped calling him "Danny" and called him "Whitman" instead.

Sometimes, between anxiety and wrath and affection, Dan felt that what he ought to do was step up to the dumpy old gentleman—with his white waistcoat; his short, snowy, chin-whisker; his chubby face; his round, light-blue eyes, in which there was a good deal of pride

and obstinacy; his harmlessly pompous manner—and lay a protecting arm over his shoulders and say:

"Why, Mr. Broadtree, I owe everything in the world to you. You've been perfectly bully to me from the start. You're a fine, honorable, just man. You've had a lot of disappointments. This town didn't like you. Your business wasn't successful. I know that was all the bitterer because you felt yourself very superior to the town, and in some ways you were. Your wife died and your son died. I know until lately you stood sort of empty-handed and forlorn. I felt that even when I was a youngster here, and I used to be sorry as the deuce.

"And I know how you felt about this refrigerator plant too. You were going to do a great big thing for the town—sort of heap coals of fire on its thick head and at the same time justify yourself for the times you had failed before. I can understand how a man with a good deal of pride and obstinacy in his make-up might sort of shut his eyes and stick to it through thick and thin; and you know you are obstinate, Mr. Broadtree.

"But you never were a first-rate business man. First and last you lost pretty nearly all the capital your father left you. When I came in here your bank was a good deal shell. And now, don't you see, you're an old man. Your mind has lost its edge. It don't grip into facts at all any more. You've reminded me twenty times that Durkey is a gentleman. I suppose he is. Probably he had a great-grandfather and can make a neat bow and knows how to talk in a way you approve. But the way you mean it, if a man's a gentleman you can hand him anything you've got and forget it. Now I've been watching this Durkey proposition ever since he came here. I know he's a big, incompetent stiff. He isn't a man you can trust, because he can't stand the gaff.

"Between your pride in the refrigerator plant and your approval of Durkey, you've got in a hole where it's just a toss-up whether he doesn't ruin you. Why, Great Scott, if your mind hadn't lost its edge you'd see in a minute that a little bank like this—with a very small capital of its own—has no business on earth to let anybody owe it eighty-odd thousand dollars! Suppose he throws you down? Why, you'd be broke, with depositors yelling for money you couldn't pay and everybody cursing you black in the face! Ghastly enough end to your seventy-six years of honorable life! You get sore at me; but, my heavens, I've just got to butt in! I can't sit still and let you take such a frightful chance."

About that, Dan felt, was what he ought to say; yet he knew the utter impossibility of saying it. Imagine him telling the proud, obstinate, rather pompous old gentleman that he was incompetent to run his own bank!

III

RETURNING from Chicago, Mr. Durkey proceeded to the two-story red-brick building on the corner, whose lower floor was occupied by William Broadtree & Son. Because of rheumatism he walked with short, mincing steps, but this rather enhanced his dignity—as though he would proceed slowly in order that all might observe him and detect any flaws that were detectable. His light-brown hat and trousers were exactly creased and he wore gloves, which was uncommon in Plum Hill at that season. He held his head upright, and his face wore an expression of well-bred benevolence; but all the time he was anxiously rehearsing the speech which he had composed for Mr. Broadtree and inwardly he was a fear-haunted cavern.

Mincing by the cashier's desk at the front of the bank, he said "Good morning, Danny," in a fine round bass voice. It was perfectly amiable; but to Dan Whitman it was just as though the portly man had patted him on the head and said "Go on playing with your blocks, little man; my business is with your employer." Indeed, what with irritation and anxiety, if the cashier had followed his inclination he would have growled back "Go to the devil!" instead of merely nodding blankly.

For some time after Mr. Durkey had minced on to the little room at the rear of the bank where Mr. Broadtree sat, the cashier stared glumly at the back of his desk. Then he got up deliberately, with a grave and far-away expression in his gray eyes, walked down behind the counter to the door which gave to the proprietor's room; stepped in without knocking and calmly took the chair at the end of the small office table on either side of which the seniors sat.

It was, of course, a rank intrusion, and he was sensible enough of the shock of surprise in the other two, as their conversation abruptly ceased. He was sensible, also, of his homely face and blunt hands. This was a thing no gentleman would have done, and he was aware of looking the rôle. Nevertheless, he turned a calm face to them and said unabashed:

"I'd like to make a proposition, when Mr. Durkey is done."

Thomas Broadtree looked down at the table; his white eyebrows moved toward each other and a line came in the middle of his forehead. Such manners were rather intolerable even from one's cashier; but the president only cleared his throat—with a certain sarcastic dryness—and nodded to Mr. Durkey. Since Mr. Broadtree thus accepted the situation, Mr. Durkey must, so he concluded the preliminary statement he had been making when Dan intruded, the gist of it being that the Hodnut-Brown account was a dead loss.

That brought him to the real business and he paused a moment, touching his handsome beard and pumping himself up for it. When he wished to be particularly impressive he played upon his fine bass voice as upon an instrument. So now, addressing the banker quite as though Dan had not been present, he began with a mellow diapason:

"Mr. Broadtree, I have come to the parting of the ways."

The fine bass voice rolled on, undulating. The substance of its message was that Brother-in-law Lorenzo had deceived, betrayed and ruined him. He had trusted Lorenzo, making indulgent allowances for his shortcomings; but events had forced him to the painful conclusion that Lorenzo was no better than a villain. He'd felt constrained to tell Lorenzo so to his face, and hoped never to see him again. In spite of a certain orotund portliness, it seemed a forthright statement from an honorable man who met his fate squarely without whimpering.

"That brings me to my account with you, Mr. Broadtree," he continued handsomely. "I owe you eighty-two thousand dollars. I should be ashamed of myself if I asked you to advance another cent or to carry that indebtedness indemnitely. I feel, you see, that I owe you something more than eighty-two thousand dollars. I can never forget the confidence you have reposed in me. I owe it to myself to treat you, to the best of my ability, as well as you've treated me. I believe Watrous, of Detroit, will buy me out for about a hundred thousand dollars. It will be a good bargain for him, but the main point is, it will square me up with you. So I shall sell to him"—he smiled, touched his beard and concluded—"and then, at the age of sixty-two, with empty pockets and indifferent health, I shall be looking for a job and beginning life all over again."

In composing and rehearsing this speech he had decided to conclude it just that way. Old Thomas Broadtree, honoring him, murmured "I'm very sorry."

It was an affecting tale of misfortune, handsomely told. All the same the cashier's mind never wavered from the main point that, for the purpose of securing an indebtedness of eighty-two thousand dollars, no tale of misfortune was worth a rap. He regarded Mr. Broadtree for an instant with a kind of far-away thoughtfulness, and spoke in a low, dry tone:

"This refrigerator account is life or death to the bank. If that account is unpaid the bank is insolvent. It couldn't pay its depositors. Of course, no bank that's accepting people's money on deposit ought to be in such a position. You've made me cashier here and I feel that I'm responsible to the depositors. Mr. Durkey ought to give us a mortgage on his plant immediately."

He was dismally aware that, in the emotional atmosphere created by Mr. Durkey's recital, this was a good deal like interrupting a funeral to insist that the undertaker's bill be paid forthwith.

Mr. Durkey looked deeply pained. In fact, he was as deeply pained as though he had been the most honorable gentleman alive. But he looked at the banker, not at Dan, and said with a wounded smile:

"I hoped Mr. Broadtree didn't distrust me to that extent."

It implied that Dan had spoken by his employer's authority. An aged flush overspread Mr. Broadtree's chubby face, his round blue eyes shone wrathfully. The old man plucked his chinwhisker and exclaimed tartly:

"This is an affair between gentlemen."

The unhappy cashier looked down at the table; but he stuck doggedly to his purpose:

"All the same, it's no position for the bank to be in. If anything should happen to Mr. Durkey, for example ——"

But the incensed banker cut him short, repeating with biting emphasis:

"I said an affair between gentlemen."

In spite of himself Dan turned bright red.

"I suppose you mean that leaves me out," he mumbled; and then, rising: "Excuse me, I thought it was a matter of business."

He walked out of the room and halted abruptly a moment, after he had closed the door behind him. His own eyes were shiny and the blood was pumping through his neck. Halting, atingle with resentment, he was just at the point of stepping back, sticking his head through the door and saying:

"Of course, Mr. Broadtree, if this is an institution to promote gentility I'm out of place in it, so I'm going to leave." But that was no way for a cashier to behave, and he went on to his desk.

All that day and at times on succeeding days he thought of resigning. It was true the situation might be viewed from different angles. For one angle, Thomas Broadtree solely owned the bank and, if the sole owner was satisfied, why should he, the mere hired man, insist upon interfering? Again, the banker's confidence in Mr. Durkey might be justified. Who could say that the manufacturer, having sold his plant, wouldn't honorably turn over the money to his creditor? Why should a young hired man sacrifice his ambition and his hopes in respect of a granddaughter named Doris, when everything might be going to turn out most pleasantly? Or suppose things turned out unpleasantly and Mr. Durkey defaulted? Dan's skirts would be lily white, for hadn't he always done all he could to keep the Durkey indebtedness down and finally insisted upon a mortgage—to be insulted for his pains? If it turned out unpleasantly, what reasonable person—even a granddaughter—could blame him?

There were plenty of angles, but whenever he looked the situation in the face it instantly resolved itself into one outstanding, crystal-clear aspect—namely, it was rotten business to leave everything in Durkey's hands this way, without even a basting thread to hold him by, when his default meant ruin for the bank. Dan always came back to that, and then—when he thought on the one hand of a closed bank, of depositors clamoring in vain for their money, of ruined old Thomas Broadtree; and, on the other hand, of Elton Durkey, with his beautifully trimmed beard, his hair neatly parted and coming down in a little scallop on each side of his forehead, his fine bass voice, his general air of portly and benevolent gentility—well, the hair on the back of his neck stood up and he gave a low growl.

He knew well enough the alternative that confronted Mr. Durkey—paying his debts and stepping out with empty pockets, rheumatism, a weak heart and untarnished honor at the age of sixty-two; or pocketing the money and skipping across into Canada, which would entail much delay in legal proceedings against him, and where he could plant the money at his leisure and laugh at desolated Plum Hill. Knowing the alternative, Dan couldn't work up an abiding conviction that the handsome man would stand the gaff.

He could resign—which would be just healthy young selfishness smoothly shuffling itself out of danger. His resignation would be simply handing the bank and the depositors over to the enemy—or to luck. From time to time he really thought of doing it, largely out of exasperated and helpless resentment. But he felt that this was the first really big thing he had ever encountered and, whatever he did about it, it was going to try him out. Merely to dodge it by resigning wasn't the kind of try-out he would be satisfied with.

Of course a small, graceful shape and a pair of brown eyes to which the name Doris was attached wove through and through these anxious meditations. Of evenings when her image teased his smoldering heart, he would address some such thought as this to her:

"Your grandfather says I'm no gentleman, and he's right. I am no gentleman, Doris; I'm only the stubby-fingered, snub-nosed son of a teamster who can save your grandfather's bank."

In those unspoken dramas he had already saved the bank; but how, in cold fact, was he going to do it? Mr. Durkey was in Detroit now, conducting his negotiations with Watrous. Presumably every elapsing hour brought nearer that crucial moment in which the manufacturer would have the cash in hand and be faced with the alternative of paying his debts or stepping over the border. Contemplating that time, Dan's heart contracted and he thought, in misery and gloom: "The fat stiff will never stand the gaff."

There was no use going to Thomas Broadtree again. That obstinate, proud and somewhat pompous old gentleman would only be offended anew. Indeed, since that passage in the back room there was more decided coolness in their relations. And as Thomas Broadtree was sole owner of the bank, which was a private institution, amenable to no public authority, whom else was there to go to?

The cashier revolved various projects, each of which seemed more hopeless than the others. Then, Mr. Durkey having been four days in Detroit, Dan commissioned his closest friend to run down there and make an inquiry in strictest confidence. The friend's report startled him afresh.

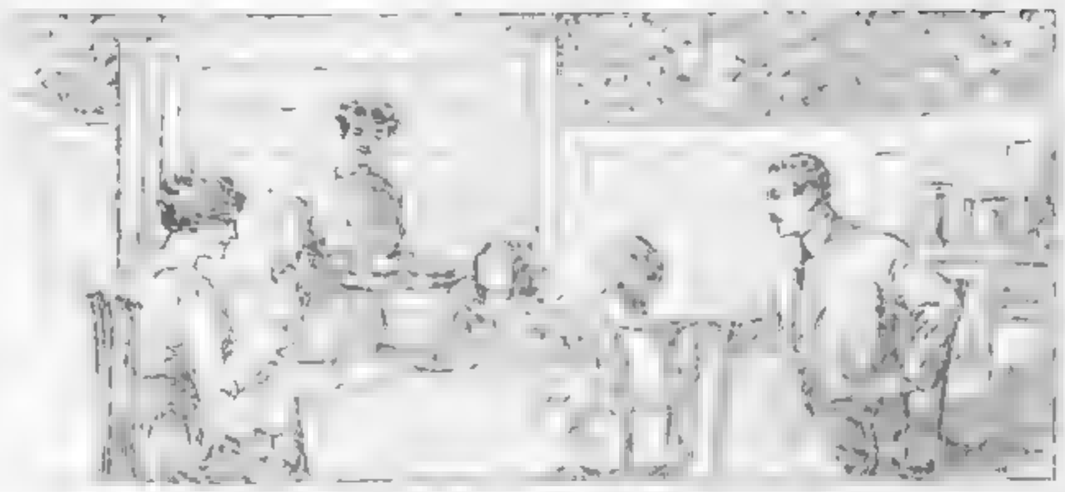
Staring down at the telegram—in a simple code that they had pre-arranged—he thought: "I've got to do something; I've got to; I've just got to do something," as though repeating it, with increasing emphasis, could help on the doing. His gray eyes, above his snub nose and beneath his lumpy brow, but vaguely saw the square of yellow paper in his stubby hand as his mind labored.

Something must be done. Revolving it, he could see only one thing—a desperate and more or less forlorn-hope charge upon the citadel. He would go back to Mr. Broadtree; he'd argue all he knew; he'd plead all he knew; he'd fight like the devil. If it came to the worst he'd tell his employer to his face that he was incompetent to run his own bank; he'd threaten to call in a committee of depositors and lay the situation before them. He'd force Mr. Broadtree to act.

It was ghastly enough. He owed everything to Mr. Broadtree, for whom he had an affection which he had never ventured to show. Now he, whom Mr. Broadtree had plucked from a bootblack stand, whom

(Continued on Page 29)

Mr. Broadtree Had a Granddaughter, Doris, by Whom He Set Great Store



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(Continued from Page 26)

the banker had trusted and benefited and even loved in a way, was going back there to beat the proud, self-willed and somewhat pompous little old gentleman blood raw.

That was ghastly enough, but again a single aspect of the situation stood up above all the others in crystal clearness—namely: "That fat empty stiff down there at Detroit is not going to ruin this bank—not even if one Whitman emerges from the contest crushed to a pulp!" To him the bank was a living organism. He could see it dead, its doors closed and a group of depositors—every one personally known to him—gaping at the formal notice of insolvency. Seeing that, he thought: "Why, suppose I do spill my own beans? What of that?"

The time to see Mr. Broadtree, he calculated, would be after three o'clock, when the bank was clear of customers and there would be nobody but Gilky, the close-mouthed bookkeeper and general utility man, to overhear. So he went on with the day's work.

But these last five days had been a time of some perturbation to Thomas Broadtree also. He was fond of his protégé, with always an almost unconscious edge of condescension in the fondness. He was proud of him, for Dan's rise from bootblack to cashier was, in a way, the banker's handiwork and a proof of his sagacity in hiring the lad. His own courtesy was precious to him and he hadn't been courteous in that passage before Mr. Durkey. His justice was precious to him and he had disagreeable doubts as to the justice of taunting a man with not being a gentleman. Besides, if he had made Dan cashier of the bank, it was only just to hear him when he undertook to speak for the bank. Thomas Broadtree, in short, had a rather bad conscience and a rather accusing heart. But he had pride also, and wouldn't speak too soon. Again, while he himself had been wrong, Dan had been much more wrong, and he would naturally like the young man to appreciate that. So it was only on this sixth day after the incident that he struck a balance and made a move.

Just after three o'clock, solemn, bespectacled old Gilky—with a broad band of gray and yellow hair plastered across his shiny skull from one ear to the other—sidled up to the cashier's desk and said low, with his usual air of strict confidence:

"Mr. Broadtree would like to see you."

Dan went back wondering. Mr. Broadtree sat at the oak office table, in the middle of the small plain room, and the cashier, stepping in, seemed to realize anew that he was old—seventy-six that summer! His plump parchment cheeks were very little wrinkled and the formal-looking standing collar concealed whatever stringiness there was in his neck. But in their dead whiteness his short, round chin whisker and thin hair seemed quite desiccated, with every particle of life dried out of them.

The proprietor glanced up as Dan entered; glanced away again quickly without motioning to a seat, and softly cleared his throat. To conceal his embarrassment he spoke rapidly, attempting a matter-of-fact tone:

"I thought you should know that Mr. Durkey has given the bank a mortgage on his plant. I thought the matter over and concluded—ha—it would be well for him to give the mortgage—as a protection to the bank in case he should die, you understand. As long as he lives the mortgage is to be held here in confidence and not put on record. I gave him—ha—my word of honor on that. It is a protection in case he should die before he concludes the sale to Watrous. I thought you should know this, for I, too, may die. The mortgage is in the green box in the vault. You have the key."

He plucked his white whisker, looked down at the table and concluded in a lower key:

"I called Durkey in the day following our conversation here—just before he went to Detroit—and required the mortgage. I think—ha—I spoke hastily to you that day, Dan. I apologize."

"Oh, no, Mr. Broadtree! Not at all! Not at all!" Dan stammered. The old man's apology shamed him, quite as though he had demanded it; for the first time in six months Mr. Broadtree had called him "Dan." A surge of grateful and loyal affection tossed his mind. "It was nothing; nothing at all!" he protested foolishly, being for the moment as confused and embarrassed with his emotions as a boy. "I'm glad you got the mortgage—very glad—the other was nothing. It's a good thing to have the mortgage—very good, Mr. Broadtree."

Dan got himself out of the room, all warm, clumsy embarrassment and aglow with affectionate loyalty to his employer; but even on the way back to his desk he could see plainly enough how it had happened. His point about the unprotected condition of the bank and what would happen to it in case Mr. Durkey failed to repay the money had evidently stuck in Thomas Broadtree's mind. So, in spite of pride and obstinacy, he had called Mr. Durkey back and required the mortgage; but because of pride and obstinacy he wouldn't give Dan the satisfaction of knowing it for some days.

But Mr. Broadtree had taken the mortgage solely as a protection against Mr. Durkey's death, pledging his word it should not be made known or put on record while the mortgagor lived. And, in Dan's opinion, Mr. Durkey's demise wasn't what the bank needed protection against.

Very soon the situation began reshaping itself in the light of this new element of the mortgage and, within an hour, it all looked plain as a pikestaff to the cashier. He went back to his employer's room just as the banker was about to leave for the day.

"I suppose, Mr. Broadtree," he said, "you and Gilky could manage all right without me for one day, or possibly two, couldn't you? You see, Tommy has invited me up to Ann Arbor for some doings. He's asked me several times before when it wasn't convenient. I'd like to go to-night if you don't mind."

He lied more elaborately than was necessary, not having had a great deal of practice. Tommy was his youngest brother, whom he was putting through college, so it sounded plausible enough, and Mr. Broadtree cordially assented, then put on his stiff, tall, flat-topped hat, which was a kind of compromise between a silk tile and a derby, and walked very deliberately up the street, his collar high and shiny, a silver-headed cane in his hand.

Dan watched him go with speculative eyes, wondering what it would be like when next he saw that aged figure. A little later he went to the vault, opened the green box, found Mr. Durkey's mortgage and put it in his pocket.

He knew well enough that Thomas Broadtree would probably forgive him certain transgressions—such, for example, as intoxication, embezzlement, forgery, arson, possibly murder—but there was no probability he would ever forgive him for violating Thomas Broadtree's word of honor. If Dan put that mortgage on record, undoubtedly he would have to leave the bank, which would involve leaving Plum Hill, for aside from the bank the place offered him nothing in the way of a career. A small, graceful shape and a pair of brown eyes constricted his heart to the cracking point. Most likely he would never see them again. He had never felt a deeper affection for old Thomas Broadtree—a fine, honorable old man; pathetic too, disappointed of all his hopes until lately and now become incompetent without knowing it. To Thomas Broadtree very likely he would be a fellow taken up from a bootblack stand, advanced, benefited, trusted, who had finally repaid all by about the deepest outrage it was possible to inflict—namely, the violation of Thomas Broadtree's word of honor.

It was dismal enough, yet Dan had no hesitation, and at bottom there was a grim satisfaction as he clenched himself on the one big, clear aspect of the whole affair thus:

"Suppose I do spill my own beans? What of that? That big empty stiff Durkey isn't going to wreck this bank! Not in a hundred years!"

Holding to that with a certain grim satisfaction in spite of all the painful contingencies involved, he took the evening train for Detroit; and arose there at half-past six the next morning ready for action.

IV

MR. DURKEY awoke from an uneasy sleep a little later and at once the significance of the day cruelly penetrated him. For some time he lay quiet on his back, the bedclothes gracefully billowing up over his stomach, all aquake inside. As though the day's significance pressed upon him with ponderous weight, it seemed physically impossible to get up and face it. He wanted the daylight to go away and the kindly dark to hide him again.

Every step along this strange path—into which he had been projected by a will more vigorous than his own—was attended by terror. In company he deported himself as usual, standing up straight, his waistcoat swelling, his curly beard beautifully trimmed, wearing a general air of genteel benevolence and speaking in a fine round bass voice. But to support this imposing front required an enormous nervous effort which quite exhausted him. As soon as he reached his room he lay down on the bed, feeling a bodily weakness and all cold and quaky inside.

And this was the crucial day. At the end of it—if nothing untoward happened—he would have the money in his pocket and be over in Canada, where fresh terrors awaited him! If only he could be put back into possession of that good, slow, safe shoe-factory preferred stock! He blamed Lorenzo with such bitterness that the taste of it came into his mouth. His throat contracted and a tear trickled from the corner of his eye. He had meant to rise at half-past seven, but put it off to a quarter to eight, then to eight, then to a quarter past eight. As his watch marked the latter hour, he painfully heaved himself out of bed, paddled into the bathroom and turned on the water for a tepid bath.

Dan, who had been lurking outside the bedroom door, off and on, ever since seven o'clock—trying not to arouse the suspicions of chambermaids, hall boys and passing guests—heard the sound and felt relieved, having begun to fear Mr. Durkey had somehow escaped. He strolled down to the end of the corridor, calculating how long it might take a portly and fastidious gentleman to dress. He allowed a wide margin, but when at length he rapped smartly on the door Mr. Durkey opened it in his shirtsleeves, his left hand clasping a collar with a cravat fitted inside it. Mr. Durkey's heart turned a somersault, yet—such is even a feeble man's reserve power and the force of habit—his expression betokened only surprise, and he said in a good bass voice:

"Why, Danny! Good morning!"

Saying "Good morning, Mr. Durkey," Dan stepped forward fairly into that gentleman's face, and mostly from force of habit Mr. Durkey made way for him to enter the room, mechanically closing the door behind him. Being inside, Dan sat down coolly on the tumbled bed. No young man had ever looked more collected or assured. He spoke in calm and even tones, but perhaps a little lower than usual, looking the manufacturer in the eye:

"I'm down here to get the bank's money, Mr. Durkey. I've taken that mortgage you gave Mr. Broadtree, and put it in a sealed envelope and handed it to a man I can trust absolutely. If he gets the word from me he'll hotfoot over to the recorder's office and put it on record. It would be easier and pleasanter all round, you see, if you'd just take me over to Watrous and tell him the bank has a claim against you, and ask him to go down to the First National Bank here and deposit eighty-two thousand dollars of the purchase money to the credit of William Broadtree & Son. That would be easier and pleasanter all round, and I hope you'll do it. If you don't I'll just slap the mortgage on record and Watrous can't get the plant without paying our claim."

Standing coatless and collar in hand, Mr. Durkey looked at the floor and mechanically touched his curly beard. At the moment there was really nothing inside him but a cold tumult, with a goneness at the pit of his stomach. Just of itself his voice issued, a bit shakily:

"This is most extraordinary." An idea glimmered in the void and he asked: "Did Mr. Broadtree send you here?"

"No," Dan replied bluntly. "I came on my own hook. Mr. Broadtree knows nothing about it. But I'm going to do exactly as I say. You've got to come across, Mr Durkey. Why not come pleasantly?"

That was rather insulting and helped Mr Durkey to get a grip on the idea. Feeling himself all caving in, he yet struggled for a foothold. He pumped himself up; he lifted his head; he drew a good breath. His portly figure was a symbol of dignity, his beard was in perfect order, his hair came down in a little scallop on each side of his forehead.

His voice issued in a rich diapason:

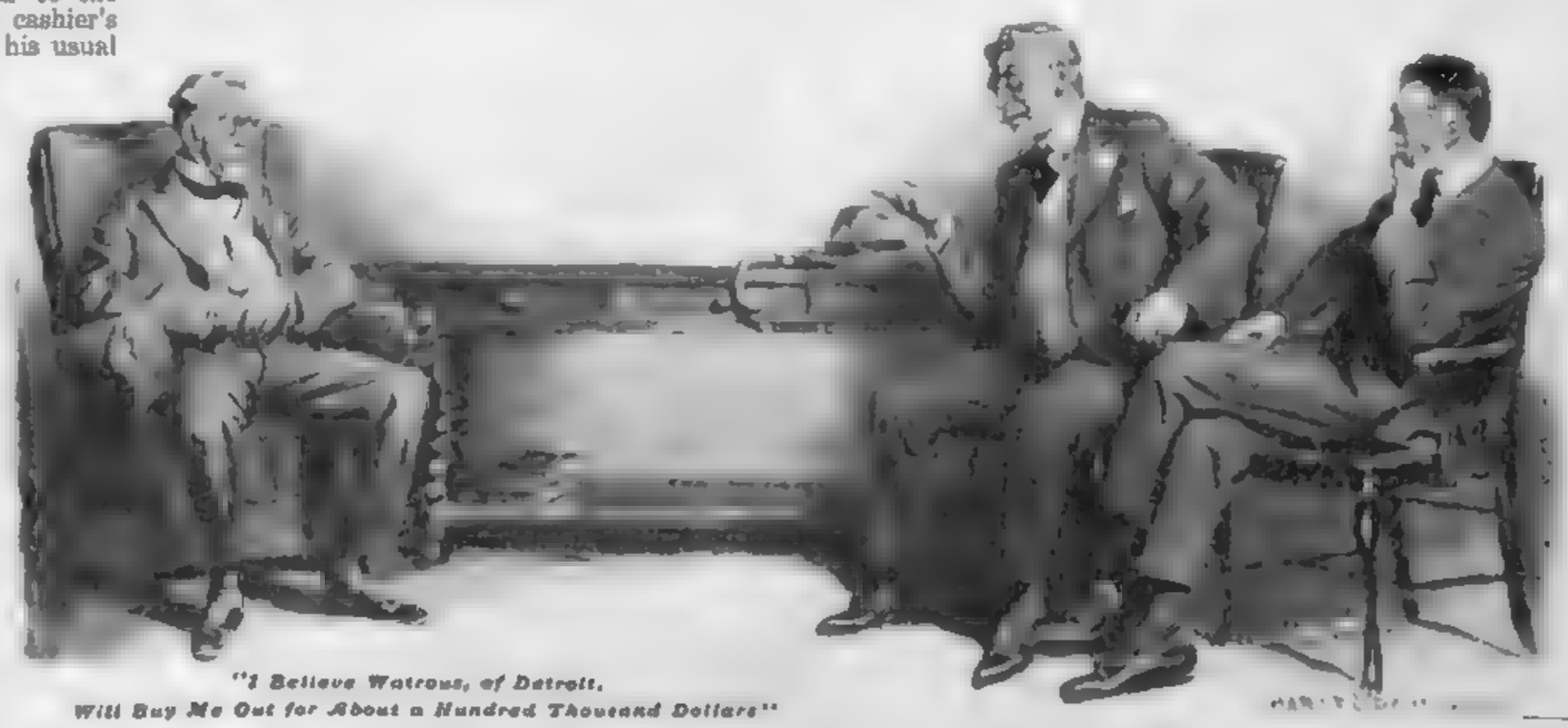
"Thomas Broadtree gave me his word of honor that mortgage should not be recorded while I live. His word of honor has never been broken. You see that I'm alive. Do you dare violate Thomas Broadtree's word of honor?"

Although he was coatless and collarless, it was a fine showing. Nevertheless the young man replied coolly:

"Yes, I've got some honor of my own. Mr. Broadtree can kick me out afterward if he wants to; but I'm going to pull the bank out of this hole."

Then the door swung open and a wiry, elderly little man trotted briskly in. His smooth-shaven face was deeply wrinkled, his nose bulbous, his dark eyes—set wide apart and a little aslant—twinkled with animation beneath a majestic brow. He came in without knocking, like one on a familiar footing with the occupant of the room, but at sight of the second inmate he halted abruptly, with an expression of extreme astonishment. Returning the look, a grin spread with slow luxuriance over the second inmate's homely face. After an instant he turned to Mr. Durkey and spoke again.

"You see, I did some scouting down here and when I found out this wicked and cast-off brother-in-law of yours was staying at a hotel in the next block I thought probably you'd forgiven him and you two were pulling together again. So I decided I'd pull some myself. I hardly thought he'd drop right into our laps this way; but you



"I Believe Watrous, of Detroit, Will Buy Me Out for About a Hundred Thousand Dollars"

can see you may as well come across pleasantly. Otherwise that mortgage goes on record at the courthouse before the bank opens."

Brother-in-law Lorenzo looked at Mr. Durkey in alarmed and baffled inquiry. Mr. Durkey looked back abjectly. In fact, he had not dared tell Lorenzo that he had weakly given Mr. Broadtree a mortgage on the plant. He had hardly dared tell that to himself after the deed was done. He knew it complicated the situation frightfully, because an unrecorded mortgage, while it wouldn't prevent his skipping into Canada with the money, might be made the basis of a criminal charge. That was why these last days had been so inexpressibly harrowing. He didn't dare hand the money over to the bank and step out penniless. He didn't dare keep the money and face the possible consequences.

He didn't dare tell Lorenzo. He didn't dare tell himself, squarely. All he could do was drift along, agonized.

The looks that the brothers-in-law exchanged gave Dan a suspicion of the truth, so he explained to Lorenzo with the greatest good nature:

"Mr. Durkey has given Mr. Broadtree a mortgage on the plant. It isn't recorded yet, but it's going to be this morning unless I get the money."

Abruptly, as though a spring inside him had given way, Mr. Durkey sat down in a chair, collar in hand, his mouth slightly open, gaping woebegone at Lorenzo.

Lorenzo glared back at him savagely and cried with infinite scorn:

"Why did you give a mortgage? Idiot! You've ruined both of us!"

V

DAN WHITMAN reached Plum Hill at half-past four that afternoon and went at once to the bank. There Mr. Broadtree showed him a telegram—without a word of reproach, leaving the young man to reproach himself for the coarseness of having doubted Mr. Durkey's honor. The telegram was from the First National Bank of Detroit, saying that Watrous, on behalf of Elton Durkey, had deposited eighty-two thousand dollars there for the credit of William Broadtree & Son.

Not by way of reproach, but with a hope his young protégé might be more sensitive to certain high values in human character, the banker said with a smile:

"Durkey is a gentleman, Dan."

With a boldness he had never before assumed, Dan laid an arm over the old gentleman's shoulders and replied heartily:

"You're right, Mr. Broadtree, and it's a fine thing to be a gentleman. All the same, I'm glad that account is squared up. I had a nice little visit in Ann Arbor."

There was a day's accumulation of business, so it was near seven o'clock when he left the bank.

As he walked briskly up Main Street his gray eyes were gravely speculative. He was homely and no gentleman, but he had met a big emergency; he had tried himself out. A graceful shape and a pair of brown eyes drifted in his brain. He was saying to himself:

"I won't hold off any longer. I'll wade in. I may as well know whether I can win her. If I can't—well, some of us can stand the gaff and some of us can't."

The Unshrunken Violet

THERE is a certain actor in this country who entertains no doubt regarding his abilities as a leading man. He knows he is good.

Two seasons back he was playing an engagement in San Francisco. The patronage was not all that might have been desired. Most nights our hero and his supporting troupe played to more empty seats than filled ones.

One morning in the middle of the second week of poor business the star, passing the theater, was overjoyed—but not surprised—to behold a long line of waiting persons in front of the box office. He stepped inside and found the manager assisting the ticket seller in caring for the rush.

"It has come at last!" he began. "It took time, but it would appear, from the looks of that crowd outside in the lobby, that the citizens of this town have finally waked up to the fact that there is some real acting going on in this house."

"I'm sorry to tell you, Mr. Blank," explained the manager; "but those folks are not buying seats for your show. They're buying in advance for Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, who opens here next week."

The actor turned on his heel—he turns beautifully on either heel—and started to stalk away. The manager sought to comfort him in his chagrin.

"You know, Mr. Blank," he called out, "a good many folks out here on the Coast regard Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson as our greatest English-speaking actor."

The departing one paused, and when he spoke his tones were icy.

"And what," he asked—"and what, pray, do the good people of San Francisco think I speak—Chinese?"

The Cross That Failed

THE late Joe Evergreen Ryan, of Chicago, used to tell this one. He said an Irishman who disliked everything British kept a bar over on the South Side. One day a rather boastful Englishman dropped in for a drink. He had that drink and another, and then another. After the third he admitted, for the benefit of any and all who might hear him, that he was a person of large means.

"How did ye git all this here wealth?" inquired the proprietor softly.

"Silkworms!" proclaimed the customer. "I am in the silk business out in the East."

"Is thot so?" said the Irishman. "Thot's quite a coincidence. 'Twas silkworms thot was the ruin av me ould father in Ireland."

"In Ireland? How extraordinary!" said the Englishman. "I never heard of silkworms being in Ireland."

"Nayther did anywan else till me father imported 'em," said the saloon keeper. "'Twas like this: In the beginnin' av things the ould man had a linen farm. He had millions and millions av these here little linen bugs, all workin' fur him, by day and by night."

"Linen bugs?" inquired the Englishman incredulously. "Very extraordinary."

"Not at all; not at all!" said the Irishman. "If silkworms make silk, why shouldn't linen bugs be makin' linen? Yis, sir, there was the linen farm, with me ould father sittin' back takin' his ease while the linen bugs worked away, and the money rolled in on him in golden strames. Over there you'd see nine or tin acres where the little bugs was makin' linen collars; and over here would be nine or tin acres more where they was all busy spinnin' linen underwear. 'Twas a beautiful sight! I'd 'a' been a millionaire to-day in me own right ef me ould man had only been satisfied. But no! He got ambitious to branch out; and the same was his ruin.

"He heared tell av these here silkworms and he had a grand idea! He decided to import a bunch av silkworms and cross thim on the linen bugs and projuce a breed av gifted creatures that would make linen shirts with silk collars and cuffs, fur the dudes and the dudines to wear.

"He got thim to cross, all right—half silkworm and half linen bug; but after thot ye'd niver guess what happened! Instead av turnin' out linen shirts with silk collars and cuffs, them fool insects turned out nawthin' but silk shirts with linen collars and cuffs. And me poor ould father wint bust!"

The Bargain Pin

SOME years ago, when Holbrook Blinn, the actor, was playing in a London production, he went to Ascot for the races one afternoon. In an interval between races Blinn was in a refreshment booth when a slinky individual addressed him and wanted to know whether Blinn wouldn't buy a handsome diamond scarfpin at a great bargain. Blinn said "No"; but the stranger was persistent.

"It's worth twenty pound if it's worth a tanner," said the furtive one; "and you can 'ave it for five, guv'nor. Just take a look at it, anyway."

"Well, show it to me, then," said Blinn. "Where is it?"

The other took Blinn by the arm and pointed off to the right, where an elderly gentleman stood.

"In the necktie of that old cove over yonder!" he said.

What Was the Answer?

JACK DEVEREUX, the actor, overheard two gentlemen conversing across a table in a Broadway lobster palace. Plainly both had been imbibing, and one, the larger of the two, had reached the argumentative stage.

"Shay," he suddenly inquired, apparently apropos of nothing that had been said earlier, "do you know Fred Stevens?"

"Certainly I know Jack Stevens," said the other.

"Like 'ell you know Jack Stevens!" stated the first man incredulously. "Jack Stevens is a ver' inti—inti—intimate friend of mine, and I never heard him mention your name."

"I know Fred Stevens well," protested the smaller man. "Whash more, I know his brother Alfred."

"Is thash so?" demanded the larger man. He leveled an unsteady but accusing finger at his companion's face. "Tell me thish mush then—whish one of 'em looks the most alike?"

Making it Harder

THERE is a member of the Court of Appeals of Kentucky, the highest bench in the state, who is a courageous man in most respects but a desperate coward in a thunderstorm. He is horribly afraid of lightning and he isn't ashamed to confess it. He has been so from childhood. When the bolts begin to flicker and the thunderclaps to sound, the august and dignified jurist drops whatever he is doing and goes into retirement. When at home it is his custom to take refuge in a dark closet under the front stairs, where he remains until the weather moderates.

Once when a storm came up suddenly, and he abruptly departed from a company of guests in the parlor to cower in his customary retreat, his wife undertook to remonstrate with him upon the unreasonableness of his conduct.

"Judge," she said through the closet keyhole, "why will you behave so foolishly? Don't you know that when your time comes the Lord can find you, no matter where you hide?"

Back to her floated a muffled and a slightly tremulous voice:

"Perhaps so, my dear; but I'm going to put Him to as much trouble as possible."

Namesakes

A YOUNG woman from New England secured her first engagement in a Broadway company and moved to New York for the season.

A friend took her automobiling. Their route led them up through the Bronx and along the eastern side of Westchester County. As they bowled along, the budding actress was moved to inquire the name of the smooth highway they were traversing.

"It's known as the Boston Post Road," said her companion.

"Isn't that interesting!" said the young person.

"Isn't what interesting?"

"Why, that they should name a road down here in New York for a newspaper up in Boston!" she said.

Barrett Specification Roofs

Guaranteed for 20 Years

We Standardized the Roofs— Now We Standardize the Guarantee!

A DOZEN years ago the introduction of The Barrett Specification standardized roofing practice throughout the country and gave to the old "tar-and-gravel roof" a definite character and reliability.

Local contractors, in the past, have been accustomed to guaranteeing roofs of this type free of repairs for from five to ten years.

To good reliable roofers such guarantees were no burden because the roof they constructed would last much longer than the guaranteed period.

The fly-by-night roofer, however, did a poor and cheap job, gave his guarantee recklessly—and was generally out of business when the roof leaked or trouble came.

As manufacturers of the materials used in Barrett Specification Roofs we, therefore, determined a short time ago to standardize these guarantees and *make them of real value to users of Barrett Specification Roofs.*

We, therefore, arranged with the U. S. Fidelity & Guaranty Company to issue a 20-Year Guaranty Bond covering every Barrett Specification Roof of 50 squares and over *wherever our inspection service was available.*

Today this Guaranty and Inspection Service covers all towns of 25,000 population and over and most of the smaller places in the thickly populated parts of the United States and Canada. This means that only 5% of the population is outside the radius of our Guaranty.

This Bond takes the place of short-term guarantees formerly issued by the local roofer and obviously is far better because:

—it is for 20 years (instead of the usual five or ten)

—it is backed by a $15,000,000 Corporation

—it has the further backing of a great Surety Company

—it provides for an *impartial expert inspection of the job.*

How to Get the 20-Year Guaranty

When you are writing your roofing specification say:

> "The roof shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid in accordance with The Barrett Specification, dated May 1, 1916, by a roofing contractor approved by The Barrett Company. The roofing contractor shall furnish The Barrett Company's Surety Bond Guaranty for twenty years, in accordance with Note 1 of said Specification."

On this solid and honest basis as many contractors as you desire may estimate on the job.

The winning contractor notifies us that he wishes the 20-Year Surety Bond and requests our Inspection Service.

One of our inspectors supervises the construction of the roof, tests it by cutting a cross-section, checks up the quantity and the quality of the materials used and certifies that The Barrett Specification has been strictly followed.

On the basis of the inspector's report the 20-Year Guaranty Bond is issued by the U. S. Fidelity & Guaranty Company and the Bond exempts the owner from all expense for repairs or maintenance for the next 20 years.

The Guaranty Bond costs you nothing. The service is free *in the interest of good workmanship and the good repute of our materials.*

While we guarantee Barrett Specification Roofs for only 20 years the chances are that they will last much longer. We know of many instances where this type of roof has lasted twice as long without any expense.

Barrett Specification Roofs are recognized today as the standard covering for permanent buildings of all kinds The cost, per year of service, is less than any other roof covering. They take the base rate of insurance and are approved as "Class A" construction by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

If you are interested in the proposition we shall be glad to send you, on request, further details or a list of roofing contractors who are working in cooperation with us.

A copy of The Barrett Specification, with roofing diagrams, sent free on request

The Barrett Company

Largest Manufacturers in the World of Roofing and Roofing Materials

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston
St. Louis Cleveland Cincinnati Pittsburgh
Detroit Birmingham Kansas City Minneapolis
Nashville Salt Lake City Seattle Peoria
THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Limited Montreal Toronto
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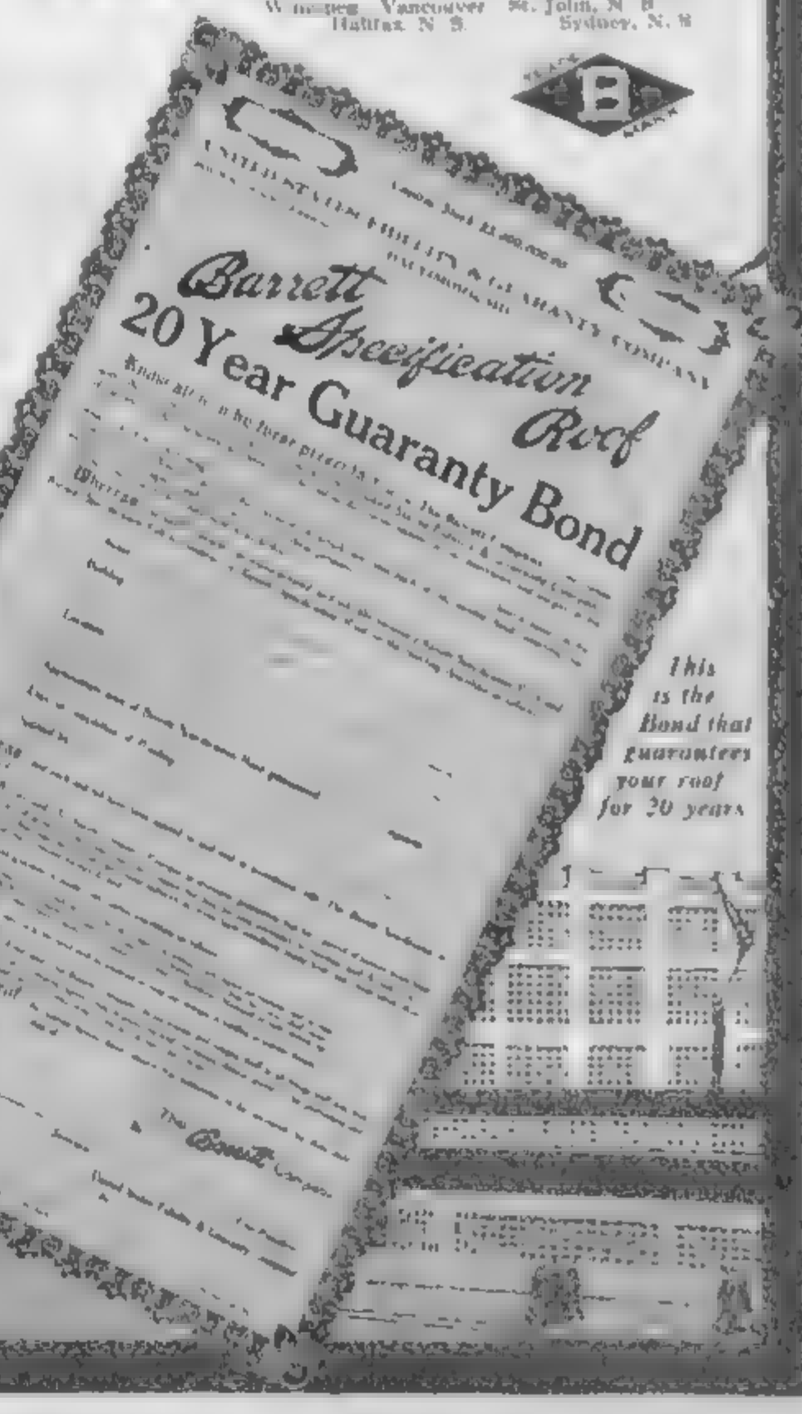
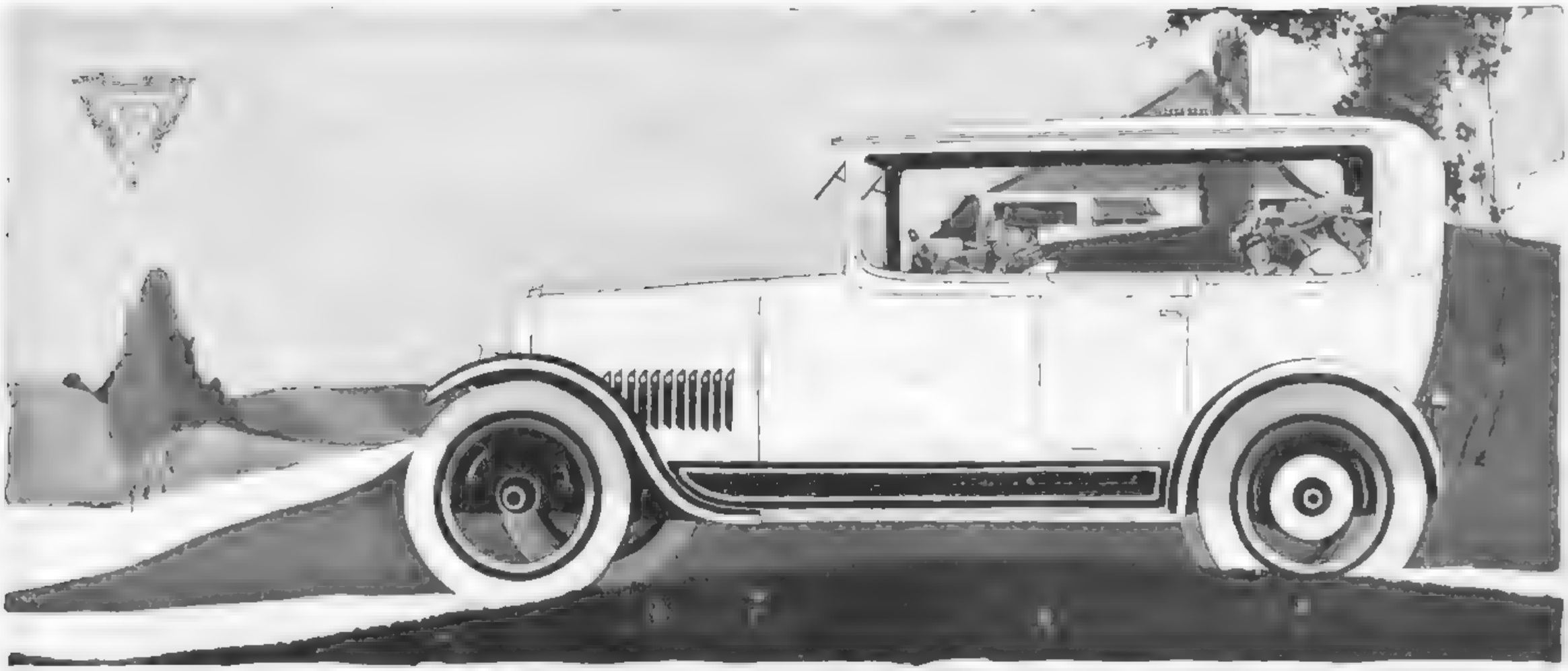




You Always Travel First-Class in a Hudson Super-Six Touring Sedan

HERE is a car on which all will agree. Which all can enjoy at any season. And which anyone can drive. When you want a Touring Car, you have one with the sides entirely open. See the picture at the top. When you want a closed car, lift the windows and you have an elegant Sedan. There is all the luxury and comfort, all the fine appointments that a dainty woman likes.

If the day is fair, you have a Touring Car. If a storm comes up, you have a Sedan. The change may be made in a minute. In winter you have warmth and comfort. In summer you have airiness. All in the same car.

This is a one-compartment car. The woman may drive, if she wishes, without being separate. When the two disappearing seats are down, the car has seats for seven. This is a very popular model. We are building this year, to meet the demand, ten times as many as last year.

This Touring Sedan has the Super-Six motor, patented by Hudson Vibration and friction in this motor are reduced almost to nil. Motor efficiency is increased 80 per cent. Endurance is almost doubled.

This is the motor which has broken all the stock car records. It has proved itself the greatest motor built. No man who knows it as it is will buy a fine car without it. So this Touring Sedan combines in one car all the best things you can look for.

Phaeton, 7-passenger	$1475	*Touring Sedan* . .	*$2000*	Town Car	$2750
Roadster, 2-passenger	1475	Limousine	2750	Town Car Landaulet .	2850
Cabriolet, 3-passenger	1775	*(All Prices f. o. b. Detroit)*		Limousine Landaulet .	2850

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

(Continued from Page 5)

"All right," Wilkinson said; "but you know what happened to you last time when you danced on a spoiled stomach."

Aristide made a flapping gesture with his right hand, a survival of the days when, as Bennie Feingold and Sarah Winkelfeld, they trod together the boards of the Pedestrian $3.50 Shoe Store, on Forty-second Street.

"Never mind!" he retorted. "I said I'd take fried chicken. It ought to be good in a country place like this, Billy."

Billy Brogdale remained silent. His head was uplifted and he sniffed the air like a pointer in the vicinity of partridges.

"What's that you got on the fire?" he asked Podolnik.

"That?" Podolnik replied. "Oh, that! That's private. That's for the family."

"Well, don't make no stranger out of me," Brogdale said. "Consider me one of the family and give me a double portion of that."

"I couldn't do it," Podolnik said; "my wife would murder me. That's a couple ducks she got from a farmer yesterday; and she fixed it up special on account her nephew is very fond of it."

Brogdale thrust his hand into his trousers pocket and produced a roll of bills, which he manipulated beneath the tablecloth with marked unostentation. He handed Podolnik a twenty-dollar bill.

"Serve us the family dinner from soup to nuts," he said. "I'm through eating them excelsior fried chickens with hominy sauce, after a recipe of the Bill Posters' Union."

Podolnik swallowed convulsively in an effort to speak; for if there was anything that could make his mouth water more than Mrs. Podolnik's *gedämfte* duck, it was a twenty-dollar bill.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," he said: "I'll ask Mrs. Podolnik, and if she says it's all right, y'understand, I'm agreeable too."

He rushed to the kitchen door, where, upon the rare occasion of serving a customer, Mrs. Podolnik usually acted as checker and cashier.

"Mommer!" he called; but Mrs. Podolnik's post was temporarily filled by the bartender. "Where is she?" he demanded.

"Upstairs in her room," the bartender said.

"And where is Louis?" Podolnik asked.

"Upstairs, with her," the bartender answered; but Podolnik hardly waited to hear his reply. He went up the back stairs three at a bound and burst into Mrs. Podolnik's darkened room.

"*Nu!*" he roared. "What is the meaning from this?"

Mrs. Podolnik and Louis Dworkin stood one on each side of the bed; and while Louis wielded a palm-leaf fan Mrs. Podolnik dabbed vinegar on the forehead of a young lady who lay unconscious on Mrs. Podolnik's best counterpane.

"*Stigun!*" Mrs. Podolnik said.

"What do you mean—*stigun?*" Podolnik cried.

"Ain't you got no heart?" Louis said, looking up from his fanning. "She was in the 1913 Simpson-Detroit."

For the employees of road houses are like that. No emotion can overrule their ruling passion. And if a road-house employee had witnessed Elijah's ascent to heaven in a chariot of fire he would have noticed the year and the make of the chariot first, and Elijah afterward.

"Out from here, Podolnik!" Mrs. Podolnik whispered. "I think I seen her eyes open."

Louis noticed them too; and after her eyelids flickered, and at last opened, the young lady gazed full at Louis' face and smiled.

"Birdie!" Louis cried. "Miss Zadkin!"

"Miss Zadkin!" Podolnik repeated. "*Es fehlt nur noch!* For two years I paid good rent in his store on Prince Street, and he ain't satisfied that he raises me out of there; but the first good day I got in this rotten hole, mommer, his daughter comes here sick and upsets my entire place!"

"Out from here!" Mrs. Podolnik repeated. "Do you hear me?"

Louis Dworkin now held one of Miss Zadkin's unresisting hands; and she continued to smile weakly, but nevertheless happily.

"But, mommer," Podolnik almost whimpered, "them ducks is spoiling!"

"You can think of your stummick now!" Mrs. Podolnik exclaimed.

"Not my stummick," he protested; "I am going to give 'em to a customer in a pongee duster."

Mrs. Podolnik waved him away with a vinegar-soaked rag.

"For my part, he could be naked, even!" she said. "Go ahead and give 'em to him. And ring up Zadkin that his daughter is here and ain't hurted none."

After Podolnik had gone Miss Zadkin rapidly recovered from the shock of the collision, and in less than ten minutes Mrs. Podolnik followed her husband, while Miss Zadkin conversed with Louis Dworkin in quite her normal manner.

"*S'mehrjen,*" she said, "I been passing this place every Sunday regular and I never knew you was here!"

"Did Mr. Zadkin buy a 1913 Simpson-Detroit?" Louis Dworkin asked.

"It ain't popper's car," Miss Zadkin replied; and her cheeks assumed their wonted pink and a little unwonted pink besides. "It belongs to a—now—friend of mine."

"A friend!" Louis exclaimed. "You ain't—now—engaged to him?"

The impertinence of this question did not occur to either Miss Zadkin or Louis, and she patted his hand reassuringly.

"Why do you ask?" she said.

"Because they took him in an amburlance to the Rye Hospital, with a broken leg," Louis said, and waited for the shriek that he dreaded would follow.

But Miss Zadkin, to his relief, was entirely unmoved. Evidently, then, he argued, they were not engaged.

"Tell me, Louis," she said, "do you grow your own vegetables and raise eggs and beans, and all them things, the way they do at the Heatherstalk Inn?"

"Say," Louis replied, "my uncle's been buying eggs from one concern for twenty years, and he says why should he switch now to hens? He's very old-fashioned in some ways."

"But home-grown vegetables sounds awful attractive," Birdie Zadkin went on. "Over at the Heatherstalk Inn they let you dig your own potatoes and pluck your own beans."

"Well, if they plucked their own potatoes at this place they'd have to pluck 'em out of a barrel," Louis said; "because if we was to raise vegetables here you know who'd do the heavy work, don't you?"

Birdie nodded and again patted his hand, this time sympathetically.

"At the same time, Louis," she said, "it wouldn't do you no harm. You ain't so thin like you used to be."

"Did you like me thin?" Louis asked.

And, with this tender prelude, is it any wonder that when, fifteen minutes later, Mrs. Podolnik opened the door she was obliged to close it again as quickly as she could, cough three times, and rattle the handle before venturing on a second entrance?

"Louis," she said, "your uncle is raising—excuse me—the devil, on account the place is filled *mit* customers and you ain't there."

"I'm going right down," he said, "and I'll be back as soon as I can."

He hurried downstairs and entered the dining room in time to take the order from an excited group who had been clamoring for attention for more than half an hour.

"And how would you like some new Bermuda potatoes, grown right here on the farm?" Louis added after he had dispatched a regular waiter for the first part of the order. "You got no idea of the difference in taste among potatoes dug out of the farm from the regular barrel potatoes."

"Two portions for the four of us," the host of the party said; and the hat boy, who was hovering piratically over the adjoining table, winked at Louis.

"Where do you get this raised-on-the-farm stuff, Louis?" he inquired as Louis walked away; and the ex-pickle-factory bookkeeper drew him to one side.

"You know them yellow flowers in the back yard?" Louis said.

"They're called golden-glows, ain't they?" the check boy said.

"I should know what them flowers is called! Am I in the millinery business?" Louis demanded.

"Well, what about 'em?" the hat-check boy inquired.

"If anybody wants to dig their own potatoes," Louis said, "take 'em over there."

"But how can they dig potatoes over there?" the hat-check boy asked.

"Because that's where I am going to bury a couple dozen soon as I get through with this order," Louis said.

During the next ten minutes he suggested to the hungry patrons, with unvarying success, "string beans just plucked from the garden; eggs laid within the hour; corn freshly gathered from the stalk;" and in no case were the diners dissatisfied. Nor could they have been; for, as a matter of fact, after two hours of capacity business, the vegetable supply of the Friar Tuck Inn was so nearly exhausted that the pantryman and the hat-check boy were scouring the neighborhood for sweet corn, beans and peas.

And as the afternoon wore on every truck farmer in the vicinity was breaking the Sabbath and easing his conscience by charging Podolnik three times the week-day prices of Washington Market.

Until almost midnight, fresh guests continued to arrive, for, though all traces of the accident had long since disappeared from in front of the Friar Tuck Inn, its sheds overflowed with automobiles, and a queue of waiting cars stretched up and down the Boston Post Road as a pulling advertisement of the entertainment to be had within.

Thus, at half past twelve the dining room of the Friar Tuck Inn continued to blaze with the light and heat engendered by several dozen electric lights, a couple of hundred guests, and more particularly six African musicians, who were working themselves into a condition of frenzy over the latest one-step.

Such, however, is the timbre of the human voice that it will rise above the most complicated score; and when Morris Zadkin, closely followed by Mrs. Zadkin, entered the dining room of the Friar Tuck Inn and demanded of the head waiter, "Moiderer! What did you done with my daughter?" Podolnik heard it in the pantry.

In his haste to reach the dining room he upset the tray of Maryland fried chickens, which he was checking, so that it was necessary to return them to the kitchen and replate them with a new coat of waterproof cracker dust before they were again fit to be served.

"*Bist du verückt?*" he cried, as he grabbed Zadkin by the arm and piloted him toward the bar, into which Max, the head waiter, had already thrust Mrs. Zadkin. "Your daughter is all right. I was going to telephone you when I got the time."

"When you got the time!" Zadkin exclaimed. "*Mein* poor wife is pretty near dead from anxiety. We rang up every hospital from the Bronx to Bridgeport—and he 'was going to telephone us when he got the time'—*sagt er!*"

"Where is she?" Mrs. Zadkin wailed.

"Where should she be?" Podolnik replied. "She is upstairs, if you want to see her."

He led the way to Mrs. Podolnik's parlor and, without knocking, flung open the door.

"Miss Zadkin," he said, "your mommer is here."

The warning came too late, however, for Mr. and Mrs. Zadkin had already entered the room, approximately a tenth of a second before Birdie could rise from Louis Dworkin's lap.

"Oo-ee!" Mrs. Zadkin cried, and sank heavily into the nearest chair; while Zadkin remained in the doorway, clasping and unclasping his hands, until his finger nails, had he not been addicted to biting them, would have dug into the palms of his hands; for in his imagination each of his hands clasped a human neck, and the neck in both cases was the same—viz., Louis Dworkin's neck.

B. Podolnik alone retained his presence of mind.

"Ain't you ashamed to act that way, Louis?" he said bitterly. "With the whole place full of customers! What do I pay you for, anyway?"

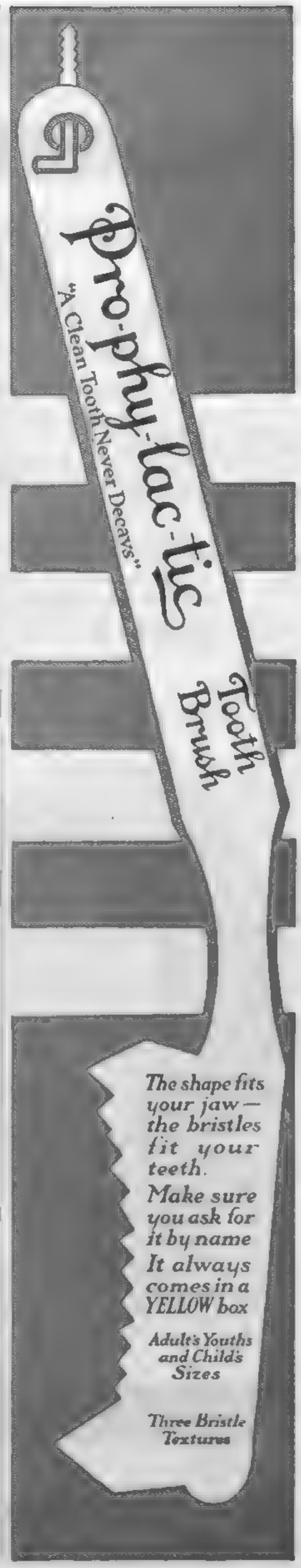
In justice to both Louis and herself, Birdie concluded that she ought to offer a reasonable explanation.

"He—now—had something in his eye," she said, "and I was trying to get it out for him."

"He had something in his eye—and her not five days engaged to be married yet!" Mrs. Zadkin said as she rocked to and fro in her grief.

"Engaged!" Louis cried, and his face grew as pale as it used to be before he left the pickle factory. "Is that right, Birdie?" he demanded; and Birdie colored guiltily.

(Continued on Page 35)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100% Service

We make four types of anti-skid tires instead of only one or two, because

—*no one type of tire will suit all types of cars.*

An important fact to bear in mind when tire buying!

Besides, we are the only tire manufacturers making a complete line from which to make your selection.

Bear in mind—an automobile is as satisfactory as its tires.

Therefore—to get *100% service* out of your car—select only the tires exactly suited to your particular need of price and use and type of car.

Not knowing your precise needs, it is inadvisable to attempt to advise you in this advertisement which of the four United States Anti-Skid Tires pictured below will give you *100% service*.

But you can make the selection yourself in this way—

Go to the nearest United States Tire Dealer and obtain from him a copy of the little book, "Judging Tires," which tells you how to secure the exact tire to suit your needs—*the 100% tire*.

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(Continued from Page 33)

She laid her hand on his coatsleeve, but he shook it off. "Here!" he said. "Let me out of this!"

"Listen, Louis!" Birdie pleaded. "Don't be so quick in jumping conclusions. It was him that was driving the car, Louis. Maybe he was killed, or something."

"Killed!" Mrs. Zadkin shrieked, and straightway became so hysterical that in the excitement Louis was forgotten; and when Mrs. Zadkin had become sufficiently calm for Zadkin to remember his murderous intentions the proposed victim had escaped to the lower floor.

"Now you see what your nephew done it!" Zadkin said.

"Well, how could I help it?" Podolnik asked

"It ain't enough that you leave me *mit* a store vacant on my hands for six months," Zadkin continued, "but your nephew must got to try to bust up my daughter's engagement yet'"

"He didn't do no such thing!" Birdie interrupted. "I didn't tell him I was enguged; and, anyhow, if you want to make up a punk line of pickles and jams why should I be the goat?"

"Shut up your mouth!" Zadkin said. "Who am I doing this for if it ain't for you and your mommer?"

"Excuse me," Podolnik said. "Please do your family washing private, Zadkin. If Mrs. Zadkin would like something, a little schnapps *oder* cream dee mint, I will wake up Mrs. Podolnik; though I don't want to do it. Otherwise, if it is all the same for you, and you've got a taxi outside, Zadkin, it's already pretty near one o'clock, and the roads ain't none too good between here and New York, neither."

Meantime Louis had descended to the lower floor and sought to hide his agitation in the gloomy interior of the storeroom. But even there he found no relief, for on the shelf opposite the doorway stood six jars of Birdie Brand Crab-Apple Jelly, and from out the middle of each label stared the features of Miss Birdie Zadkin, which were contained in an oval-shaped ribbon bearing the inscription: Trade-Mark Registered.

With welling eyes, he seized one of the jars in both hands; and he was pressing his lips to the half-tone reproduction of Birdie's face when Max Neumann, the head waiter, entered

"I want to ask you something, Louis," said Max, whose address when off duty was the sidewalk in front of the Staats Zeitung bulletin board. "Is it so that them two professional dancers, which has been here ever since the accident, is Frenchers?"

From the doorway he nodded in the direction of Aristide & Wilkinson; and there was something about the gesture and the manner in which he gutturalized the word "Frenchers" which seemed to imply that if a plate of hot soup down Aristide's neck would hasten the surrender of Verdun Max was not the man to hesitate at it.

"Who told you that?" Louis asked him.

"Well, we got an extra here from the joint where them two dancers work," Max continued, "and he said that he seen it in the paper where the feller's father is Ritter von Bar-le-Duc, or some such town, in France."

"What are you talking nonsense?" Louis said. "Bar-le-Duc ain't a town; it's a jelly that comes in glasses about a quarter the size of this"

And then there occurred one of those typical manifestations of genius reacting from a disappointment in love; and Louis snapped the thumb and finger of his right hand in the access of a sudden idea.

"Tell me, Max," Louis said, "do we got any cream cheese in the ice box since last Sunday already," Max said, "if they ain't got green plush on 'em by now."

"Scrape 'em good," Louis said, "and cut 'em in half. I am going to work 'em off."

He pried the patent top from a jar of Zadkin's Jelly and emptied its contents into four mineral-water glasses, which he carried on a tray to the little office behind the stairs. When he brought them back, ready to be served with the cream cheese, each glass bore a label on which was inscribed in the clerkly hand of an ex-bookkeeper in a pickle factory:

MRS. FANNY PODOLNIK'S
HOMEMADE FRUIT JELLIES
CRAB APPLE

IV

"BUT, mommer," Podolnik pleaded one Saturday morning, six weeks later, "if you could do it *mit* three ducks, why not *mit* thirty? All you use is ten times so much duck, ten times so much *Knoblauch*, and so on. Always ten times so much—ain't that right?"

Evidently it was not right.

"You are crazy in the head," Mrs. Podolnik said. "That duck is an invention of my poor mother—*olav hashalam!* which she got it from a family by the name Bernard, which used to live on ——"

"What's the difference where they lived?" Podolnik broke in. "This here Brogdale telephoned he would be up tomorrow *mit* fifty members of the Motion-Picture Fellers of America, or something; and he wants me I should give 'em the same duck they had when they was here that Sunday. So what could I do, mommer?"

"—— which they used to live on Eighty-ninth Street and I forgot the avenue," Mrs. Podolnik continued severely. "And if you wouldn't taste the duck every three minutes for the first half hour, y'understand, it gets away from you."

"Well, what of it?" Podolnik asked.

"What of it?" Mrs. Podolnik cried. "Do you think I am going to taste thirty ducks every three minutes for a half an hour?"

"Let the pantryman taste 'em," Podolnik said. "I don't care who tastes 'em, so long as you cook 'em."

"What do you think I am going to make myself sick cooking ducks for them loafers?" Mrs. Podolnik asked.

"They ain't loafers; they're customers," Podolnik said.

"Let 'em eat Maryland chickens and all that *Machshoras*," Mrs. Podolnik retorted. "Come and stay here till all hours of the night, and I should *dämpf* for such *sh'gotzim* duck, like my poor mother—*olav hashalam!*—used to make!"

"Well, do it for Louis' sake," Podolnik pleaded. "The boy works awful hard here the last six weeks. Yesterday he gets up before half past eight and buries in the garden pretty near a barrel potatoes"

"He is a good boy," Mrs. Podolnik said.

"Then you would cook the duck?" Podolnik asked.

"But I wouldn't make no habit of it," Mrs. Podolnik said.

"You don't have to," Podolnik assured her. "The chef will watch you. He is a quick learner, mommer. He told me he was only shown once how to fix Chicken *à la* Maryland, and he done it right away."

"From how that stuff tastes," Mrs. Podolnik said, "it wouldn't do him no harm to be shown again."

Thus was Duck *à la* Podolnik firmly established on the bill of fare of the Friar Tuck Inn, and inscribed on the various banners hanging in the doors and on the trees adjacent to the inn, by which more and more automobile tourists were lured from the bumpy asphalt of the Boston Post Road. Moreover, along this same road, for a distance of many miles in each direction, every patch of growing vegetables bore a painted sign:

FROM THE FARM TO THE TABLE!
THESE VEGETABLES GROWN
FOR
THE FRIAR TUCK INN
5 MILES

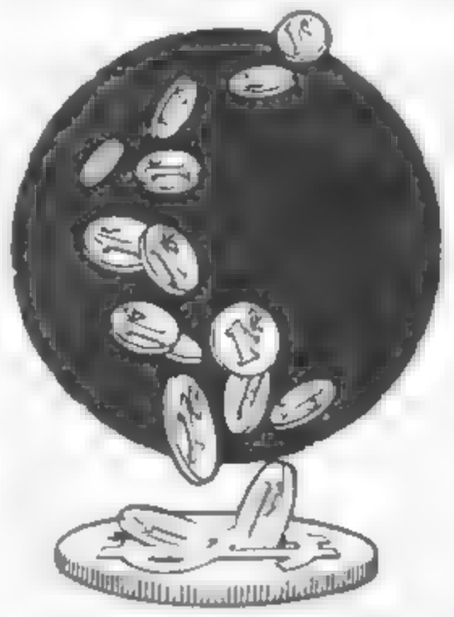
Hence, though Podolnik continued to buy his supplies from the New York market, the patrons seemed to detect a certain freshness in the quality of the vegetables. Such is the power of suggestion over the average human mind—and Louis Dworkin argued that if the mind of a suburban road-house guest is not average, what is?

He paid two dollars for painting the signs and one dollar for permission to maintain them in the vegetable patches; and between this enterprise and the sale of Mrs. Fanny Podolnik's Homemade Fruit Jellies to the summer residents of the Sound shore he sought to banish from his memory the duplicity of Birdie Zadkin. He found it a difficult task, however; since every time he converted one jar of Birdie Brand Jelly into four jars of the homemade product its registered trade-mark revived the old heartache

"The boy grows thinner every day," Mrs. Podolnik commented to her husband as they sat in their private parlor on the Sunday of President William Brogdale's duck luncheon. "He works too hard *mit* his jelly business"

"Say," Podolnik protested, "the most he could got from being too busy with his jellies is writer's cramp! The trouble *mit* that boy is, he's in love."

(Continued on Page 37)



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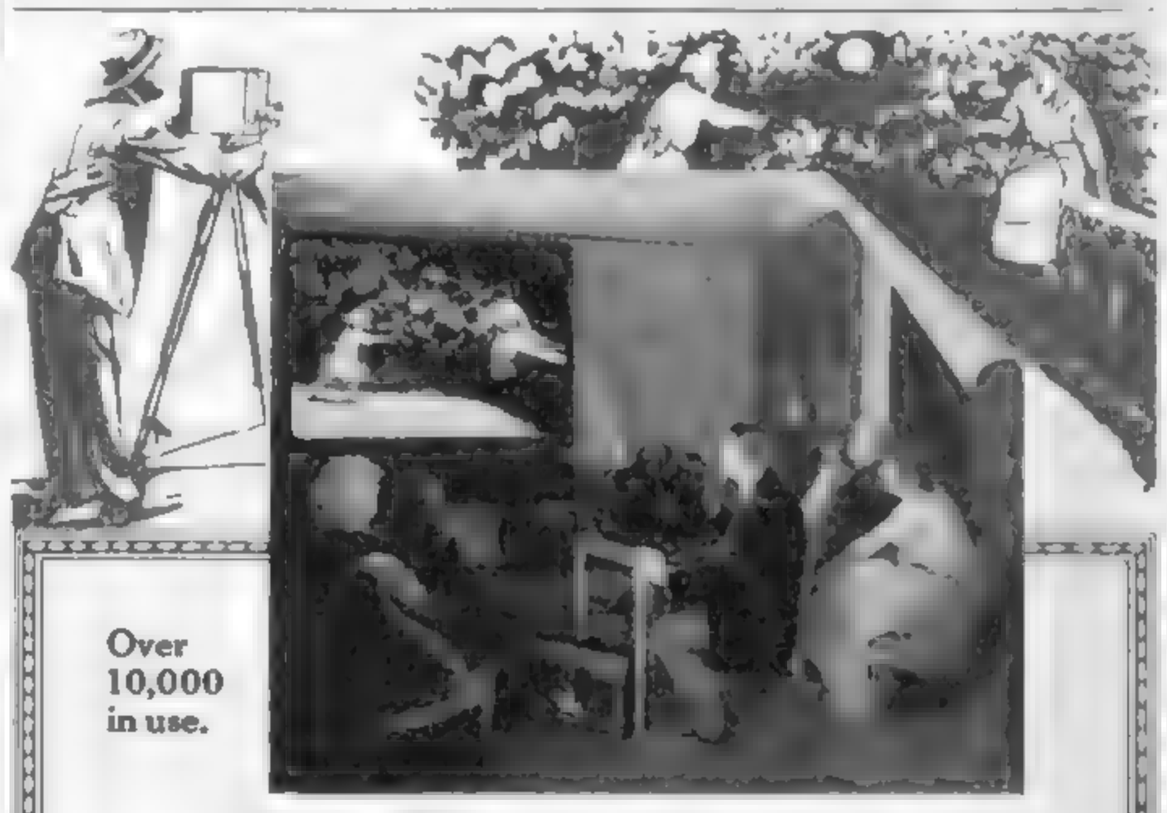

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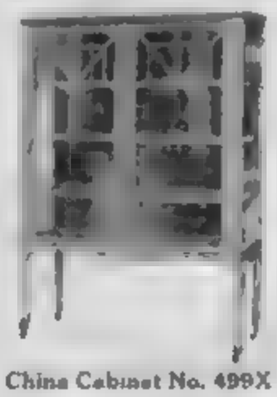

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(Continued from Page 35)

"In love!" Mrs. Podolnik cried. "Ain't that terrible! I told you you should hire a professional dancer and not let that boy carry on *mit* customers."

"This ain't anyone he dances with," Podolnik answered; "it's Birdie Zadkin."

"But Birdie Zadkin is already engaged. That's why Zadkin raised the devil here that night they called here—so you told me."

"They didn't raise the devil because she was engaged," Podolnik corrected, "but because she was engaged and at the same time she was sitting on Louis' knee."

"For why you never said nothing about this to me before?" Mrs. Podolnik asked.

"Well, you was in bed and asleep at the time," Podolnik explained; "and, besides, why should I told you if your nephew was acting like a loafer?"

"What do you mean—acting like a loafer?" Mrs. Podolnik retorted. "If he loves the girl why shouldn't she sit on his knee?"

Podolnik flapped his right hand in the air.

"I wouldn't argue it *mit* you," he said, "because, while I am running a respectable road house I couldn't take it too particular, neither; but, at the same time, mommer, we ought to draw the line somewheres, and if Birdie Zadkin is going to have any more oitermobile accidents round here, you should please sit up with her until the family arrives."

He strolled into the dining room of the inn, where William Brogdale's duck luncheon was in noisy progress.

"Hello, Podolnik!" Brogdale called to him.

"Is everything satisfactory?" Podolnik asked.

"Fine!" Brogdale said. "Let me introduce you to the greatest moving-picture performer in America—Miss Juanita Le Grand!"

"Pleased 'a meet you!" Podolnik said.

"She wants to ask you something," Brogdale said; and Miss Le Grand's mobile features registered the beseeching of a favor, assuming an expression she had used only the day before in a film entitled The Guilty Dollar, wherein, as the ranchowner's daughter, she had pleaded for her father's life with Roderiguo, the leader of the Mexican bandits.

"Listen, Mr. Podolnik," shesaid; "would you now tell me the recipe for this here duck stew?"

Podolnik shrugged his shoulders.

"The only thing I am sure about is that it's got duck into it," Podolnik said. "It's an idee from my wife, lady. I'll go fetch her."

After he had gone Miss Le Grand turned to the gentleman on her right.

"Why so dumb, Joe?" she said. "You ain't peeved about anything, are you?"

The gentleman addressed as Joe smiled, with an effort.

"Not a thing in the world!" he said.

"You ain't said a word since you began eating that cream cheese and crab-apple jelly," Miss Le Grand said.

The dish in question was played up on the bill of fare as: Special! Heart of Cream Cheese, with Mrs. Fanny Podolnik's Homemade Crab-Apple Jelly. Eighty-five Cents. And, since fresh peach ice cream was only sixty cents, Brogdale naturally ordered the more expensive dessert for his guests. Most of them found it delicious; but the gentleman addressed as Joe tasted and retasted the crab-apple jelly, and his manner became so distrait that it almost appeared as though the flavor of crab-apple jelly revived for him some hidden sorrow. He might have been a character of De Maupassant's, who gets a whiff of Quintessence Bonton d'Or from the handkerchief up the sleeve of his friend, the celebrated African explorer, and who is immediately reminded of an incident at Bormes les Mimosas to the extent of about three thousand words, of which two thousand have to be omitted in the English translation.

Joe had sunk once more into a reverie over his crab-apple jelly when Mrs. Podolnik came from the parlor and approached Miss Le Grand.

At one glance she took in the emotional actress' fluffy bleached hair and heavily blacked eyelashes, and her temperature became subnormal with conscious respectability.

"Nu!" she said. "What do you want from me?"

Miss Le Grand apprehended this brusqueness to be a symptom of the embarrassment a person of Mrs. Podolnik's social limitations might feel upon meeting for the first time a famous motion-picture actress, and she decided to put Mrs. Podolnik quite at her ease.

"Take a seat, Mrs. Podolnik," she said, "and meet my friend, Doctor Slamberg."

Mrs. Podolnik sat on the edge of a chair and folded her hands beneath what had once been her waist. She acknowledged the introduction by drawing down the corners of her mouth till they joined the crease under her chin, and Miss Le Grand concluded that she ought to make further efforts toward dispelling her visitor's bashfulness.

"It's funny—the way Doctor Slamberg met me," she went on. "If you will remember, Mrs. Podolnik, how six weeks ago a gentleman and lady had a—now—automobile accident in front of your place ——"

Mrs. Podolnik nodded.

"And one of them Larchmont cops says: 'Who seen the accident?' And somebody says they seen Miss J. Le Grand, the U. P. L. star, in an automobile—ain't that so, Billy?"

She appealed to Brogdale, to whom Mrs Podolnik's crab-apple jelly seemed to suggest nothing but more crab-apple jelly; in fact, his mouth was so full of the jelly and cheese that he could only nod his affirmation of Miss Le Grand's story.

"So the next day," she continued, "a lawyer comes up to my apartment and says: 'Is this Miss Le Grand?' And certainly I says 'Yes,' because lawyers has got nothing on me. I always lived up to every one of my contracts, and ——"

"What's that got to do with it?" Brogdale inquired hoarsely, if not menacingly, through a disappearing mouthful of jelly and cheese.

It was not the host but the moving-picture president who spoke now.

"Nothing," Miss Le Grand replied, "but all I can say is ——"

"Stick to your story," Brogdale interrupted again. "You was saying a lawyer comes up to your flat and says did you see an accident where Doctor Slamberg was taken to the Van Scoy Memorial Hospital, at Rye, and the kid didn't wait to hear no more, Mrs. Podolnik; but she goes right up to the hospital with flowers, because she's got a big heart, even if she is small over a salary clause in a contract."

Miss Le Grand's mobile features involuntarily registered some foiled vampire stuff in the direction of Brogdale; but a moment later, when she turned toward Doctor Slamberg, it might have been a close-up of the Ranchowner's Daughter and Waco Jim, the foreman, following the subtitle: "I'm only your father's foreman, Margaret ——"

"And ever since then, Doctor Slamberg and me is good friends—ain't we, Joe?" she said; and, to prove it, she patted Doctor Slamberg's hand and rested her head on his shoulder. She also closed her eyes contentedly for half a minute. And when she opened them again Mrs. Podolnik had disappeared, with her recipe for stewed duck locked in her bosom.

She went at once to the telephone switchboard and directed the hat-check boy to call up a New York City number for her. And as she closed the door of the booth he heard her utter in excited tones the first words of a twenty-minute conversation.

"Listen, Mr. Zadkin," she said: "Is your daughter's intended's name called Dr. Joe Slamberg?"

▼

TWO hours later a taxi arrived at the Friar Tuck Inn from Rye Station, and three passengers alighted from it.

They were greeted by Mrs. Podolnik, who, in her effort to seem absolutely impartial—acting merely out of a sense of justice and decidedly not in the interest of her nephew—wore so gloomy an air that, at the sight of her, Mrs. Zadkin burst into tears.

"Listen, mommer! Look at me!" Birdie said. "Am I upset? Don't distress yourself over a feller like him. He ain't worth it."

Mrs. Podolnik led the two women to the office, where they were shortly joined by Zadkin, who, so to speak, had been enjoying an hors d'œuvre of the big row that awaited him by trying to make the taxicab driver take fifty cents less than the legal fare.

"Now where is he?" he said.

"First, I'll show them to you," Mrs. Podolnik replied; "*aber* don't start nothing in there, because my husband would give me—excuse me—hell if he found out I brought you up here."

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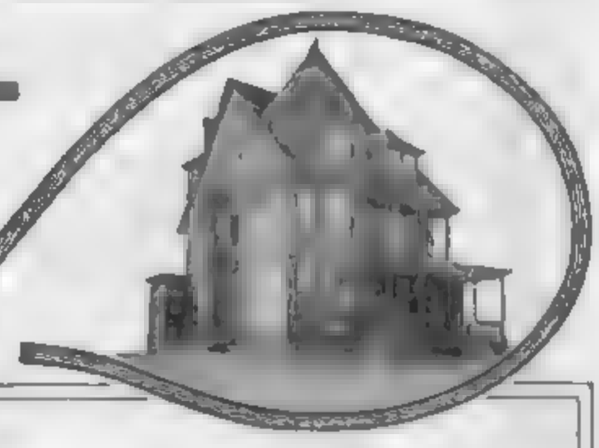

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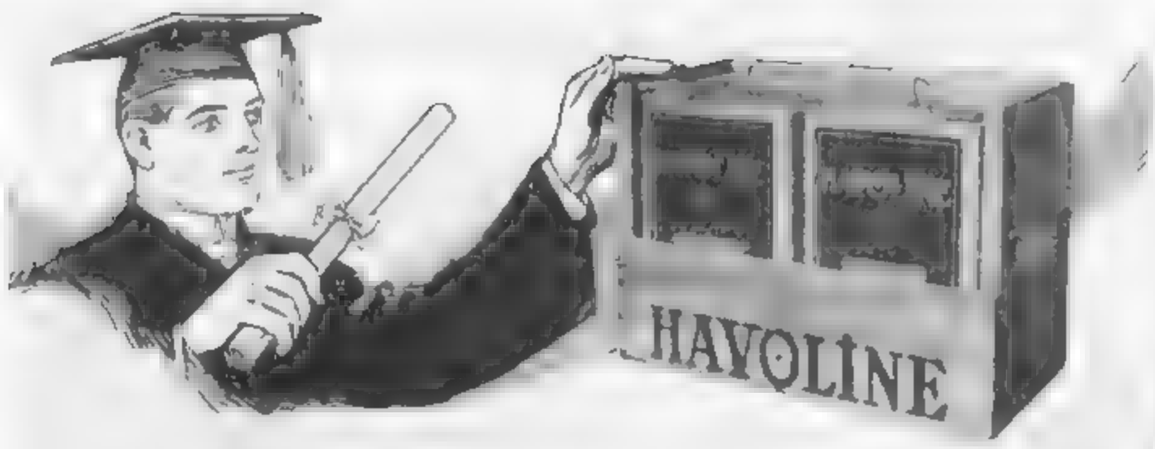

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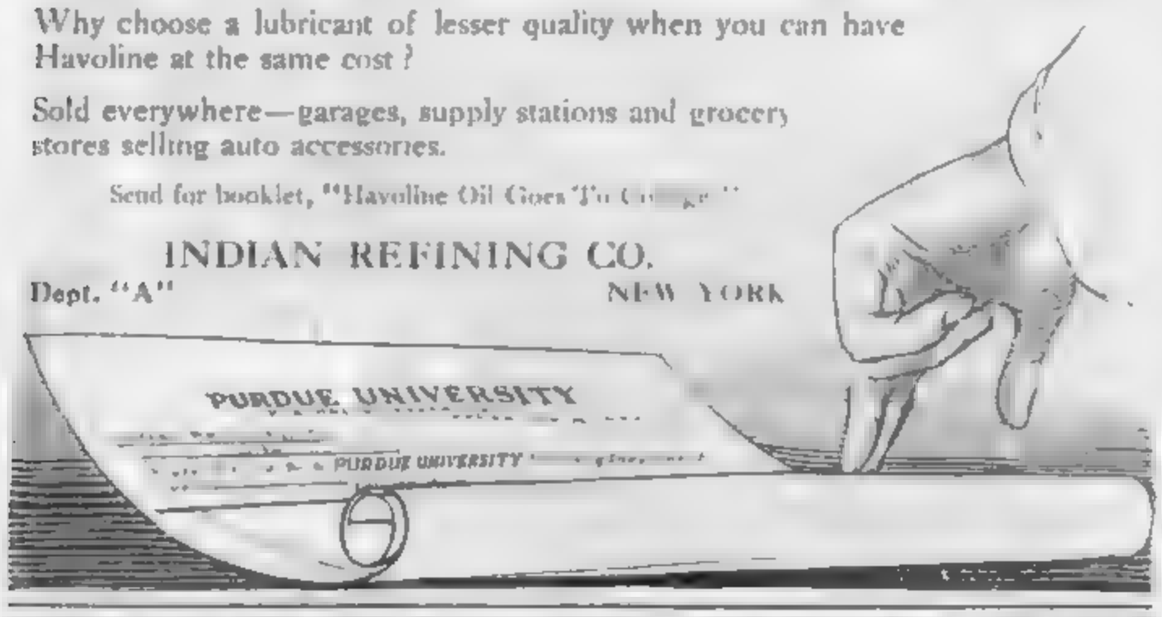

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"Popper wouldn't say nothing," Birdie assured her.

"On my word and honor as a gentleman," Zadkin said; and Mrs. Podolnik led them into the dining room and seated them at a table where an unobstructed view of the luncheon party could be obtained.

As a party, it had unquestionably passed its crest. Indeed, for the management, its profitable stage had come and gone, and sparkling mineral water, in some cases with the addition of sod. bicarb., was being served to the survivors.

As for the mobile features of Miss Juanita Le Grand, they reposed on Dr. Joseph Slamberg's left shoulder and registered slumber in a closeup—so close that Doctor Slamberg's left arm easily encircled her waist.

For more than a minute Zadkin gazed on this shocking spectacle until Doctor Slamberg's Vandyke beard swept the alabaster surface of Miss Le Grand's cheek; and the pickle manufacturer could stand it no longer. He surrendered his word of honor as a gentleman and made a noise like a coon dog at the foot of an inhabited hollow tree.

"Oo—oo—ee!" he exclaimed, and made a leap for the duck-lunch table; but Max Neumann, the head waiter, with the assistance of the hat-check boy, restrained him.

Doctor Slamberg rose from his seat and smiled amiably. He was under the hazy impression that he was exhibiting great presence of mind.

"Mr. Zadkin," he said, "let me introduce you to an old friend of mine—Miss Juanita Le Grand."

Even then, had Miss Le Grand backed him up, all might have been well; but, instead, she woke with a jerk and started in to register affection—and not Platonic affection, either.

"Oh, Joe darling," she said, "I was dreaming of you and me in a cottage near U. P. L. City, California—just you and me, Joe darling—together. Ain't that right?"

She pulled him down by his coat tails and immediately resettled her head on his shoulder, while Zadkin turned to Max Neumann.

"Lemme go!" he said. "I never want to see him again!"

Max and the hat-check boy released his arms and he returned to his seat.

"Come, mommer! Come, Birdie!" he said. "Let's go home. And I don't give a nickel if that fellow says he found it strychnine and arsenic in my pickles, I wouldn't let *mein Tochter* got nothing more to do with such a loafer."

"Wait a minute!" Mrs. Podolnik said. "You are going to stay for supper—sure, you are! Podolnik and Louis will be through in a minute, and I have the table all laid in the parlor."

Zadkin looked at his wife and daughter, and then shrugged his shoulders by way of surrender.

"How is Louis?" he said.

Some six weeks afterward a letter arrived at the Friar Tuck Inn, as follows:

THE EVENING NEWS PURE FOOD BUREAU.
Dr. J. Slamberg, Director.

Gentlemen: The attention of this bureau has been called to Mrs. Fanny Podolnik's Homemade Crab-Apple Jelly by a patron of your restaurant, and we should be glad to have a sample can, taken from stock, for examination and analysis.

No honest manufacturer has reason to fear the activities of this bureau, and if your product is found to be pure we shall be only too happy to indorse it in our columns.

Yours truly,
THE EVENING NEWS PURE FOOD BUREAU.
Dr. J. Slamberg, Director.

A prompt reply was sent in the following words:

EVENING NEWS.

Dear Genls: We are now the manufacturers of Mrs. Fanny Podolnik's Homemade Pure Fruit Jellies, and communications with respect to same should ought to be made to us. Yours truly,

THE M. ZADKIN CO.
By Louis Dworkin, Vice President.

And—he ought to have added—son-in-law.

Sense and Nonsense

A Trying Climate

THEY had a so-called "Stampede" in New York during a summer hot spell, and from all over the West the champion riders, ropers and busters came to take part. After the show had petered out, and the winners had failed to get the bulk of their prize money, one of the recent contestants, a long, lean youth from Arizona, called at the office of the Evening World to give an inside version of the causes leading up to the collapse of the enterprise.

Presently Martin Green, to whom the cowpuncher was telling his troubles, noticed that the other walked with a limp.

"Did you get hurt in one of the events?" inquired Green.

"Naw!" confessed the young man with an embarrassed grin. "That there happened the day after I struck this town. An ortermobile hit me and sprained my right knee right smart and broke three of my ribs.

"A doctor at one of these here hosspitals fixed me up; and so I went into the ropin' contest and the bulldawgin' contest. Then, the third day, my pony fell with me; and while he was 'rastlin' round he kicked me here on the chin and spilt my lip open. It taken seven stitches to close up the cut.

"Yas, suh; I done right well in that there Stampede!" continued the youth, reverting to the topic he had been discussing before Green interrupted with the question touching on his lameness. "I win twelve hundred and fifty dollars on paper, even ef them fellers did run out on us and leave me broke."

"But wasn't it frightfully painful to be riding wild horses and throwing steers with your ribs all caved in and your leg bunged up and your face gashed?" inquired Green.

"Well," said the youth, "somethin' did keep a-hurtin' me like hell; but I thought all the time it was this here durned climate."

The Heretical Little Miss Cohen

MISS MARJORIE O'CONNOR is the pretty young daughter of a well-known San Francisco lawyer. When she was some years younger than she is now her mother told her she might have a party on her seventh birthday.

Marjorie had just begun to attend the convent school, and she was acquiring religious training and primary lessons in history at the same time, in somewhat confusing installments.

She called off the list of her playmates in the neighborhood whom she desired to have as guests at her birthday party, but she left out little Miss Miriam Cohen, who lived two doors down the block and who was her best friend.

"Why, Marjorie," said Mrs. O'Connor, "don't you like Miriam any more?"

"Yes, mamma," said Marjorie, "I like Miriam very much; but I'm 'fraid I can't have her at my party."

"Why not?"

"Mamma," said Marjorie in sadly solemn accents, "Miriam doesn't believe in George Washington!"

This Way Out!

DAVE SAMPSON, a person of color, does the cooking for a party of gentlemen who own a hunting camp in North Carolina.

On a night after dinner Dave was regaling a group of his employers with some of his experiences in the deep woods.

"One day," he said, "I went down yonder whar de ole rice plantation canal runs into de creek to ketch me a mess of fish. De fish ain't bitin' much; so arter w'ile I sticks my pole in de mud and I leans back under a tree to tek a little nap. I'm 'most sleep w'en I hears a rustlin' in de bushes behine me, and somethin' say 'Whoosh!'—jes' lak dat!

"I set up and look round, and dar right behind me is de bigges' black bear ever I see in my life—jes' settin' dar lookin' at me, and lickin' out his tongue lak he's hongry fur some nigger."

"What did you do then, Dave?" asked one of the audience.

"Me, boss? Why, I jes' clim' right out to de fur end o' dat dar fishpole and drap off!"

Hundreds of Uses for Prest-O-Lite Dissolved Acetylene

(Ready Made Carbide Gas)

For Dentists, Jewelers, Laboratories

Prest-O-Lite provides an intense and convenient heat for [illegible] and brazing. Our Hot Plate is [illegible] and physicians. Acetylene Bunsen burners are being employed in laboratories of all kinds

Welding As a Production Process

Wherever bolts, rivets or threaded unions are now employed in the manufacture of metal products, from railway locomotives down to surgical instruments oxy-acetylene welding has great possibilities. Thousands of America's largest industries have found it the source of improvement and economy. The above picture shows the Prest-O-Lite Process as used by the Globe-Wernicke Company in the manufacture of metal office furniture and fixtures

Manufacturers, schoolboys, dentists, blacksmiths, farmers—probably you yourself—can use it profitably

Prest-O-Lite Acetylene—extensively used in the familiar "gas tank" for automobile lighting—is a gas, which, of all gases, has the highest possibilities of intense heat or brilliant light.

There are many cases, even where city or natural gas is available, where Prest-O-Lite is better to use because of its greater efficiency. When in need of either heat or light—think of Prest-O-Lite.

Prest-O-Lite furnishes purified, dissolved acetylene in portable cylinders, in sizes containing from 10 to 300 cubic feet of gas. Constant supply at any point is assured through the universal, responsible Prest-O-Lite Exchange Service. It is always the most convenient and usually the most economical kind of acetylene.

Oxy-Acetylene Welding

Oxy-acetylene welding (Prest-O-Lite Process) provides a quick and economical method of joining metals. It has revolutionized many manufacturing processes, in many instances entirely displacing the rivet and bolt. It is being extensively used by practically every large industry in America—in thousands of factories and shops.

We furnish high-grade welding apparatus for $60 (Canada $75); acetylene service and metal-cutting blow-pipe, extra.

Portable, Efficient Heat and Light

Prest-O-Lite has scores of uses in addition to those given here. It is used for priming cold gasoline engines, used in all sorts of portable and stationary lighting outfits and for special heating purposes in a great many types of blow-torches and burners. If the use you contemplate is not shown here, tell us about it. Complete descriptive bulletins and engineering data will gladly be sent you on request.

Lighting Systems
For Motorcycles, Boats
[illegible]

Portable Lights
for Fire Departments
Construction Work
Military Camps
[illegible]

Acetylene Gas
[illegible]

Oxy-Acetylene Welding and Cutting Process
for Iron and Steel Construction
[illegible]

Blow-Torches
for Soldering
Brazing
Annealing
Dental Work
Jewelers
[illegible]

The Prest-O-Lite Co., Inc. 53 Branches & Charging Plants in the Principal Industrial Centers
U. S. Main Factory and Office, 800 Speedway, Indianapolis, Indiana
Canadian Main Office and Factory, Department I, Merritton, Ontario

Blow-Torches For Brazing and Soldering

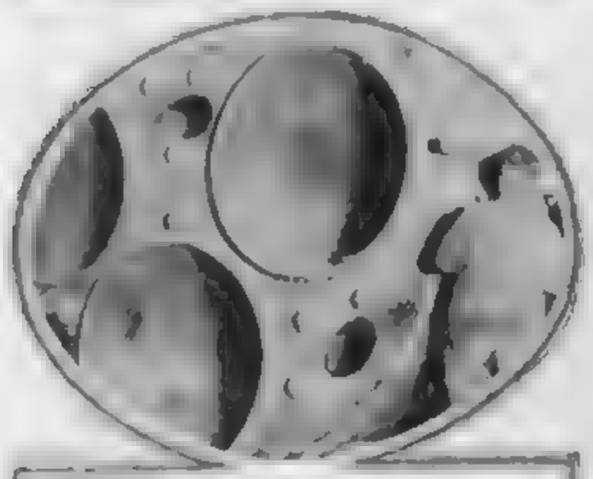
The International Electric Company, Indianapolis Ind., uses the Style "A" Prest-O-Lite [illegible] upper terminal-lead [illegible] and shops. Wherever a [illegible] is used for any purpose, a Prest-O-Lite blow-torch will usually do the work quicker and cheaper.

Welding As a Repair Method

The above picture shows Prest-O-Lite Process as used by one of the largest publishing companies in the country, for making an "on the spot" repair. The saving of delay and expense of replacement, on just one broken part, has more than paid for the welding outfit in thousands of factories. The process is an established source of income for garages, repair shops and job welding shops

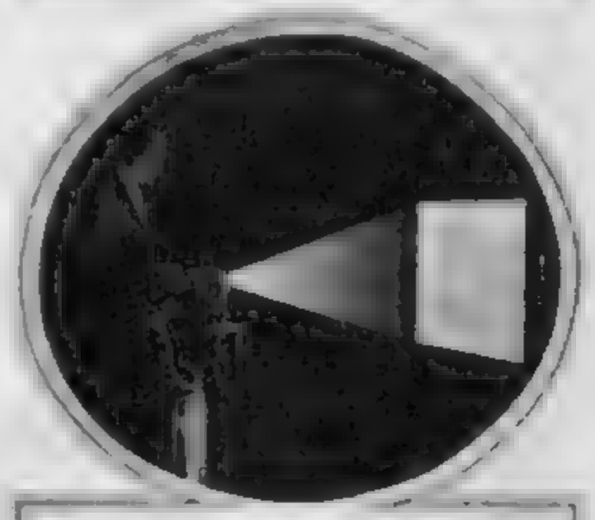
Powerful Outdoor Lights

Big Four R. R. work cars carry headlights [illegible] converted to the use of acetylene], serving as "spot lights" for the crane. Also an additional powerful flare light—both operated by Prest-O-Lite. These and smaller lights are serving contractors, dredging companies, fire departments, etc.



Oxy-Acetylene Cutting of Metal

This process cuts iron and steel with remarkable speed and economy. This view shows its use by the Union Electric Light and Power Company, of St. Louis, for cutting up one of fourteen old boilers to be dismantled and sold as scrap. Widely used in wrecking work



For Stereopticons and Motion Pictures

For home, school or church use, with magic lantern or stereopticon, Prest-O-Lite fills a long-felt need. We have a special application for motion picture work.

WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF DISSOLVED ACETYLENE

THE PLANT THAT WARMS THE WORLD

THIS is a picture of the only factory in the world devoted solely to the manufacture of **Gas Heating Stoves, Gas Grates** and **Gas Wall-Heaters.**

It is the factory of the *Reznor Manufacturing Company.*

Beside it is the little shop from which this wonderful business has grown.

Reznor Gas Heaters

are known the world over, wherever gas is used.

For more than thirty years they have given satisfaction and the first one made is still serviceable.

Back of every REZNOR Gas Heater stands knowledge gained by long experience, the fidelity to an ideal that has won supremacy, and a guarantee based upon the value of a world-wide reputation.

REZNOR Gas Heaters are scientifically correct. They are odorless; they do not vitiate the air; they heat the floor first, and the ascending heat warms the room and aids ventilation.

REZNOR Gas Heaters produce in heat energy all the heat units the gas contains, and always maintain complete combustion of the gas.

Remember the name — REZNOR — none are genuine without that name in the metal.

Insist upon a REZNOR.—If you cannot obtain one in your neighborhood write to us and we will see to it that you get one exactly suited to your needs.

Reznor Manufacturing Co., Mercer, Pa.

We Sell
REZNOR
Gas Heaters

THE EPICURE AND THE DOGFISH

ALMOST literally the sea each year throws into our laps many millions of pounds of sea foods as delicate and delectable as those for which the most discriminating diners pay very high prices in the restaurants having reputations for sea-food specialties.

The dogfish is a notable example in point. There is practically no question that the repellent appearance of this fish is all that has saved it from becoming a prime favorite with the American people. To say the least, the dogfish "as caught" is not an inviting creature. He is in greater need of a beauty doctor than a Fiji Islander. To look at him in the natural state is to feel that nothing so ugly in appearance could possibly be good for human food; but, with the dogfish as with many other denizens of the deep, the old adage should be revised to read, "Handsome is as handsome eats," for this ugly fish is one of the most fastidious and discriminating feeders inhabiting salt water. His first choice is baby lobsters and he is seldom forced to take a second choice, because he is an aggressive and industrious forager and very few of the undersea tribes have the temerity to offer any resistance to his wishes. He is a member of the militant shark family and, broadly speaking, is cock of the walk in the settlements of the deep, but rather by virtue of his habit of hunting in great schools or droves, like wolves or wild dogs, than because of any fierceness of disposition. This is important with respect to his ability to indulge his preference for baby lobsters and a few other of the choicest delicacies of the sea.

Dr. Hugh M. Smith, the able and experienced commissioner of the Federal Bureau of Fisheries, is a consistent fan for the dogfish, and declares that no better example of a neglected food could be named than this ugly duckling of the briny deep. His facts and arguments in favor of promoting this despised prowler of the sea to a place of high favor in our national diet seem to be sound beyond the shadow of a doubt. First, he confirms the natural inference that, considered with a view to human consumption, a fish should be known by the food he eats and not by the beauty of his facial expression or his figure. The lobster himself could hardly force his way on the Beauty Page, and yet he is the crowned and hereditary king of sea delicacies and will probably hold his proud position so long as the sea retains its salt.

The dogfish is not much uglier than the lobster, and his appetite for the tender nurslings of that tribe is even more insatiable than that of a Broadway chorus queen.

Irish Halibut Makes a Hit

In a word, no creature of the sea is more daintily nourished than the despised and neglected dogfish. His table habits are above reproach and the epicure who adds dogfish to his list of sea foods is practically taking on predigested lobster in its infancy. As a confirmed consumer of dogfish Doctor Smith insists that its taste and texture are precisely what would be expected from its own diet and not at all what its appearance would suggest. He says it is little short of a calamity that so delicious a thing should not have been presented to the human eye in a more beautiful form and that so little forethought should have been exercised at its christening.

"Because the food problem presses harder in the Old World," this expert in fish lore lately said to me, "the inhabitants of Western Europe have been more alert and courageous than we Americans in finding out the full range of the food resources furnished by the sea. They have taken their sea foods less on tradition and appearance than we have, and more on the line of scientific selection and practical experiment. The result is that they have beaten us to several good things, including the dogfish.

"Some very interesting experiences have been had in the work of getting discriminating fish eaters here in America to sample dogfish and secure a first-hand knowledge of its superior flavor. If you have not seen a dogfish face to face you may think this an easy thing to do; but if you have met this popular member of the shark family just as he came from the sea you will know that some finesse is required to induce the average American to take a first bite.

"A certain popular eating house on the Atlantic Coast was furnished with a generous supply of fresh dogfish, and the woman who conducted the establishment was told to explain to any inquisitive guests that the fish was Irish halibut. More than a hundred persons partook of this strange sea food and were enthusiastic in its praise. Of course they wished to know its name and the proprietor of the place smilingly informed them that it was Irish nightingale! Naturally this answer provoked suspicion, with the result that the more persistent pressed her for the truth and finally secured it. But even after they knew they had eaten dogfish they refused to discount their previous praises of it and stuck to their statement that it was one of the most satisfying of all the fishes they had ever eaten—and these persons were thoroughly accustomed to sea foods of every sort.

"It is excellent when canned. I have eaten some of it put up in the Canadian canneries and to my taste it ranks right next to salmon. Literally millions of dogfish are caught every year by our Atlantic fishermen and thrown back into the sea. This means an immense volume of discarded food, because the average adult dogfish weighs about eight or ten pounds."

Damage Done by Dogfish

Probably there is no better example to be found anywhere of what is sacrificed by neglecting an important food resource than is afforded by the dogfish. This is not only on account of the high quality of this fish, the enormous quantities in which it is found and the ease with which it is caught, but because it is now a positive destructive force that inflicts great damage on the fishing industry. These little sharks not only steal great quantities of fish and bait from the nets and lines but they also chew the nets into shreds; in fact, they are rated among the most destructive of all the predacious fishes, and an official statement places the direct damage to the fisheries of Massachusetts alone at more than four hundred thousand dollars a year. This is only a small part of the total damage done by this fish.

For more than ten years persistent pressure has been brought to bear on Congress to establish an extensive line of reduction plants along the New England coast for the purpose of turning the catch of dogfish into fertilizer, to be sold to the farmers at cost. Of course this Utopian scheme has never been financed by Federal appropriation or otherwise, as actual tests made by the Canadian Government show that fertilizer from this source would cost at least seventy dollars a ton on a basis of production expense as low as that prevailing in the big commercial fertilizer plants. As a rule, the farmer can buy the same grade of fertilizer for about thirty-five dollars a ton. It was proposed that the Government should pay a fixed price of eight dollars a ton for dogfish at these reduction plants.

Naturally the bureau is making every effort to put this neglected salt-water resource on the map as a food that may bring millions of dollars a year to our fisheries and lower the general price of fish to the consumer, instead of seeing the Government pay out several millions a year in a futile effort to remove a destructive pest that has always been with us.

Seldom is any natural resource brought from a condition of neglect to one of usefulness that it does not demonstrate its ability to serve some purpose other than the one which caused its adoption into public favor. The dogfish will unquestionably furnish a striking example of this tendency as soon as it is widely used as a food in this country. Its skin is made into a leather that is not only most attractive to the eye, and therefore well suited to art uses, but strong and serviceable. Experiments have proved that this is one of the best abrasives for working ivory and the fine woods thus far discovered; in fact, as a source of by-products the dogfish is decidedly versatile—his liver produces an oil of excellent quality and his fins yield a high percentage of gelatin.

OF COURSE, you'll "look pleasant" in your new Crossetts. Who would not with thoroughly pleased feet?

Move now right into these snappy Fall models. Crossett style is written all over them—Crossett comfort built into every pair. Ask the Crossett dealer in your town.

LEWIS A. CROSSETT, Inc. *Makers*
North Abington, Mass.

These rich mahogany colored models for the man of [illegible] even tho' the toe is fairly narrow.

CROSSETT SHOE
"Makes Life's Walk Easy"
TRADE MARK
Priced $6 to $10

ATLAS EXPLOSIVES

Anyone Can Use Atlas Farm Powder

No experience or skill is required, because Atlas Farm Powder is made especially for you. You can do your own blasting without trouble or risk by following a few simple instructions that even children can understand. Many women farmers use

Atlas Farm Powder
THE SAFEST EXPLOSIVE
The Original Farm Powder

Improve the fertility of your soil, get out stumps and shatter boulders quickly, safely and cheaply with Atlas. Blast holes for tree-planting, dig ditches and do other kinds of farm work in the most economical, up-to-date way.

Atlas Farm Powder costs little compared with the cost of labor that it replaces. You can buy it from a dealer near you. If you don't know him, ask us. We will also tell you exactly what you need for any kind of work.

Get Our Free Book—"Better Farming"

It tells you how to save labor on your farm by using The Safest Explosive for stump blasting, ditch digging, tree planting, subsoiling, etc. Fill out the coupon *now* and mail it *today*.

ATLAS POWDER COMPANY General Offices: **Wilmington, Del.**

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Send me your 64 page book "Better Farming." I am interested in the use of explosives for the purpose below which I mark X

SEP 11

- Stump Blasting
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- Tree Planting
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Name
Address

Your best Style —have you found it?

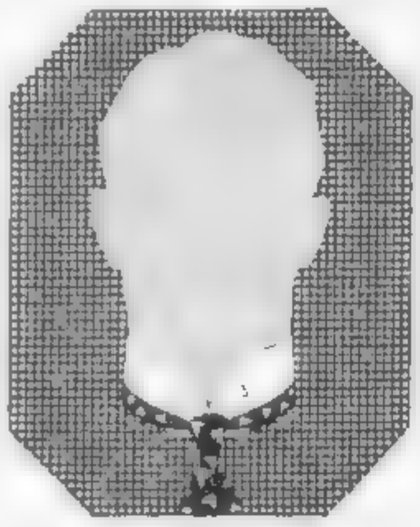
EIGHT months ago we adopted a new slogan, "The Best Style is *Your* Style." While fresh to collar advertising, this idea was one we had believed in for many years.

To what may we trace the instant approval this slogan received from better dressed men and well-informed dealers in men's wear? Simply to the truer conception of style which has developed during the past few years.

True, each season will always bring a change in fashion trend. But for several years the exacting man has demanded that fashion be expressed in terms of *himself*. Then, and only then, has he secured *his* best style.

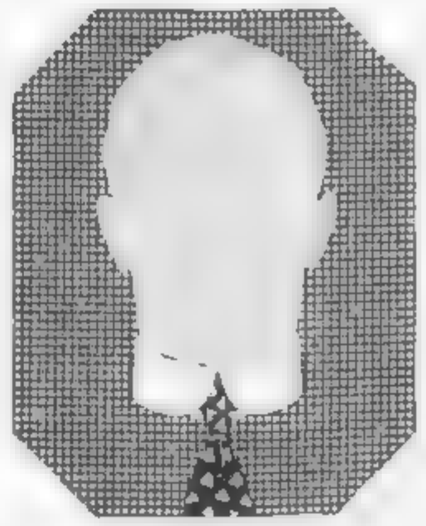
The issue is clear and unmistakable. Men are turning in increasing numbers to E & W 15c Collars. They know that all E & W models are absolutely authoritative in style. They know that the best style is *their* style. They propose to *find* that style. Remembering the 50 years' experience back of the house of Earl & Wilson, they are familiar with E & W Collars as "Troy's best product."

Which of the E & W Collars best becomes you? Have you found it? Are you wearing it?



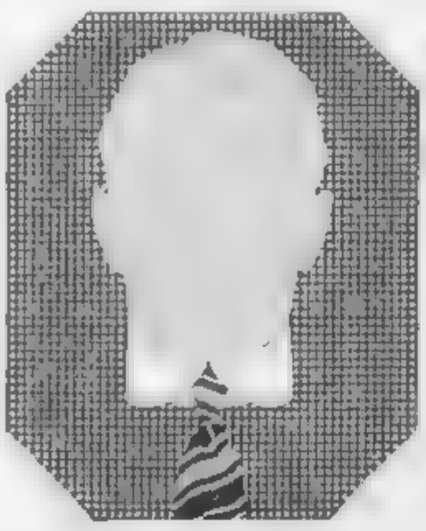
BATWOOD

This diamond-point collar, of exclusive E & W design, is a most approved semi-dress model. Highwood is the same model made slightly higher.



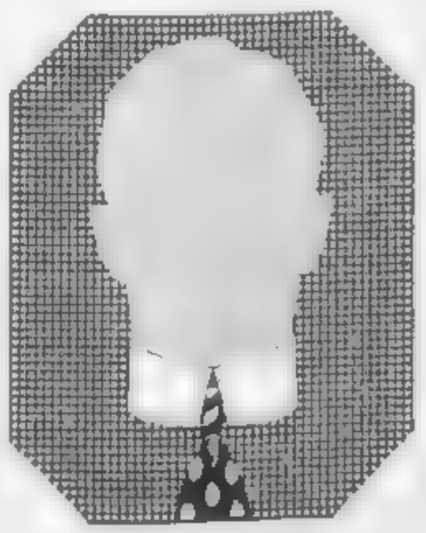
CLIFFWOOD

A new and particularly handsome medium height collar. Logwood has the same lines but is slightly higher.



STARWOOD

A low-front, high-back collar which has never been successfully imitated. Smart but very comfortable. Ripwood is similar but lower for men of fuller face.



JETWOOD

A young man's model much in evidence in New York City. Becomes most longish and normal faces. Oxwood is a lower collar having the same lines.

E & W

EARL & WILSON

15 cent Collars

(In Canada 20c each)

The best Style is your Style

ROSEMARY ROSELLE

(Continued from Page 15)

wildly improbable wish, and at the same time made it humanly impossible for him to benefit from it.

THE leisurely progress of his thoughts was interrupted by hasty feet without; the bolt was shot back and his door flung open. It was the colored woman—the Indy of the essay—quivering with anger and fear.

"Capt'n," she exclaimed, gasping with her rapid accent, "you come right down to the dining room, and bring that big pistol of yours. There's two, two ——" Words failed her. "Anyhow you shoot them! It's some of that liberty you brought along, I reckon. You come down to Miss Rosemary!"

She stood tense and ashen, and Elim rose on one elbow.

"Some of our liberty?" he queried. "Did Miss Roselle send for me?"

"No, sir, she didn't. Miss Rosemary she wouldn't send for you, not if you were the last man alive. I'm telling you to come down to the dining room. . . . We've tended you and ——"

"Well," he demanded impatiently, "what do you want; whom shall I shoot?"

"You'll see, quick enough. And I can't stand here talking either; I've got to go back. You get yourself right along down!"

With painful slowness Elim made his preparations to descend, his fingers could hardly buckle the stiff strap of his revolver sling; but finally he made his way downstairs through a deep, narrow hall. He turned from a blank wall to a reception room, darkened, with polished mahogany, somber books and engravings on the walls, and a rosy blur of fire in the hearth. A more formal chamber lay at his right, empty, but through an opposite door he caught the faint clatter of a spoon.

Rosemary Roselle was seated, rigid and white, at the end of a table that bore a scattered array of dishes. There were shadows beneath her eyes, and her hands, on the table, were clenched. On her left a man in an unmarked blue uniform sat, sagging heavily forward in his chair, breathing stertorously, with a dark flush over a pouched and flaccid countenance. Opposite him, sitting formally upright, was a negro in a carefully brushed gray suit, with a crimson satin necktie surcharged by vivid green lightning. His bony face, the deep pits of his temples, were the dry, spongy black of charcoal, and behind steel-rimmed glasses his eyes rolled like yellow agates. He glanced about, furtive and startled, when Elim Meikeljohn entered, but he was immediately reassured by Elim's disordered uniform. He made a solemn obeisance.

"Colonel," he said, "will you make one of a little informal repast? We are, you see, at the lady's table." Overcome by a sharp weakness, Elim slipped into the chair at his side and sat facing Rosemary Roselle. The latter made no sign of his presence. She sat frozen into a species of statuesque rage. "Like yourself," the negro continued pompously, "we invited ourselves. All things are free and easy for all. The glorious principul of equality imstituted lately has swept away—swept away the inviderous distinctions of class and color. The millemium has come!" He made a magniloquent gesture with a sooty hand.

"'Ray!" the sodden individual opposite unexpectedly exclaimed.

"We came in," the other continued, "to uphold our rights as the expomemts of—of ——"

"You sneaked in the kitchen," the woman in the doorway interrupted; "and I found you rummaging in the press."

"Silence!" the orator commanded. "Are you umaware of the dignity now resting on your kinks—hair, hair." He rose, facing Elim Meikeljohn. "Colonel, gentleman, in a comglomeration where we are all glorious cohevals of—of ——"

"Shut up!" said the apostrophized colonel, sudden and fretful. "Get out!"

The orator paused, disconcerted, in the midflow of his figures; and unaccustomed arrogance struggled with habitual servility. "Gentleman," he repeated, "in a corposity of souls high above all narrow malignations ——"

Elim Meikeljohn took his revolver from its holster and laid it before him on the table. The weapon produced an electrical effect on the figure nodding in a drunken stupor. He rose abruptly and uncertain.

"I'm going," he proclaimed; "come on, Spout. You can be free and equal better somewheres else."

The negro hesitated; his hand, Elim thought, moved slightly toward a knife lying by his plate. Elim's fingers closed about the handle of his revolver; he gazed with a steady, cold glitter, a thin mouth, at the black, masklike countenance above the hectic tie and neat gray suit.

The latter backed slowly, instinctively toward the rear door. His companion had already faded from view. The negro proclaimed:

"I go momentiously. There are others of us banded to obtain equality irrespectable of color; we shall be back and things will go different. . . . They have gone different in other prideful domestications."

Elim Meikeljohn raised the muzzle lying on the cloth, and the negro disappeared. Rosemary Roselle did not move; her level gaze saw, apparently, nothing of her surroundings; her hands were still clenched on the board. She was young, certainly not twenty, but her oval countenance was capable of a mature severity not to be ignored. He saw that she had wide brown eyes, the color of a fall willow leaf, a high-bridged nose and a mouth—at present—a marvel of contempt. Her slight figure was in a black dress; she was without rings or ornamental gold.

"That talking trash gave me a cold misery," the colored woman proclaimed. She glanced at the girl and moved a bowl of salad nearer Elim Meikeljohn. "Miss Rosemary," she begged, "take something, my heart"

Rosemary Roselle answered with a slow shudder; she slipped forward, with her face buried in her arms on the table. Elim regarded her with profound, mingled emotions. In the fantastic past, when he had created her from the studied essays, he had thought of her—censoriously—as gay. Perhaps she danced! He wondered momentarily where the men were Indy had spoken of as present; then he realized that they had been but a precautionary figment of Indy's imagination; the girl, except for the woman with the tender brown hand caressing her shoulder, was alone in the house.

He sat with chin on breast gazing with serious speculation at the crumpled figure opposite him. Indy, corroborating his surmise, said to the girl:

"I can't make out at all why your papa don't come back. He said yesterday when he left he wouldn't be hardly an hour."

"Something dreadful has happened," Rosemary Roselle said, raising a hopeless face. "Indy, do you suppose he's dead like McCall and—and ——"

"Mr. Roselle he ain't dead," the woman responded stoutly; "he's just had to keep low trash from stealing all his tobacco."

"He could be easily found," Elim put in; "I could have an orderly detailed, word brought you in no time." The girl paid not the slightest heed to his proposal. From the street came a hoarse, drunken shouting, a small, inflamed rabble streamed by. It wouldn't be safe to leave Rosemary Roselle alone with Indy in the house. He recalled the threat of the black pomposity he had driven from the house—it was possible that there were others, banded, and that they would return. It was clear to him that he must stay in the house until its head reappeared, order had been reëstablished—or, if he went out, take the girl with him.

"You let the capt'n do what he says," the woman urged. Rosemary Roselle's eyes turned toward Elim; it was, apparently, the first time she had grown conscious of his presence. She said in a voice delicately colored by hate:

"Thank you, I couldn't think of taking the—the orderly from his conquests."

"Then I'll find your father myself," Elim replied. "You will come with me, of course; show me where to go. It would be a good thing to start at once. I—we—might be of some assistance to him with his tobacco."

Indy declared with an expression of instant determination:

"We'll go right along with you." She silenced Rosemary's instinctive protest. "I'll get your hat and shawl," she told the girl.

And, before the latter could object, the colored woman hurried from the room.

Silence enveloped the two at the table. Elim replaced his revolver in its belt. He had never before studied a girl like Rosemary Roselle; fine white frills fell about her elbows from under the black short sleeves. Her skin was incredibly smooth and white. It was evident that her hands had never done manual labor; their pointed little beauty fascinated him. He thought of the toil-hardened hands of the women of his home. This girl represented all that he had been taught to abjure, all that—by inheritance—he had in the abstract condemned. She represented the vanities; she was vanity itself; and now he was recklessly, contumaciously, glad of it. Her sheer loveliness of being intoxicated him; suddenly it seemed as absolutely necessary to life as the virtues of moral rectitude and homely labor. Personally, he discovered, he preferred such beauty to the latter adamantine qualities. He had a fleet moment of amazed self-consciousness: Elim Meikeljohn—his father an elder in the house of God—astray in the paths of condemned worldly frivolities! Then he recalled a little bush of vivid red roses his mother carefully protected and cultivated; he saw their bright, fragrant patch on the rocky gray expanse of the utilitarian acres; and suddenly a light of new understanding enveloped his mother's gaunt, drearily clad figure. He employed in this connection the surprising word "starved." . . . Rosemary Roselle was a flower.

Indy returned with a small hat of honey-colored straw and a soft, white-silk mantilla. The former she drew upon the girl's head and wrapped the shawl about the slim shoulders.

"Now," she pronounced decisively, "we're going to find your papa." She led Rosemary Roselle toward the outer door. Elim found his cap in the hall and followed them down the bricked steps to the street. It was at present deserted, quiet; and they turned to the left, making their way toward the river and warehouses.

The fires had largely subsided; below them rose blackened, bare walls of brick, sullen twisting flags of smoke, an air of sooty desolation had settled over the city. Houses were tightly shuttered, some with broken doors had a trail of hastily discarded loot on the portecoes; still others were smoldering shells.

A bugle call rose clear and triumphant from the capitol; at one turn they passed Union soldiers, extinguishing flames.

They descended the flagged street over which Elim had come, turned into another called—he saw—Cary, and finally halted before a long, somber façade. Here, too—Elim saw—the fire had raged; the charred timbers of the fallen roof projected desolately into air.

A small group at a main entrance turned as they approached; a coatless man with haggard features, his clothes saturated with water, quickly advanced.

"Miss Rosemary!" he ejaculated in palpable dismay. He drew Elim Meikeljohn aside. "Take her away," he directed; "her father . . . killed, trying to save his papers."

"Where?" Elim demanded. "Their house is empty. She can't stay in Richmond alone."

"I'd forgot that!" the other admitted. "McCall and John both gone, mother dead, and now—by heaven!" he exclaimed, low and distressed, "she has just no one. I'm without a place. Her friends have left. There's a distant connection at Bramant's Wharf, but that's almost at the mouth of the James."

Rosemary Roselle came up to them.

"Mr. Jim Haxall," she asked, direct and white, "is father dead?"

He studied her for a moment and then answered:

"Yes, Miss Rosemary"

She swayed. Indy, at her side, enveloped her in a sustaining arm.

"Indy," the girl said, her face on the woman's breast, "he, too!"

"I'm sending a few bales of leaf down the river," Haxall continued to Elim; "the sloop'll pass Bramant's Wharf; but the crew will be just anybody. Miss Rosemary couldn't go with only her nigger ——"

Elim Meikeljohn said mechanically:

"I'll be responsible for her" The war was over; he had been ordered from the column when his wound had broken afresh, and in a maze of fever he had been irresistibly impelled toward Linden Row. "I'll take her to Bramant's Wharf"

Haxall regarded suspiciously the disordered blue uniform; then his gaze shifted to Elim's somber, lined countenance.

(Continued on Page 46)

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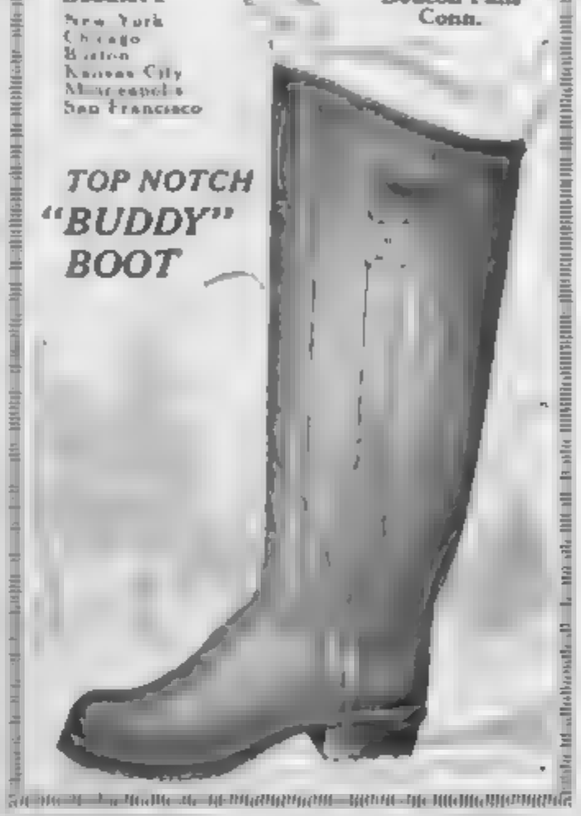

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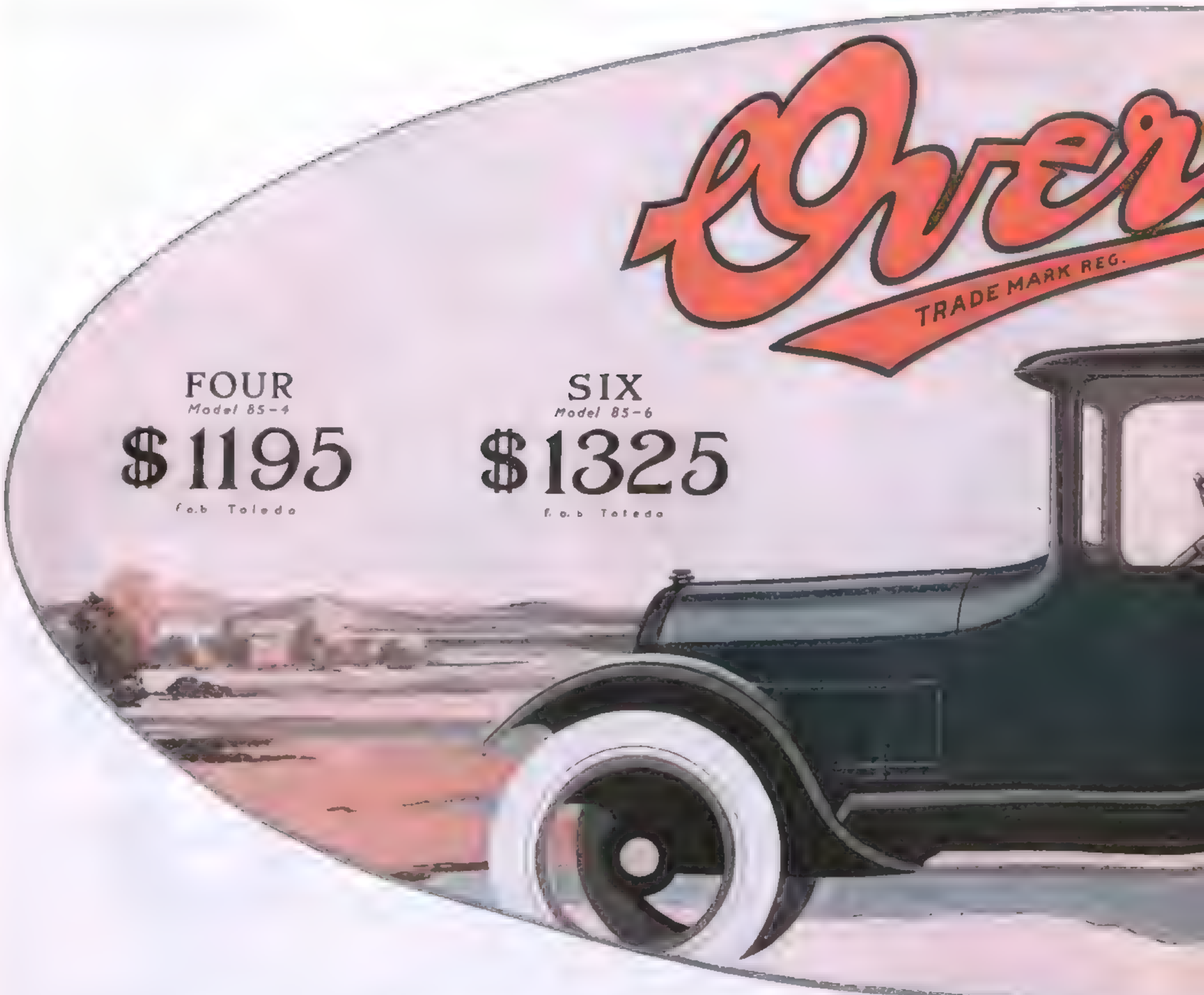

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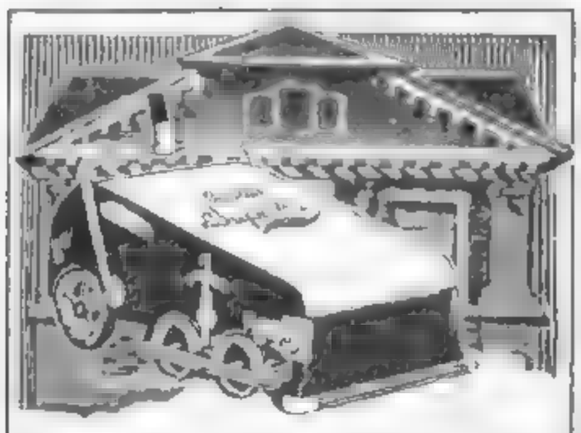

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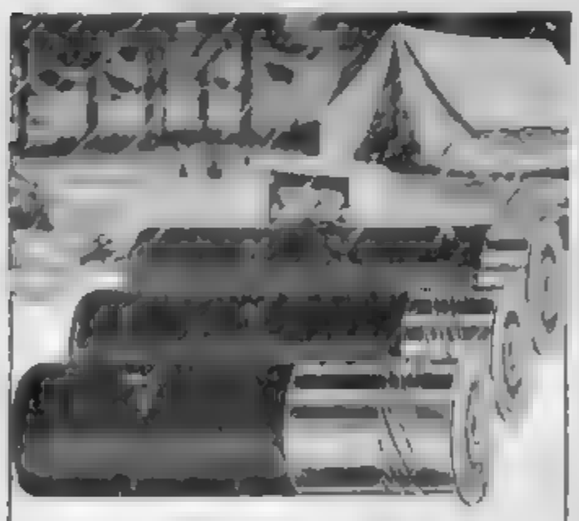

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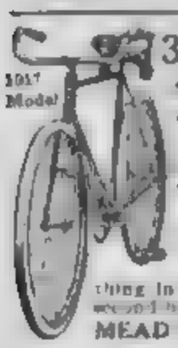

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(Continued from Page 43)

"Miss Rosemary's rubies and gold ——" he said finally. "But I believe you're honest, I believe you're a good man."

VIII

JAMES HAXALL explained this to Rosemary. Elim, standing aside, could see that the girl neither assented nor raised objection. She seemed utterly listless; a fleet emotion at the knowledge of her father's death had, in that public place, been immediately repressed. The sloop, Elim learned, was ready to start at once. The afternoon was declining; to reach Bramant's Wharf would take them through the night and into the meridian of to-morrow. They had made no preparations for the trip, there was neither bedding nor food; but Elim and Haxall agreed that it was best for Rosemary Roselle to leave the city at the price of any slight momentary discomfort.

Elim looked about for a place where he might purchase food. A near-by eating house had been completely wrecked, its floor a débris of broken crockery. Beyond, a baker's shop had been deserted, its window shattered but the interior intact. The shelves, however, had been swept bare of loaves. Elim searched behind the counters—nothing remained. But in walking out his foot struck against a round object, wrapped in paper, which on investigation proved to be a fruit cake of satisfactory solidity and size. With this beneath his arm he returned to Rosemary Roselle, and they followed Haxall to the wharf where the sloop lay.

The tiller was in the charge of an old man with peering, pale-blue eyes and tremulous, siccated hands. Yet he had an astonishingly potent voice, and issued orders in tones like the grating of metal edges to a loutish youth in a ragged shirt and bare legs. The sloop's cabin, partly covered, was filled with bagged bales; a small space had been left for the steersman, and forward the deck was littered with untidy ropes and swab, windlass bar and other odds.

Elim Meikeljohn moved forward to assist Rosemary on to the sloop, but she evaded his hand and jumped lightly down upon the deck. Indy, grumbling and certain of catastrophe, was safely got aboard, and Elim helped the youth in pushing the craft's bow out into the stream. The grimy mainsail slowly rose, the jib was set, and they slowly gathered way, slipping silently between the timbered banks, emerging from the thin, pungent influence of the smoldering ruins.

Behind them the sun transfused the veiled city into a coppery blur that gradually sank into a tender-blue dusk. Indy had arranged a place with the most obtainable comfort for Rosemary Roselle; she sat with her back against the mast, gazing toward the bank, stealing backward, at the darkening trees moving in solemn procession.

After the convulsed and burning city, the uproar of guns and clash of conflict, the quiet progress of the sloop was incredibly peaceful and withdrawn. Elim felt as if they had been detached from the familiar, material existence and had been set afloat in a stream of silken shadows. The wind was behind them, the boom had been let far out, the old steersman drowsed at his post, and the youth had fallen instantly asleep in a strange cramped attitude.

Elim was standing at the stern; he had conceived it his duty to stay as far away from Rosemary Roselle as her wish plainly indicated; but, in this irrelated phase of existence, he gradually lost his sense of responsibility and restrained conduct. He wanted extravagantly to be near Rosemary, to be where he could clearly see her. Perhaps, but this was unlikely, she would speak to him. His desire gradually flooded him, it induced a species of careless heroism, and he made his way resolutely forward and sat on a heap of rope at a point where he could study her with moderate propriety and success. She glanced at him momentarily when he took his place—he saw that her under lip was capable of an extremely human and annoying expression—and returned to her veiled scrutiny of the shifting banks.

An unfamiliar emotion stirred at Elim's heart; and in his painstaking, introspective manner he exposed it. He found a happiness that, at the same time, was a pain; he found an actual catch in his throat that was a nebulous desire; he found an utter loneliness together with the conviction that this earth was a place of glorious possibilities of affinity. Principally he was conscious of an urging of his entire being toward the slight figure in black, staring with wide, bereft eyes into the gathering evening. On the other side of the mast, Indy was sleeping with her head upon her breast. The feeling in Elim steadily increased in poignancy—faint stars appearing above the indefinite foliage pierced him with their beauty, the ashen-blue sky vibrated in a singing chord, the river divided in whispering confidences on the bow of the sloop.

Elim Meikeljohn debated the wisdom of a remark; his courage grew immeasurably reckless. He said:

"The wind and river are shoving us along together." Pronounced, the sentence seemed appallingly compromising; he had meant that the wind and river together, not ——

She made no reply; one hand, he saw, stirred slightly.

Since he had not been blasted into nothingness, he continued:

"I'm glad the war's over. Why," he exclaimed in genuine surprise, "you can hear the birds again." A sleepy twitter had floated out over the stream. Still no response. He should not, certainly, have mentioned the war. He wondered desperately what a fine and delicate being like Rosemary Roselle talked about? It would be wise to avoid serious and immediate considerations for light commonplaces.

"Ellik McCosh," he said, "a girl in our village, who went to Boston, learned to dance, and when she came back she taught two or three. Her communion medal was removed from her," he added with complete veracity. "Perhaps," he continued conversationally, "you don't have communion medals in Richmond—it's a little lead piece you have when you are in good standing at the Lord's table. Mine was taken away for three months for whistling by the church door. A long while ago," he added in a different voice. He thought of the fruit cake, and securing it broke off a piece and offered it to the silent girl.

"It's like your own," he told her, placing it on a piece of paper at her side; "it's from Richmond and wasn't even paid for with strange silver."

At this last a sudden uneasiness possessed him, and he hurriedly searched his pockets. He had exactly fifty cents. Until the present he had totally forgot the depleted state of his fortune. Elim had some arrears of pay, which now he seriously doubted if he could collect. Nothing else. He had emerged from the war brevetted major but as penniless as the morning of his enlistment. He doubted if, in the hurry of departure, Rosemary Roselle had remembered to bring any money.

Still, she would be cared for, supplied with every necessity, at Bramant's Wharf. There he would leave her . . . his breathing stopped, for, incredibly, he saw that her hand was suspended over the piece of cake. She took it up and ate it slowly, absently. This, he felt, had created a bond between them; but it was a conviction in which, apparently, she had no share. She might have thanked him but she didn't.

An underhanded and indefensible expedient occurred to him, and he sat for a perceptible number of minutes concentrating his memory upon a dim and special object. Finally he raised his head.

"Indy," he quoted, "a large light mulatto, hasn't much sense but a great deal of sensibility. That," he added of himself, "is evidently very well observed." He saw that Rosemary turned her head with an impatient curiosity. "She is very unfortunate," he continued uncertainly; "she lost a present of money and couldn't work till it was given back."

"But how," demanded Rosemary Roselle, "did you know that?" Curiosity had betrayed her.

Elim Meikeljohn concealed with difficulty a grin. It was evident that she profoundly regretted her lapse, yet she would not permit herself to retreat from her position. She maintained a high, intolerant aspect of query.

"Have you forgot," he went on, "how the dread day rolled around?" He paused wickedly. "The slough of despond?" he added.

"What silly stuff!" Rosemary pronounced.

"It was," he agreed, "mostly. But the paper about Indy was a superior production. B plus, I think."

A slow comprehension dawned on her face, blurred by the night.

"So that's where they went," she observed; "you marked them." He would have sworn that a smile hovered for the fraction of a moment on her pale lips. She drew up her shoulders slightly and turned away.

His best, his only, hope had flickered for a minute and died away. Her silence was like impregnable armor. A puff of wind filled the sails, there was a straining of cordage, an augmented bubbling at the sloop's bow, and then the stir subsided. He passed into a darkness of old distresses, forebodings, grim recollections from his boyhood, inherited, bleak memories. Rosemary Roselle's upright figure gradually sank. He realized that she was asleep on her arm. Elim bent forward shamelessly and studied her worn countenance. There was a trace of tears on her cheek. She was as delicate, as helpless as a flower sleeping on its stalk.

An impulse to touch her hair was so compelling that he started back, shaken; a new, discordant tumult rose within him, out of which emerged an aching hunger for Rosemary Roselle; he wanted her with a passion cold and numbing like ether. He wanted her without reason, and in the desire lost his deep caution, his rectitude of conscience. He was torn far beyond the emotional possibilities of weak men. The fact that, penniless and without a home, he had nothing to offer was lost in the beat and surge of his feelings. He went with the smashing completeness of a heavy body, broken loose in an elemental turmoil. He wanted her; her fragrant spirit, the essence that was herself, Rosemary Roselle. He couldn't take it; such consummations, he sensed, were beyond will and act, they responded from planes forever above human desire—there was not even a rift of hope. The banks had been long lost in the night; the faint, disembodied cry of an owl breathed across the invisible river.

IX

SHE woke with a little confused cry, and sat gazing distractedly into the dark, her hands pressed to her cheeks.

"Don't you remember," Elim Meikeljohn spoke, "Haxall and the sloop; your relations at Bramant's Wharf?"

She returned to a full consciousness of her surroundings.

"I was dreaming so differently," she told him. It seemed to Elim that the antagonism had departed from her voice; he even had a feeling that she was glad of his presence. Indy, prostrate on the deck with her chin elevated to the stars, had not moved.

The darkness increased, broken only by the colored glimmer of the port and starboard lights and a wan blur about the old man bent over the tiller. Once he woke the youth and sent him forward with a sounding pole, once the sloop scraped heavily over a mud bank, but that was all: their imperceptible progress was smooth, unmarked.

Elim, recalling Joshua, wished that the sloop and night were anchored, stationary. Already he smelled the dawn in a newly stirring, cold air. The darkness thickened. Rosemary Roselle said:

"I'm dreadfully hungry."

He immediately produced the fruit cake.

"It's really quite satisfactory," she continued, eating. "It's like the rest of this—unreal. . . . What is your name?" she demanded unexpectedly.

"Elim Meikeljohn."

"That's a very Northern sort of name."

"It would be hard to come by one more so," he agreed. "It's from the highlands of Scotland."

"If you don't mind," she said, "I'll think of you as Scotch right now."

He conveyed to her the fact that he didn't.

"Look!" she exclaimed. "There's the morning!"

A thin gray streak widened across the east. Almost immediately the night dissolved. They were sweeping down the middle of a river that surprised Elim with its width and majesty. The withdrawn banks bore clustered trees, undulating green reached inland, the shaded façades of houses sat back on lawns that dipped to the stream.

Rosemary Roselle's face was pale with fatigue; her eyes appeared preternaturally large; and this, for Elim, made her charm infinitely more appealing. She smoothed her dress, touched her hair with light fingers. The intimacy of it all thrilled him. A feeling of happy irresponsibility deepened. He lost sight of the probable unhappiness of to-morrow, the catastrophe that was yesterday; Elim was radiantly content with the present.

"You look Northern too," she went on; "you are so much more solemn than the Virginia men—I mean your face is."

"I suppose I've had a solemn sort of existence," he told her. "Life's an awful serious thing where I was born. The days are not long enough, life's too short, to get

(Concluded on Page 50)

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(Concluded from Page 46

your work done. It's a stony pasture," he admitted. He described the Meikeljohn farm land, sloping steeply to swift, rocky streams, the bare existence of the sheep, the bitter winters. He touched briefly on Hester and his marriage.

"It's no wonder," she pronounced, "that you have shadows in your eyes. You can't imagine," she continued, "how wonderful everything was in Richmond, before —— I simply can't talk about it now. I suppose we are ruined, but there isn't a man or woman who wouldn't do the same thing all over again. I'm almost glad that father isn't—isn't here; misery of any kind made him so wretched . . . perfect memories." She closed her eyes.

Her under lip, he saw, projected slightly, her chin was fine but stubborn. These details renewed his delight; they lent a warm humanity to her charm

"Anyone could see," she said, regarding him, "that you are absolutely trustworthy. It's a nice quality now, but I don't think I would have noticed it even a month ago. You can see that I have grown frightfully old in the littlest while. Yes, you are comfortable to be with, and I suspect that counts for a great deal. It's quite sad, too, to grow old. Oh, look, we've changed! Where do you suppose he is going? This can't nearly be Bramant's."

The mainsail had been hauled in, and the course of the sloop changed, quartering in toward the shore.

The youth, moving forward, stopped to enlighten them. He jerked a thumb in the direction of the old man.

"He's got kin here at Jerico," he explained; "and we're setting in to see them. We won't stop long."

The mainsail came smoothly down, the jib fluttered, and the sloop slid in beside a sturdy old wharf, projecting from a deep fringe of willows. No sign of life or habitation was visible.

The youth made fast a hawser, the old man mounted painfully to the dock, and Indy stirred and rose.

"I must have just winked asleep," she declared in consternation.

Rosemary Roselle lightly left the boat, and Elim followed. "If we explored," he proposed, "perhaps we could get you a cup of coffee." She elected, however, to stay by the river, and Elim went inward alone. Beyond the willows was an empty marshland. The old man had disappeared, with no trace of his objective kin. A road, deep in yellow mire, mounted a rise beyond and vanished a hundred yards distant. Elim, unwilling to get too far away from the sloop, had turned and moved toward the wharf, when he was halted by the sound of horses' hoofs.

He saw approaching him over the road a light open carriage with a fringed canopy, with a pair of horses driven by a negro in a long, white dust coat. In the body of the carriage a diminutive, bonneted head was barely visible above an enormous circumference of hoops. Elim saw bobbing gray curls, peering, anxious eyes, and a fluttering hand in a black silk-thread mit.

"Gossard," she cried shrilly to the driver, as she caught sight of Elim at the roadside, "here's a Yankee army; lick up those horses!"

The negro swung a vicious whip, the horses started sharply forward, but the carriage wheels, sinking in a deep slough, remained fixed; the harness creaked but held; the equipage remained stationary. The negro dismounted sulkily, and Elim crossed the road and put his shoulder to a wheel. Together with the driver, he lifted the carriage on to a firmer surface. The old lady was seated with tightly shut eyes.

"This here man ain't going to hurt you," the driver exclaimed impatiently. "This exdus is all nonsense anyways," he grumbled. "I got a mind to stop—I'm free."

She directed upon him a beady, black gaze.

"You get right into this carriage," she commanded; "you'd be free to starve. You are a fool!" The man reluctantly obeyed her. "I thank you for your clemency," she said to Elim. She fumbled among her flounces and hoops and produced an object carefully wrapped and tied. "Here," she proclaimed; "I can still pay for a service. Gossard ——" the carriage moved forward, was lost in the dip in the road. Elim opened the package in his hand and regarded, with something like consternation, a bottle of champagne.

Beyond the wharf the great yellow flood of the river gleamed in the sun; choirs of robins whistled in trees faintly green. Rosemary Roselle was seated with her feet hanging over the water.

"Champagne for breakfast," she observed, shaking her head; "only the most habitual sports manage that." He recounted the episode of the "Yankee army," delighted by her less formal tone, when the old man returned as enigmatically as he had disappeared. The ropes were cast off, the sloop swung out into the current, and their smooth progress resumed.

A few more hours and they would be at Bramant's Wharf. There, Elim knew, he would be expected to leave Rosemary. There would be a perfunctory gratitude from her relatives, perhaps a warmer appreciation from herself — a moment — a momentary pressure of her hand—and then—where? He would never again come in contact with so exquisite a girl; they were, he realized, customarily held in a circle where men like himself, outsiders, rarely penetrated; once more with her family and he would be forgot. Anyhow, he had nothing.

But in spite of these heavy reflections his irresponsible happiness increased. In this segment of existence no qualifications from the shore were valid. Time, himself, at the tiller, seemed drifting, unconcerned. Rosemary Roselle regarded Elim with a franker interest. She took off a small slipper and emptied some sand from the shore; the simple act seemed to him burdened with gracious warmth. Now she was infinitely easier than any girl he had known before. Those about his home met the younger masculine world either with a blunt sarcasm or with an uneasy, voiceless propriety. Rosemary, propped on an elbow, was as unconcerned as a boy. This made her infinitely more difficult of approach.

Her slight, beautiful body, not hid by clothes—as decency demanded in the more primitive state—was delightfully marked, suggested. Here was beauty admitted, lauded, even studied, in place of the fierce masking and denouncement of his father and fellow elders.

He remembered, from collegiate hours, the passion of the Greeks for sheer earthly strength and loveliness—Helen and Menelaus, Sappho on the green promontories of Lesbos. At the time of his reading he had maintained a wry brow . . . now Elim Meikeljohn could comprehend the siege of Troy.

He said aloud, without thinking and instantly aghast by his words:

"You are like a bodied song." He was horrified, then his newer spirit utterly possessed him, he didn't care; he nodded his long, solemn head.

Rosemary Roselle turned toward him with a cool stare that was lost in irresistible, ringing peals of laughter.

"Oh!" she gasped; "what a face for a compliment. It was just like pouring sirup out of a vinegar cruet."

He became annoyed and cleared his throat in an elderlike manner, but her amusement strung out in silvery chuckles.

"It's the first I've said of the kind," he admitted stiffly; "I've no doubt it came awkward."

She grew more serious, studied him with thoughtful eyes. "Do you know," she said slowly, "I believe you. Compliments in Virginia are like cherries, the trees are full of them; they're nice but worth—so much." She measured an infinitesimal degree, with a rosy nail on her finger. "But I can see that yours are different. They almost hurt you, don't they?"

He made no reply, struggling weakly against what, he perceived, was to follow.

"You're like a song that to hear would draw a man about the world," said Elim Meikeljohn, pagan. "He would leave his sheep and byre, he'd drop his duty and desert his old, and follow. I'm lost," he thought, in a last perishing flicker of early teaching; and then he smiled inexplicably at the wrath to come.

Rosemary Roselle grew more serious.

"But that's not a compliment at all," she discovered; "it's more, and it makes me uncomfortable. Please stop!"

"About the world," echoed Elim, "and everything else forgot."

"Please," she repeated, holding up a prohibitory palm.

"Rose petals," he said, regarding it.

His madness increased. She withdrew her hand and gazed at him with a small frown. She was sitting upright, propped on her arms. Her mouth, with its slightly full under lip, was elevated, and an outrageous desire possessed him. His countenance slowly turned hotly red, and slowly a faint tide of color stained Rosemary Roselle's cheeks. She looked away; Elim looked away. He made his way aft and learned that Bramant's Wharf lay only a few miles ahead.

The old man cursed the wind in his stringent tones. Elim hadn't noticed anything reprehensible in the wind. It appeared that for a considerable time there hadn't been any. A capful was stirring now, and humanity—ever discontented—silently cursed that.

"We're nearly there," he said, returning to Rosemary Roselle.

He was unable to gather any intelligence from her expression.

She rose, and stood with a hand on Indy's shoulder, murmuring affectionately in the colored woman's ear. The sloop once more headed at a long angle for the shore. Bramant's Wharf grew visible, projecting solidly from a verdant bank. They floated silently up to the dock, and the youth held the sloop steady while Rosemary Roselle and Indy mounted from its deck. Elim followed, but suddenly he stopped, and his hand went into his pocket. A half dollar fell ringing into the boat. Elim indicated the youth; he was now penniless.

x

"THE house," Rosemary explained, "is almost a mile in. There is a carriage at the wharf when they expect you. And usually there is some one about."

Elim, carrying the cake and bottle, followed over a grassy road between tangles of blackberry bushes. On either hand neglected fields held a sparse tangle of last year's weeds; beyond, trees closed in the perspective. The sun had passed the zenith, and the shadows of walnut trees fell across the road. Elim's face was grim, a dark tide rose about him, enveloping his heart, bothering his vision. He wanted to say something final to the slim girl in black before him, something now, before she was forever lost in the gabble of her relatives; but he could think of nothing appropriate, expressive of the tumult within him. His misery deepened with every step, grew into a bitterness of rebellion that almost forced an incoherent, reckless speech. Rosemary Roselle didn't turn, she didn't linger, there were a great many things that she might say. The colored woman was positively hurrying forward. A great loneliness swept over him. He had not, he thought drearily, been made for joy.

"It's queer there's no one about," Rosemary Roselle observed. They reached the imposing pillars of an entrance—the wooden gate was chained, and they were obliged to turn aside and search for an opening in a great mock-orange hedge. Before them a wide sweep of lawn led up to a formal, dark façade; a tanbark path was washed, the grass ragged and uncut. Unconsciously they quickened their pace.

Elim saw that towering brown pillars rose to the roof of the dwelling and that low wings extended on either hand. Before the portico a stiffly formal garden lay in withered neglect.

The flower beds, circled with masoned rims and built up like wired bouquets, held only twisted and broken stems.

A faint odor of wet plaster and dead vegetation rose to meet them. On the towering wall of the house every window was tightly shuttered. The place bore a silent and melancholy air of desertion.

The girl gave a dismayed gasp. Elim hurriedly placed his load on the steps and, mounting, beat upon the door. Only a dull echo answered. Dust fell from the paneling upon his head.

"Maybe they have shut up the front for protection," he suggested. He made his way to the rear; all was closed. Through the low limbs of apple trees he could see a double file of small, sad brick quarters, for the slaves. They, too, were empty. The place was without a living being. He stood, undecided, when suddenly he heard Rosemary Roselle calling with an acute note of fear.

He ran through the binding grass, back to the garden.

"Elim Meikeljohn!" she called. She stumbled forward to meet him. "Oh, Elim," she cried; "there's no one in the world ——" A sob choked her utterance.

He fell on his knees before her.

"Yes, there is," he told her. "There's always me."

She sank in a fragrant heap into his arms

Elim Meikeljohn laughed over her shoulder at his entire worldly goods on the steps the fragmentary fruit cake and a bottle of champagne. Here they are lost on the misty mirror of the past.

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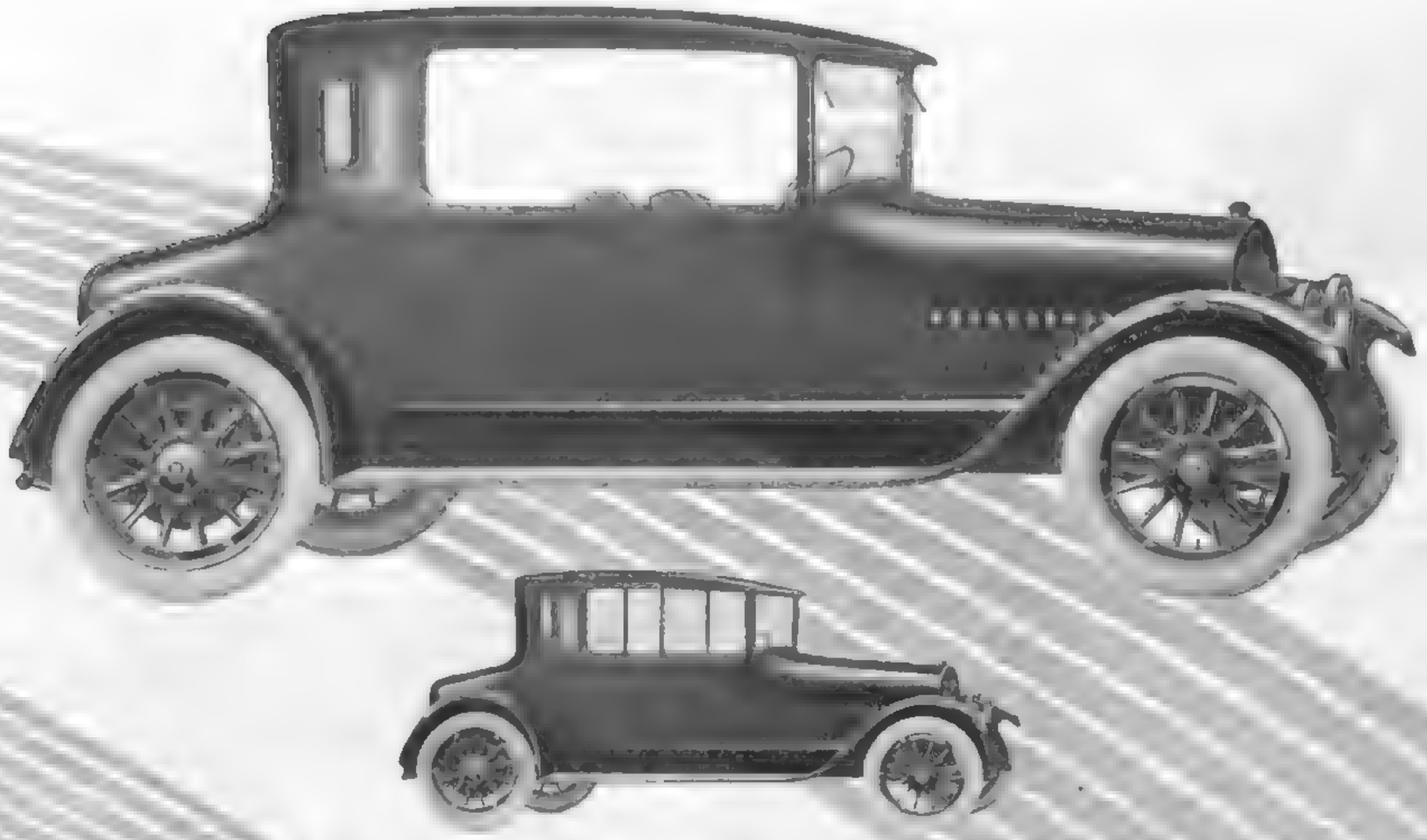

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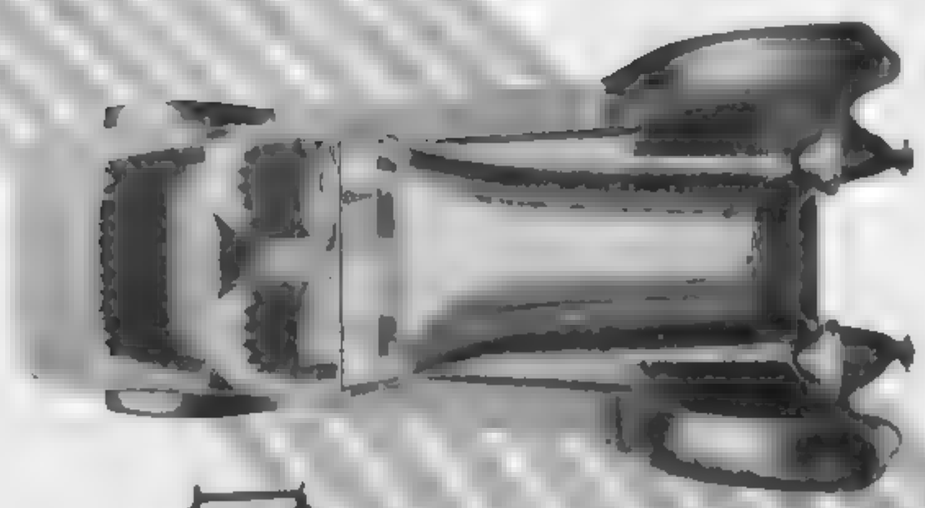

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BEHIND THE GUNS

(Continued from Page 7)

pursuing French Army streamed through the Passes of the Argonne. Then followed almost two years of exile at home. The Jacquemets lived in the hospital, doing all they could to help the peasant folk of the region and a very few courageous inhabitants of Clermont who had come back. This summer the bombardments of the ruins grew more common. The shells began to hit the hospital.

Finally the soldiers came over and took the Jacquemets away to the little hut where we found them. They live now with a scant collection of household goods honorably looted from what remained intact among the ruins. Some peasants from down the road came up this spring and planted for them, in that soil of France which needs only to be tickled to yield riches, a little vegetable garden. There will be fruit this autumn from the unpruned trees and undressed vines among the ruins.

"One lives very well here," said Monsieur Jacquemet.

As we talked, the day's work was going on along the line. The French long-range guns were booming in the distance, and I could catch sharper and slighter sounds from below, which might have been the German shells breaking on Clermont—it is not etiquette in the war zone to ask questions about such things. A commandant and one of his staff, guests from beyond to our luncheon, strolled in and proposed a walk to the edge of the village. From there, they said, we might perhaps view the morning's sport.

"I'm going, too," said Madame Jacquemet.

"It may be dangerous, madame," said the commandant.

"A shell hasn't hit me yet," replied madame; "and it's all luck, anyway!"

The view was the one we had seen before; but the guns, though they thundered on, betrayed their presence by not even a faint mist. We were more interested in old St. Anne's Chapel, a quaint, crude, but beautiful piece of vaulted thirteenth-century work, with distinguished and realistic old Lorraine statuary. Before it stands a linden, which I swear is one of the finest trees in France. The records show that it was planted when the chapel was built; it has, therefore, passed its six hundredth year. Both tree and chapel, standing as they do a little apart from the town, escaped fire and bombardment.

We found that the orderlies, when they called us to dinner, had set two tables together and spread them with a collection of dishes, varying from plain Delft to eggshell china, gathered up in the ruins. There were enough forks to go round, but not enough knives; the officers had to use their clasp knives. Also, we drank our wine from tin cups. It is almost superfluous to say that the fare was good; your French cook makes a creation even out of army rations. And in the excellent gray wine of the country we drank to the two Republics, to Monsieur Jacquemet and to his new decoration. The bombardment kept up. "Music for the feast!" remarked Monsieur Jacquemet once. But mostly we never noticed it; for the party was very merry. The talk merely touched here and there on the war.

Yvonne of Flanders

We told the Jacquemets how Paris, since the German check at Verdun, the Russian successes, and the advance of the Somme, had revived a little of its old gayety; and "Ah, Paris!" sighed our hosts. Madame Jacquemet spoke once of her four sons three at the front, one a prisoner in Germany. The oldest had often thought of going to America. Perhaps he might, after the war. Whereupon we presented our cards and set to writing our permanent addresses.

One of the officers is a professor of history, a noted authority on the French Revolution and the Old Régime. A question about Clermont started him to riding his hobby. This was historic ground, he said; the past of France lay all about us. A little way down the valley was Varennes. There, Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were trapped when they tried to run away from the Revolution. Had they passed Clermont, they would have been safe. Near where we sat stood for ages the castles that defended the Passes of Lorraine.

He dwelt long on a certain Yvonne of Flanders—I think that was the name—a lady of determined cruelty who was once châtelaine of Clermont. She had unjustly executed some peasants. The prior of an abbey in the valley below sent up two curates to protest. Yvonne had them drowned in the castle moat. That put her under the ban of the church, a ban that was finally lifted when she did penance and built three chapels—one for each of the priests she had drowned and one for the peasants. Of these, St. Anne's, which we had just seen, alone survived. Then Condé held the castle. When, after his rebellion, he made his peace with France, the king, fearing this stronghold, leveled it to the ground.

We had to break up the party rather early, for the officers had duties and must catch a train at Bar-le-Duc. We parted with real regret on our side; and I think the Jacquemets were genuinely sorry to have us go. As madame remarked, you can't think how monotonous it grows up there. On the way out we passed the mayor's hut. Sitting on the steps, waiting for him, was the figure of a woman in black. She had drawn her country shawl over her head, but her figure showed that she was old.

Her son, it appeared, had just been killed on the Argonne line—by coincidence his regiment was fighting near home; so she had the poor consolation, uncommon now to the women of France, of receiving back his body. The mayor of Clermont has strange duties to perform sometimes for the peasant people who look to him; and this mourning Madonna of the fields was waiting for a coffin.

The Germans in Lorraine

This luncheon with the Jacquemets I have described somewhat at length because it rolls together so many features of life in the devastated country behind the French lines. We heard much in the autumn of 1914 concerning the suffering when the Germans swept in and out. We have heard little of the long, hard grind since then. France, in this war, has had no energy left to restore to these people their homes and their industry; so there they live, and must live until the end of the war, partly amid ruins and almost always near the margin of actual want.

The district of which I speak, and in which, all told, I spent nearly a fortnight talking to the people, comprises what is known loosely as French Lorraine, the Department of the Meuse, and the old Marne battlefield. If you care to look it up on the map French Lorraine is the district about the city of Nancy; the Meuse district runs back of Verdun to a point south of Bar-le-Duc; while the battlefield of the Marne runs south of that point almost to Paris. Here the German Armies, advancing toward Paris in August, 1914, made an irregular, unpermanent new frontier, according to the plan of campaign and to the abilities of the French Armies opposed to them. For instance, they never quite reached Nancy, though it is only fifteen miles or so from the old "frontier of 1870." There was fought the Battle of Lorraine, only second to the Marne for slaughter and heroism. Below Verdun they poured on for nearly fifty miles, until the Battle of the Marne drove them back to their intrenched positions near the border.

The whole story of German atrocities in this temporary occupation may never be told. I use the overworked word atrocities deliberately; I have seen the evidence and talked to the witnesses, and the performances of the Germans were just that. There is a kind of mystery in the whole affair. As I have said before, I once went through twenty-two ruined Lorraine towns in three days, and in that same journey I glimpsed many others at a distance. Here would be one town wiped out of existence, deliberately burned, and usually with some slaughter of the inhabitants. Over in the next valley would lie a town untouched—not even looted. Why was one destroyed and the other spared? The Germans would answer, possibly, that in the "bad" town somebody had shot at their soldiers. But this does not answer the question. In certain places there was sniping; in certain others, like Clermont, there was, I am sure, no sniping whatever.

I am inclined to think, myself, that it all goes back, as the atrocities in Belgium go back, to the orders of the German War Department. Under those orders an officer had liberty amounting to license in treating with a subject population. If he were a decent man, well and good. If he happened to be a natural brute, if he entered the town drunk with wine or battle or in a state of nerves over *franc-tireurs*—good-by to another French village! This is my only theory, at present, to account for the tragic, damnable things that happened in such towns as Gerbéviller and Lunéville, while neighboring towns went untouched.

Of the facts I am no longer in doubt; I have talked to the relatives of the dead by dozens. They spoke about these old griefs with a curious lack of apparent rancor. It was as though the destruction had been wrought by some force of Nature, like flood or lightning. Yet almost always, somewhere along in the narrative, tears would fill their eyes. There was the mother of Gerbéviller whose boy, thirteen years old, did not come home after the night of slaughter in that most heavily punished of French towns; so at dawn she and her friend went, like Mary Magdalene and the other Mary, to the place of the dead. He was there, his hands tied behind him with a tent rope—"And they would not even give me his body, messieurs!"

There was M. Leon Mirman, prefect of Meurthe-et-Moselle, who stood under the death tree on the edge of Gerbéviller and told us about the hostages who fell on that ground. Fifteen of them died here, all old men—the youngest sixty-five. He had gone next day to view the bodies—no one had dared to take them away. The Germans had shot these old men against the tree in batches of five. One had been rolling a cigarette as he died; probably he was trying to keep his nerve. Here the voice of the prefect broke.

Again, it was the old lady of Lunéville, summoned to the mayor's office to tell us how her twelve and thirteen year old grandsons died when the Germans, in some sudden panic not uninspired by alcohol, shot up the Jewish quarter and its environs. It was a rainy day, she and her five-year-old granddaughter, who came with her, were carrying flimsy little country umbrellas. When we began to question her she burst into tears. The little girl caught the infection, as children will, for two minutes grandmother and grandchild stood holding their little umbrellas and crying into their shawls as though their hearts would break. There was the girl who had been dishonored. She wept, too, and between her brows there was a set, unnatural furrow, such as marks the insane.

Unprovoked Massacre

Their stories, in detail, have probably reached the American public by now, for there were daily newspaper correspondents on this trip, and they will "beat me to print." I linger over only one; and this I remember most because Mademoiselle Procès, the surviving girl victim, did not weep as she talked. She told her story dully, this quiet, pretty young daughter of the provincial aristocracy, as one who has sustained a grief too deep for tears. But Father Paul Viller, the village curé of Triaucourt, an external witness of this tragedy, told the story more at length; and I follow his narrative.

He had become, by right of character, the acting mayor of Triaucourt. After the bombardment, which killed a few citizens, the Germans arrived; and at first, barring a little looting, there was comparative order.

Then, one morning, a German officer came down the street, in charge of a German private, of this Mademoiselle Hélène Procès and of her mother. The two women were crying.

"What is the reputation of these women in the village?" asked the officer.

"It is the very highest," replied the priest.

"I thought so," said the officer. "This soldier has been annoying this girl. I shall have him reprimanded." And he released the women, who went home.

"I noticed the soldier then," said Father Viller in his nervous, expressive French, "for his face—so brutal, gentlemen, so fierce, so savage!"

A quarter of an hour later, as the priest was giving the last rites to a dying soldier, he heard firing, growing in intensity, near the Procès residence. The Germans were

(Continued on Page 56)

A CAUSE AND ITS EFFECT

An observation of interest to owners and prospective owners of motor cars

TO start with a clearly defined purpose and to pursue that purpose with an unwavering determination and an intelligence, born of experience, is to insure ultimate success.

The paths of business are strewn with the remains of those who have failed to recognize the importance of this fundamental.

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Merit and value imply comfort, an attractive design, an efficient motor, a sturdy chassis, the use of the best materials, complete equipment of tried accessories and economy in first cost and aftercost.

Each one of these qualities is part of the Maxwell Car. We do not put forth any one of them as a compelling reason why the Maxwell should be the car of your choice.

We are selling motor cars—complete motor cars—and consequently do not base our appeal on motor speed or power, wheelbase, bulk, weight or lack of weight, appearance or any other single feature.

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Since the founding of our company, three years ago, we have doubled our output annually; we have improved our car constantly and three times we have reduced our price.

Having behind us the tremendous value of public good will, an organization of dealers and distributors that is second to none and an improved product that is making good in a big way, we shall build (entirely in our own factories) and sell this year, 125,000 automobiles.

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Walter E. Flanders

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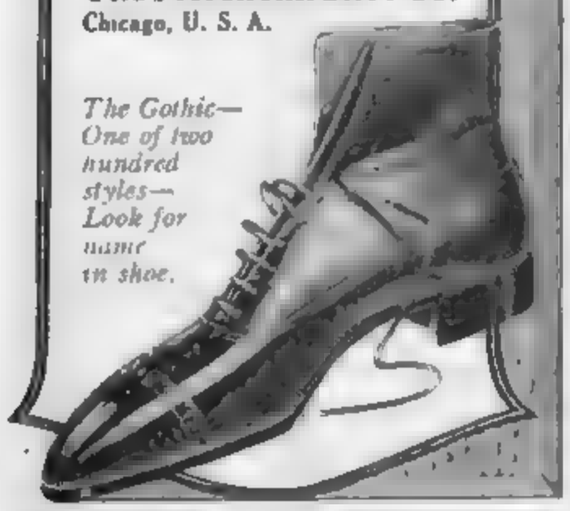

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burning and killing in the row of houses across the street.

Monsieur Procès was at the war with the Territorials. In the house, besides Madame Procès and her daughter, lived Mademoiselle Mennhaud, her sister, and the elder Madame Procès, her mother-in-law. The four women gathered their valuables together and ran out of the back door. Their yard is bordered by a wire fence. Mademoiselle Hélène Procès, younger and swifter than the others, put up a stepladder and scrambled over the fence. She was helping her aunt across when a rifle began to whip from a balcony near by. Mademoiselle Mennhaud tumbled into her niece's arms; literally her whole brain was blown out. Madame Procès, her mother, fell dead across the fence; her aged grandmother crumpled up, dead also, in the yard.

Mademoiselle Procès cannot remember what happened next, except that she crawled a long time through the cabbages of the next yard, with the bullets splashing about her. When it was all over, when the neighbors dared to venture out, they found Mademoiselle Procès in a state of temporary madness. To complete the tragedy, Monsieur Procès was at the front; it was nearly a year before he got leave and revisited the spot where his home, his mother and his wife had been when he marched off to war.

The German excuse was the customary one—somebody fired on them. The townspeople declare that the soldier "of ferocious aspect," who was reprimanded for insulting Mademoiselle Procès, himself fired the shot that gave occasion for starting the massacre. But no one ever alleged that any shots came from the Procès house.

The Good Quakers' Work

It is one strength of the French in this war that they are a people rooted in the soil. They love the home acre as they love their families. They often embarrass their army by sticking to bombarded villages when, in all prudence, they should go away. Still, many of them did get out during the bombardments which preceded the German occupation, during that occupation or during the period when the enemy, upon withdrawal, was destroying the town. The dust was hardly settled from the German retreat, the ruins were scarcely cold, when they began to crawl back again. Usually there was nothing left but the cellars; and here comes in a peculiarity of French building that has served the people well in troubled times. A cellar, in France, is not one of our cemented holes in the ground. It is a stout vault of brick and concrete. It usually survives a bombardment that blows up every stone of the superstructure. Roofed over, so as to turn the rain, it serves as a temporary human habitation.

In the existing state of France there was neither money nor labor to rebuild; but the people managed somehow. They doubled up in the few houses that had escaped destruction. They patched the outbuildings or parts of houses not so far destroyed but that they were susceptible of jury repairs. Such towns as had depended on small factories for their existence shrank in population, because the factories were destroyed or closed; but the little towns existing as agricultural centers came back to something like their old population—minus, of course, the able-bodied men between nineteen and forty-seven years of age.

No one in France could help them much to restore their homes; but there came help from outside. The British Society of Friends—the Quakers—disbelievers in war, barred by their creed from taking part in war work, started to put the devastated towns back on the map. The job is so enormous that they have not been able to go very far. If you want a parallel imagine that a private association had tried to rebuild San Francisco.

Nevertheless, they have accomplished a great deal. Sermaize-les-Bains is an example. This town, of about twenty-seven hundred inhabitants, was a watering place before the war; it had also a beet-sugar factory, handling the crops of the surrounding region. The Germans spared the factory. I have wandered a great deal, first and last, in the Belgian and French territory devastated by the Germans; and, though I have never heard of their sparing a church, I noticed that they often spared the factories, and always the breweries. Further, a big, flimsy, wooden bathing hotel near the springs was used as a German barracks; so that escaped.

Sermaize was a good town in which to begin operations, for its sugar factory was vital to the peasant farmers of the region. The Quakers quartered all the people they could in the hotel; and then, whenever the military granted them freight cars to haul materials they began to set up little block-like brick houses of one or two stories. No one has had the time to clear away the ruins, and these ugly but comfortable little structures rise grotesquely amid the tangled wreckage of fine and often beautiful old stone houses.

The church here, like that at Clermont, was a fine and irreplaceable old example of country Gothic. The fire took the long nave. Only the bases of the pillars are left, together with some sculptured inscriptions in black letters marking the resting place of old lords of Sermaize; but, though the roof of the transept fell in, its walls stood. These restorers of another faith put on a new roof. On a June Sunday of this year I saw the little girls of Sermaize sitting in white veils on benches made of boards and boxes, while the priest instructed them for their first communion.

As a result, Sermaize, after two years, is back where a part of San Francisco was after six months. The people are living in ruins, but they have shelter and they are resuming industry. In Sermaize they tell you, with pride, that there are twenty-two hundred people back in town out of the original twenty-seven hundred, and that the number of men mobilized for the war almost makes up the difference.

By contrast, there is Sommeilles, a village unique in that every house was destroyed. It is a curiosity of conflagrations that they seldom make a clean sweep. There are usually islands in the midst of the fire or unscathed houses on the edge. Here the Germans persevered, restarting the fires as they died out. Part of the church tower still stands, including the face of the town clock. The hour hand points to nine; and a sparrow has for two years built her nest on that hand. The Germans burned the town "in reprisal," because a bridge near by, over which the French had just retreated, was blown up. They declared that the peasants did it. The peasants say it was the work of an engineer squad, left for that very purpose behind the French retreat.

Sommeilles depends strictly on agriculture. This country is so thickly inhabited that a peasant proprietor, as likely as not, lives not on his land but in a village near by; and these farmer people were the characteristic burghers of the town. We came upon it in a melancholy twilight, which made it seem the very abomination of desolation. An old peasant laborer, whom we met at the crossroads, stopped to chat with us of crops and business in general. There was plenty of work, he said; in fact, too much. No one had enough men for the plowing and the harvest. Then, too, it had been a bad, cold summer. But they could manage the man problem with the help of soldiers. The real trouble was horses. The war had taken most of them; the rest, even the very old ones, were worked to death.

A Rebuilt Village

In the next village I found a proof of this shortage. An official government placard announced a public sale of *réformé* horses—beasts wounded in action but still useful for some civilian purpose. They were divided into two classes: First were those so badly crippled that they could be used only for food; second were those that could be worked. These would go strictly to the highest bidder; but no person who had ever dealt in horses was allowed to bid and no bidder might have more than two.

The Quakers have done a little housing work here, though there are still people living in cellars. It takes labor and expense to set down a new house exactly on the ruins of an old; mostly, these little, bare brick structures stand on what used to be a vacant yard. One young woman, so housed, had cleared away the débris of her ruined home, had filled in the space above the vaulted cellar with fresh loam, and was growing a flourishing vegetable garden.

An old couple came over presently to welcome the visitors and to chat about their present state. He was seventy-eight—so old that he took everything, even his grandsons on the great line, with the numb philosophy of age. She, twelve years his junior, kept her spirited French interest in life.

"If I can live only long enough, gentlemen, to see how it all turns out!" she said. "What will it mean? Is civilization ended?"

As he told us about his affairs quite simply and frankly, we realized that we were talking to a ruined man. He had been of wealth and consequence in the community; he lived on the rent of several houses. They were all gone. His own house, exclusive of land, had been appraised by the government at forty-five thousand francs, or somewhat more than eight thousand dollars. They were living in a kitchen, left partly intact when the rest of the house went up in smoke. The great kitchen fireplace, characteristic of these French peasant dwellings, was their sole fireside; its mantel held a few homely ornaments and the holy statues, which madame had rescued somehow when the Germans began their burning. Burnished copper kettles hung along the walls; the floor was waxed until it shone.

"It's better than the fields, where we camped when the Germans came," said madame; "or than the cellar there, where we lived afterward. But, oh, I had so many pretty things!"

Then, for a further stage of ruins and desolation, there is Gerbéviller—the martyr town, as the French call it. About that riot of massacre and rapine which marked the stay of the Germans whole volumes have been written in France. I shall not repeat the story. Here dwells, and rules, Sister Julie, the heroic old nun whose combination of courage, mother wit and practical peasant intelligence saved her hospital and a few surrounding buildings from the universal destruction.

Sister Julie's Story

Every civilian privileged to travel in that part of the war zone feels it his duty to visit Sister Julie, so that he may see the Cross of the Legion of Honor that President Poincaré himself pinned on her habit. Her friends say that Sister Julie has grown very weary of telling her story; but weariness has not spoiled the effectiveness of her performance. Her fine old face, with its mixture of spirituality and peasant shrewdness, grows dark with horror and loathing, or lights with humor and triumph.

At the dramatic climaxes she holds the pose of her fine dark eyes like a Bernhardt. It is true romantic drama, this narrative of Sister Julie; for laughter chases tears as you listen to the tale of the massacres and the ensuing recital of what she said to the Germans.

Now Gerbéviller was a rich residence town, like Pasadena, for example, or perhaps Stockbridge. It had no industries except a small brewery, which was spared. The brewery still makes a little beer. There is a café left in that quarter, which Sister Julie saved from the Germans; and somebody has set up, on the broken foundations of a small hotel, a structure of slabs and rustic poles called the Café des Ruines. Here the soldiers regale themselves with native beer. Also, a few shops, ministering to necessities, have been opened in houses that the fire missed. Otherwise Gerbéviller seems as dead as on the day the Germans left. Nature is already healing the gashes of man.

The château of the Marquis of Lambertye, pride of the region, looks after two years as old a ruin as the Baths of Caracalla. The French have a way of training fruit trees over the walls of houses and gardens. There is a strange vitality in trees. Even the hot flames of Gerbéviller failed to destroy many of these wall growths; they blossomed this spring and they held green fruit this summer. And this also gives an air of antiquity to the ruins.

The whole job, of course, is too big for the Quakers. They have been able to give relief only here and there. And as is Gerbéviller, so are the greater number of those ruined villages—gone for the present, their inhabitants still marking time in cellars or in corners of the ruins.

To the casual eye, the thing that moderates the desolation a little is the presence of the soldiery. Everybody probably knows by now the routine of the trench warfare on the Western line—so many days in the front trenches; so many days in the reserve trenches; so many days in the rest station. For twenty miles or so back of the line, many of the villages that serve no more immediate military use are rest stations, where soldiers, recuperating from the grind of the trenches or the hell of Verdun, quarter themselves as best they may.

At least, there is some variety in this life of desolation. Regiments are forever coming and going. Inhabitants of other parts

(Continued on Page 58)

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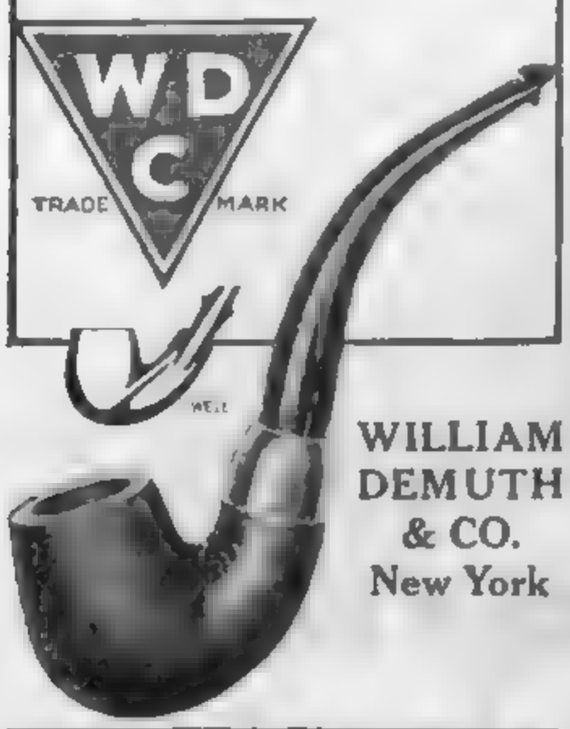

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(Continued from Page 56)

of France, as remote to your homestaying French townsman as China, come in, talking strange dialects, to tell marvelous things. They chum with the town dogs. They go gathering flowers with the village children. Of evenings they get a little pathetic imitation of home life about peasant firesides.

They are gone presently, and a new lot comes to take their places. All day, most likely, army *camions*, cookwagons and ambulances are going forward laden and coming back empty. Regiments march past, the buglers, if it be not too near the line, saluting the inhabitants with marching tunes, like the Régiment de Sambre-et-Meuse or the Chant du Départ.

Also, war has brought variety of another kind. Wherever there are soldiers, there also may be bomb raids. Often enough this happens where there are no soldiers at all, or very few; and, aërial bombs being foolishly inaccurate, more civilians than soldiers suffer.

The day we took testimony at Lunéville there was a bomb raid. The town, a substantial place, stands near the present line. Every scouting German plane that manages to get past the French guard seems to drop an incidental load of bombs on Lunéville.

As we approached the town we saw a black German aëroplane dodging from cloud to cloud, with the familiar little white puffs from antiaircraft guns following it up. There was scarcely anyone on the streets as we rolled along; I remember only one woman, marching with her head erect as though defying the German lightning; but she presently turned into her own doorway. We stopped at a police station to inquire our way to the Mairie. There came, just then, four sharp but distant explosions, and we could make out the aëroplane, very high up, running into a cloud.

The Tale of Lunéville

The largest church of Lunéville stands beside the Mairie. A big funeral was going on; the hearse stood outside, while the mourners, like people who had taken shelter from the rain, gathered inside the church door, craning their necks at the heavens. As we entered the Mairie a bell tolled. The mourners came out and fell into line; the street grew lively again.

Monsieur Keller, the mayor, started to tell us the story of Theodor Weil, the commercial-traveler spy, when a policeman entered, saluted, and handed him, on a printed form, the report of the bomb raid. There had been no damage, except a few broken paving stones.

"You didn't notice many people on the streets, did you?" said Mayor Keller, rubbing his hands together with great satisfaction. "We've arranged all that!" And he pointed to a proclamation on the wall. It announced that, henceforth and until further notice, whosoever was found on the street after the official warning of a bomb raid would be punished with a fine and, in the case of repeated offenders, with imprisonment. "That stopped it!" said Monsieur Keller. "We couldn't make them stay indoors before; but now they're afraid of the fine."

I had intended, on beginning this article, to avoid detailed stories of what happened two years ago; but I cannot refrain from touching upon the tale of Lunéville. When the Germans came, the townsfolk recognized an old acquaintance. It was one Theodor Weil, a German commercial traveler, who had been "making" Lunéville for fifteen years and was as well known to the business community as a native. He wore now the uniform of the German Secret Service. He directed, very expertly, the quartering of the invaders. He seemed to know more about the town than the natives. When, after a few days, the Germans decided to blow up and loot some strong boxes, Herr Weil knew exactly where to go and how much money they might expect to find.

The German commander made the customary demand on Monsieur Keller, the mayor, for hostages – five of them he wanted, the five richest people in town.

"I offer myself," said the mayor.

"Ah, but you're already a hostage," said the German; "we always consider the mayor a hostage, apart from the rest."

Monsieur Keller hesitated, for he was in a quandary. The two richest people of Lunéville, a man and a woman, were both more than seventy years old, and very feeble. Should he lie? But Herr Weil, who knew so weirdly much about the town would nail the lie at once. So he came out with the truth, adding:

"These two are very old. In common humanity you should take others in their places."

"We want the richest people—not talk!" said the German. And the two old people were marched off with the rest.

Then followed a curious episode. A German soldier was found dead. The Germans laid it to the townspeople. They were about to execute the hostages and burn that quarter of the town where the body was found, when Weil, the spy, proved that a German comrade had murdered him in a quarrel over a woman.

So things rested until Saturday night, when a good many of the garrison got drunk. The commandant came to the mayor.

"You and the other hostages are to die," he said. "Your citizens have fired on us—on me!"

"What is your proof?" asked Monsieur Keller

The commandant led him to the Jewish Quarter. There lay an old laborer of the town, dead of a bullet wound.

"I was standing near this man when he was shot," said the commandant. "The bullet was undoubtedly meant for me!"

"And you would kill us on such evidence as that!" said Monsieur Keller. "Here—put a German cape and helmet on me, and let me walk beside you through the town—if you dare. At the first shot—kill me!"

The commandant accepted the challenge. He walked with Monsieur Keller through the main streets. He sent patrols up all the alleys. No one fired. Nevertheless, though the Germans spared the hostages, they took vengeance on the Jewish Quarter.

In some manner they calculated that the shot which killed the old laborer came from the house of Monsieur Weil, the elderly head rabbi of the synagogue—the identity of his name with that of the spy is merely a coincidence. They sent out a destruction squad and set fire, with incendiary tablets, to the Weil house. Rabbi Weil and his fifteen-year-old daughter tried to escape. The Germans thrust them back into the house with their bayonets. They took refuge in the cellar, where they were suffocated.

On succeeding events our witnesses held so confused a memory that we could not patch together a consecutive story. The Germans burned most of the Quarter. Everybody who appeared at a window or doorway became a target. Madame Kahn, ninety-eight years old, was killed in her bed. Her son, seventy years old, tried to escape and fell dead on his doorsill. Twenty-eight people, mostly Jews, were killed, and nearly a hundred houses burned.

Who killed that old French laborer no one knows. Before the Germans came, Monsieur Keller had his policemen gather up every weapon in the town, from a sporting shotgun to a rusty saber. These were delivered to the Germans, who made a search on their own account. The Jewish men of vigorous years, like their *confrères* of French blood, had all gone to the war. Whoever knows the law-abiding character of the Jews, and whoever knows the repressed conditions under which they still live in small Continental towns, will hesitate to believe that the murderer was a Jew—and especially a rabbi.

The Hold-Up at Lunéville

This happened on August twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth. On September fifth began the Battle of the Marne. By September seventh the advanced German Army was in full retreat. The people of Lunéville, cut off from the world, did not know this; but the Germans, thoroughly informed, must have realized that their stay was probably brief, for suddenly, on September eighth, the German commander demanded, for the crime of shooting at Germans, a ransom or fine, or whatever you may call it, of six hundred and fifty thousand francs—about $125,000. It must be paid in gold within forty-eight hours, said the officer who brought the demand; otherwise they proposed to loot and burn the city.

"And if the sum is short," said the officer, "I will return and take extreme measures."

"What if the shoe is on the other foot?" asked Monsieur Keller quite naturally.

"Don't joke with me!" said the German.

Now in the nature of things there wasn't much money in Lunéville. Monsieur Keller and his city officials collected and counted for two days and nights. The bank gave the nucleus of the sum. One woman, hitherto supposed to be poor, brought twenty thousand francs in gold to the Town Hall. A washerwoman gave two francs. When, on the stroke of the forty-eighth hour, the German officer arrived for the ransom Monsieur Keller handed it over in full. The German officer refused to give a receipt until his men had counted it.

Next day the officer was back with a note signed "V. Losser, Chief of Staff," which Monsieur Keller has framed on his wall. It set forth that the sum was one hundred and eighty francs thirty-five centimes—about $33—short. Moreover, four thousand, five hundred and sixty francs was in Austrian and Russian gold, "which is valueless in our eyes." The sum must be replaced. "*Tout sera l'affaire d'un quart d'heure,*" concludes the note—"All this will be a matter of a quarter of an hour." If the sum was not made up by that time, the bearer of the note implied, the town would be looted as a reprisal.

Possibly the Germans, who had all day been packing to leave, counted on this flaw as an excuse for blowing up the rest of the strong boxes and safes, under Weil's direction. If so, they overlooked one fact: Monsieur Keller is president of a bank and has access to its vaults at any time. He rushed over, found enough good French gold to make up the difference, and counted it into the hands of the German before the quarter of an hour had elapsed. Hard on this, the bugles blew, the garrison fell into line, and the Germans marched away to their prepared positions on the border.

The Work of the Zan-Zan

Six months later a German agent named Theodor Weil was caught instigating insurrection among the Moroccan tribes, condemned by court-martial, and shot. The people of Lunéville naturally believe that he was their old acquaintance, to whom for fifteen years they had given confidence and hospitality.

The ransom, together with the looting, knocked Lunéville flat. Only this summer was the city government able to open the schools.

Nancy, the ancient capital of Lorraine, is almost a story by itself. This city of one hundred and ten thousand inhabitants, close by the "Frontier of 1870," is one of the prettiest towns in France and one of the most engaging—a provincial capital, with ways and customs all its own. The line above Nancy was pushed back by the Battle of Lorraine to the very border, where it rests yet.

Beyond the town is a certain plateau, pitted with the old shell holes of 1914 and the new ones of 1916. From this vantage point, one day last June, I saw the line, threading glen and forest almost beneath my feet. Over beyond, so close that I could make out individual houses in the villages, was that which the geographies called Germany after 1870. On the horizon to the left lay a dark dot—the Cathedral of Metz, capital of lost Lorraine.

Now Nancy is situated like Dunkirk on the other extremity of the Eastern front; it can be reached from across the German lines by the gigantic 380-millimeter guns. On New Year's Day of this year the enemy opened, with a gun of this kind, on Nancy. At long and irregular intervals they have been doing it ever since. The people of Nancy have been given to understand that the Germans keep their big gun in a cave, concealed from prying airmen, and draw it out when they are ready to shoot; so they have named it Fafnir, after the great dragon in Siegfried. For the explosion of its shells they have borrowed a slang phrase from the sadly harassed people of Pont-à-Mousson; they call it Zan-Zan.

That gun has a twenty-mile range. It fires mainly at night. Without aëroplane direction, such a fire is necessarily inaccurate. The gunner simply shoots at Nancy as the amateur huntsman shot at the moose, "all over." It seems to serve no military end, save perhaps terrorism.

When Zan-Zan strikes a house—even the largest and finest house—the structure simply melts to dust, to broken stones and to fragments of walls. When it strikes hard pavement it does for the buildings on both sides of the street. I am asked not to mention how many men, women and children of Nancy have been killed by this intermittent bombardment. As one citizen of the town put it.

(Concluded on Page 62)

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If your skin is thin or rather sensitive, substitute a dash of *ice water* for the application of the ice itself.

Use persistently—you can't keep the charm away!

The first time you use this treatment you will begin to realize the change it is going to make in your skin. Every day it frees your skin of the tiny particles of old dead skin. Then, it cleanses the pores, brings the blood to the surface and stimulates the small muscular fibres. This keeps your skin so active that the new delicate skin which forms every day *cannot help* taking on that greater loveliness for which you have longed.

Tear out this cake and put it in your purse as a reminder to ask for Woodbury's today at your druggist's or toilet counter.

Then the ice —

USE this treatment *persistently* and in ten days or two weeks your complexion should show a decided improvement—a promise of that clearness, freshness and charm of "a skin you love to touch" which the daily use of Woodbury's always brings.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this famous skin treatment. Get a cake today and begin at once to get its benefits for *your* skin.

Write today for a week's-size cake

For 4c we will send you a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of this famous skin treatment. For 10c, the week's-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Powder. Write today! Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., 2430 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2430 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario, Canada.

For sale by dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.

NOW, MEN — *A Woodbury Shaving Stick!*

A year ago we started making this stick for our personal use.

We took the same famous formula that had made Woodbury's Facial Soap *the skin soap*—

—and added to it a very fine emollient, to soften the beard.

When it was done we found we had a very wonderful product.

It softened the beard as no other soap we had ever used.

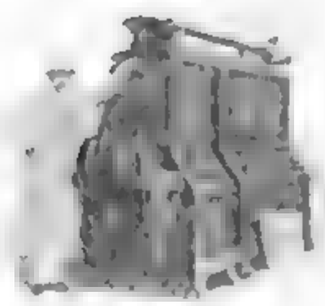
It soothed and benefited the skin, and gave it the same delightful *after feel* of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Friends to whom we presented sticks grew enthusiastic over it, and demanded others for other friends.

So now we present it to *you*.

Twenty-five cents at druggists' everywhere, or by mail from **The Andrew Jergens Co., 2430 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2430 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario, Canada.



Please Investigate This Independent Business for Your Own

H[illegible] Nation wide movement toward [illegible] town or country, [illegible] should write us and find out whether you can get [illegible]

Many making 50 to 100 per cent the first year. From $150 to $1000 per month

"Midget" MARVEL
FLOUR MILL (Self-Contained)

[illegible] turning out splendid flour themselves and families delighted with this new process and product

Sent You FREE

30 Days' Trial Offer

Anglo-American Mill Co Inc
67 73 Trust Building,
Owensboro,
Ky

Please tear [illegible] and [illegible] Free

Salt Mackerel
CODFISH, FRESH LOBSTER

FAMILIES who are fond of **FISH** can be supplied **DIRECT** from **GLOUCESTER, MASS.,** by the **FRANK E. DAVIS COMPANY,** with newly caught, **KEEPABLE OCEAN FISH,** choicer than any inland dealer could possibly furnish.

We sell **ONLY TO THE CONSUMER DIRECT,** sending by **EXPRESS RIGHT TO YOUR HOME.** We **PREPAY** express on all orders east of Kansas. Our fish are pure, appetizing and economical and we [illegible] **YOU** to try some [illegible] approval.

SALT MACKEREL, fat, meaty, juicy fish, are delicious for breakfast. They are freshly packed in brine and will not spoil on your hands.

CODFISH, as we salt it, is white, boneless and ready for instant use. It makes a substantial meal, a fine change from meat, at a much lower cost.

FRESH LOBSTER is the best thing known for [illegible]. Right from the water our [illegible] are boiled and packed in **PARCHMENT-LINED CANS.** They come to you as fine [illegible] and natural as if you took it from the shell yourself.

FRIED CLAMS is a delightful [illegible] that [illegible] will enjoy. No other flavor is [illegible] of them whether fried or made chowder.

FRESH MACKEREL, perfect for frying, **SHRIMP** [illegible] **CRABMEAT** for [illegible] or broiled, **SALMON** [illegible] **SARDINES** [illegible] **TUNNY** for salad, **SANDWICH FILLINGS** [illegible] every good thing to eat here or abroad you can get from us and keep right on your pantry shelf for regular or emergency use.

With every order we send **BOOK OF RECIPES** [illegible] for it. Our list tells how [illegible] is put up, with the delivered price so you can choose just what you will enjoy most. Send the coupon for it now.

FRANK E. DAVIS CO.
95 Central Wharf,
Gloucester,
Mass.

Frank E. Davis Co
95 Central Wharf
Gloucester, Mass.
Please send me your latest Fish Price List.
Name
Address
Street

(Concluded from Page 58)

"If the Germans find they have killed fewer than they expected they may try more often; if they find they have killed more it may whet their appetite."

It is quite impossible for the alien outsider in Nancy to go to bed in his comfortable modern hotel without remembering that, before morning, he and the whole surrounding scene may be eliminated. At twenty minutes past three A. M.—I timed it on the luminous dial of my wrist watch—of my last night in Nancy I was wakened by the clatter of bells, by a sound of running feet on the pavement outside, and by an explosion. My heart clutched and stood still. But that explosion was followed, in rapid succession, by three more. I realized then that it must be an air raid, for it takes ten minutes or so to load and fire a 380-gun. I was so relieved that I turned over and went to sleep again, illogically oblivious of the fact that an air bomb is a pretty good eliminator itself. For at Nancy, as at Lunéville, the passing German aëroplanes always take a few shots. Because it is a large city, and therefore inflammable, they often use incendiary bombs.

Certainly the people of Nancy, those canny, shrewd Lorrainese, who have been called the Scotchmen of France, live in terror of Fafnir. But living in terror is a different thing from acting on the impulse of terror. Few people have left the city. The tramcars run; the cinema shows are open; the shops—served usually by the women—offer all the necessities and most of the luxuries.

Children Unafraid of Bombs

Yet, as I have said, it is impossible to keep the thought of Fafnir entirely out of one's intelligence. I dined one night, amid charming company, in a gracious household of Nancy. It was rather a gala occasion; with the present restrictions on travel, visitors from the world without are a little uncommon in these beleaguered districts. Now and then, amid the gay talk and the really wise conversation, the thought would recur: Quite possibly in one blinding, bursting instant the tasteful old house, the fine collections of Lorraine antiques, the ancestral portraits, the hosts, the guests, the aged family butler, the pretty daughters—all that made this picture of charming social intercourse—might vanish into atoms and primordial chaos.

As a matter of fact, there have been some narrow escapes from larger loss of life. By great good fortune the first shells of Fafnir's bombardments have generally struck open places, giving the inhabitants warning to run for those vaulted cellars which in these days have become the strongholds of civilian France.

Once, on the first shell of a bombardment, Monsieur Leon Mirman, the efficient prefect of the district, ordered all the schools and workshops cleared. As the shells fell, the police reported the results, either in person or by telephone. So the news came that a certain girl's primary school was struck. Monsieur Mirman glanced at the list of schools and factories before him—and his blood ran cold. Whoever made up the list had omitted that school!

He was frozen with horror as he jumped into his automobile. It was true; the school was only a mass of broken stones. The ruins still smoked; but he and his policemen rushed into the wreckage. From somewhere at the back a woman's voice hailed them. She was standing at a cellar trapdoor, which the bombardment had not covered. And inside the vaulted cellar were all the little girls, quite unhurt. The woman principal had moved them, at the sound of the first shell, to this place of refuge. So loud were the other explosions that when this one wrecked their school the children only said:

"That came pretty near!"

As most observers have remarked, Paris has few idle hands now. Not to be working at something for the Republic in her time of need figures as a disgrace. If this is true of the capital, it is doubly true of Nancy, mother city to a stricken province, a gateway to the great line. The unhoused people of the devastated district have poured into this provincial capital. Near the town, in old barracks, the private charity of Nancy, with help from outside, is maintaining thirty-five hundred refugees.

There are, for example, the people of Nomeny, a town where the Germans behaved exceptionally badly at the beginning, and which is now so near the Front that it has been nearly eliminated by the guns. There are the children of Pont-à-Mousson. That city is crumbling too. We were to have seen it on our travels, but on the morning set for the visit the staff officers would not let us go, the town was under such heavy bombardment. But its stout, home-loving burghers mostly refuse to leave. However, they have sent out their children to this refugee home.

Volunteer women teachers of Nancy are running schools for them, and for the other child refugees in this camp. Such men among these guests of Nancy as are not too old for work can get employment in the fields. The younger women have gone to the munitions works. The older are knitting or sewing for the army. There is a chapel; there is an amusement hall, with a moving-picture show nearly every night. Heaven bless the man who invented the moving picture! He can never know how much he has done to relieve the strain of this war.

There is a story of infinite pathos and tragedy, and often, so curious is war, of infinite humor, in every refugee at this camp. Most picturesque of all is the tale of Charles Derlan, a straight, pleasant sixteen-year-old boy, whom we found in the hospital helping his mother nurse the wounded. He wore a natty soldier uniform, with the Cross of War on the left breast; the two notched chevrons above his left biceps showed that he had served more than eighteen months at the front; the corresponding single chevron, above his right biceps, that he had been wounded and returned to his command.

He lived at Pont-à-Mousson. In the first month of the war his father fell in action near that town. Thereupon young Derlan, only fourteen at the time, offered himself to the regiment in his father's place. They could not enlist him legally, but he was so persistent that at last they gave him a uniform and made him a messenger. He got his wound and his Cross of War for valor under fire; he went back—this time, by another breach of the rules, to carry a gun. His second wound was in the abdomen; the surgeons ruled that it made him useless for military purposes, and "reformed" him. But he is not taking that for a refusal. He believes that he can still act as a motorcycle messenger and has already applied for the job.

Sewing Circles Under Fire

As an example of the picturesque war charities proceeding at Nancy, I cite only the following one among many:

One evening a committee of ladies showed me a collection of marvelous French needlework—tablecloths, napkins, handkerchiefs, infants' clothes, and the like—going to Cleveland, Ohio, for sale. Every piece bore in the corner that device of a turreted bridge which is the arms of Pont-à-Mousson.

"The women there are making them in the cellars," said one of these ladies. "They have nothing else to do—poor things! On days when the bombardment isn't heavy one of us goes up by automobile to take in the linen and bring out the finished work. Look here!" And she showed a set of half a dozen fine handkerchiefs. "The woman who made these wrote us that she was sorry her consignment was late. She had half a dozen ready last week, but a shell struck her house and destroyed two of them—'which I had carelessly left upstairs,' she wrote—and she had to make two more!"

That particular set of handkerchiefs, let me remark, never reached Cleveland. I am only human. I bought them on the spot.

Somewhere, in the confusion of American comment on the war, I have come across the remark that the physical destruction of Armageddon is, after all, infinitesimal in comparison with the whole wealth of Europe. This, I take it, is a fairly misleading statement of a situation that will be a problem for many years. The property loss in the San Francisco disaster was infinitesimal compared with the whole wealth of the United States. Yet the elimination of property values, the wealth drawn from normal uses for the rebuilding, was a contributing cause, if not the main cause, for the panic of 1907. Success and failure, prosperity and poverty, proceed in this modern world by pretty narrow margins.

Let me confine myself for the moment to this region behind the Eastern French front. Such statistics as there are would go to prove that in population affected, in number of houses destroyed, it was a lesser disaster than that of San Francisco. It is my general impression—there are no complete statistics as yet to prove or disprove it—that the Lorraine disaster was perhaps even greater than the San Francisco disaster. The great fire wiped out a number of skyscrapers; there is no parallel for them in Northern France. On the other hand, the characteristic dwelling house of the old American city before the fire was of flimsy redwood, while the characteristic dwelling house of Northern France was of stout stone construction, built for all time. Nowhere in America do we erect such substantial houses.

There is another factor, which I have never seen mentioned in print: The roads of France, the model roads of the world, were a great national asset. They made agricultural transportation easy, and France is preëminently the agricultural nation of Western Europe. During the past fifteen years they had brought great wealth of another kind. These roads, together with the excellent wayside inns, made France the motorists' paradise. All the wealthy of two continents went to France for their touring.

Now San Francisco lost a few miles of city paving. France, besides some city paving in such towns as Verdun and Pont-à-Mousson, has lost, in the Lorraine sector alone, hundreds and hundreds of miles of these great roads. Along the whole line she has lost thousands of miles, for continuous army traffic simply murders roads. The army, it is true, keeps them in a kind of temporary repair for its own use; but, before they can ever be brought back to their former state, they must be built again from the foundation up.

The Land of Ruins

There is another factor—the destruction of the irreplaceable. In the San Francisco disaster no irreplaceable property was lost, except a few paintings. Everywhere, in the Armageddon disaster, there have perished things like the church at Clermont-en-Argonne, like the better-known Rheims Cathedral, which can never be restored to France. Now irreplaceable art is a financial asset. Italy, viewing the subject in terms of dollars and cents alone, could better afford to lose most of her northern factories than two or three square miles of Florence.

Still further, San Francisco managed to resume business and production almost at once. Here, after two years, all industry except agriculture is still flattened out, and must be so until the war ends.

This takes account only of the section behind the Verdun, Lorraine and Argonne lines; but the wreckage of calamity stretches from Belfort to the sea. There is the district about Soissons, as wantonly devastated as Lorraine. The line runs for four hundred miles through village after village—a belt, say, ten miles wide, in which few works of man will be standing when the truce comes.

The British and French communiqués daily mention new towns taken; by the time they are taken there remains of them only ruin. There is Rheims—one hundred and ten thousand inhabitants—of which a quarter to a third is ruined, with the rest going fast. There is Ypres—twenty-five thousand inhabitants—which is all gone; there is the knot of Flemish towns, like Hasbrouck, about Ypres. There is Dunkirk thirty-eight thousand—almost equally banged to pieces. There is Belgium, from whose hills, in the days when the Germans first came, I sometimes saw the villages smoking in every direction.

And this takes account only of the Western line. It does not reckon the Italian front, Poland, East Prussia, the Baltic Provinces or Serbia. It does not reckon, either, with the speculative future of Northern France inside the German lines. If the Germans are forced to fall back again, may they not repeat the history of September, 1914?

No; on that Franco-British front alone there are many San Francisco disasters. The work the Quakers have begun is mostly yet to do. France may need in this the help of a world, for whose liberties, along with her own, she is now fighting.

Dress

IN all animals, except humans, the male is more gorgeous in appearance than the female. It is the male who attracts the opposite sex by his fine looks. This is the law of life and its continuance.

The reverse is true in the human race. Woman attracts. Her appearance means to her life and the continuation of life. Her passion for dress is primal.

Every man who has had a sister, a mother, a wife or a daughter has marveled at the depth of interest women have in clothes. Not some women; all women.

Woman's interest in dress is not frivolity. It is more than a matter of interest; it is an instinct—the instinct for motherhood.

The unconsciousness that many women have of this motive in dressing is a proof of its instinctiveness. Many women are not interested in child-bearing, are not interested apparently in the opposite sex; but every woman, of every age, is interested in dress and style, which is the art of dress.

This interest or instinct is based not on the desire but on the need of attracting the male. Dress instinct in women is as deep as, and one with, the instinct for the continuation of the race.

Proof of women's profound universal interest in dress is the depth and breadth of Butterick's growth. For this interest in dress is the solid rock on which the House of Butterick was founded.

Over half a century ago Butterick first made it possible for women to make their own clothes well, economically and stylishly.

Women soon came to regard Butterick as the authority in matters of dress. The Butterick organization grew until it had bureaux in the foreign style centers and representatives all over the face of the globe and gave the styles and improvements in dress simultaneously to women everywhere.

Butterick became the great authoritative clearing house for the dress ideas of the world.

Butterick has had more influence over women in the matter of clothes than any other institution in the history of the world.

Butterick's authority in dress has given it a uniquely strong following among women. With the same recognized authority, Butterick publications speak to their millions of readers on the two other great elementals of life—food and shelter.

THE DESIGNER

THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE

THE Delineator

Great merchants install the Butterick service exclusively in their stores. Manufacturers take advantage of the Butterick magazines to give their messages to the Butterick audience of millions of devoted women.

Butterick has become the great force in merchandising articles of interest to womankind.

Butterick

26 EXTRA FEATURES
73 NEW CONCEPTIONS

Mitchell Mid-Year Model

20% EXTRA VALUE
DUE TO FACTORY EFFICIENCY

John W. Bate Tells Experts

How to Build Luxurious Cars

John W. Bate's definition of efficiency is this: "Doing everything in the best way that anybody knows."

The Mitchell car, in every detail, exemplifies that idea. Mr. Bate has spent years in our shops to insure this. And he spent one year in Europe to see if any foreign experts did anything better than he did.

Let us illustrate how that principle was applied to the bodies on the Mid-Year Mitchell.

257 Models Examined

Mitchell bodies—opened and closed—are designed by artists, and built by experts in the body-building art.

Mr. Bate's instructions to them were: "First learn all that others know. Start with that, then add the best you can."

So these experts examined 257 new models. They studied all of the latest productions, European and American. Not a new idea, not a dainty touch escaped them.

Then they designed the six body styles for the Mid-Year Mitchell. Some of them have just been finished. Each is exquisite and complete. Not a luxury is missing.

You will find in these the apex of the body-building art.

Now Two Cars in One

One modern idea has met a long-felt want. That is, the all-season models—cars for all weathers in one.

The Springfield type is a Sedan, with disappearing plate-glass sides. In the Mitchell this is a luxurious car with seats for seven. With the windows down it becomes a Touring Car. So you have what you want, any hour of any day—a Touring Car or a Sedan.

The Cabriolet is a 3-passenger Coupé. But the top falls back and the windows drop. Then you have an open Roadster.

Even in the Mitchell Limousine all windows are made to drop. Also in the Mitchell 4-passenger Coupé. They are all open-air cars when the weather is inviting.

As for other attractions, we must ask you to see them. They are numbered by the score. All that you see in other cars are here, and some that you never saw. Even the Mitchell Touring Car has 26 extra features.

Mr. Bate's 40-Year Cars

The Mitchell is the only car built under Mr. Bate's efficiency methods. It is built in a factory which he designed, by machinery which he installed. And by methods which have cut our factory cost in two.

Because of these economies it offers much extra value—at least 20 per cent, we believe. It embodies many costly features which other cars omit. It is built to standards which would be impossible at the Mitchell price—without this factory efficiency. To every part Mr. Bate has given at least 50 per cent over-strength.

As a result, two Bate-built Mitchells have already run over 200,000 miles each. That's forty years of ordinary service. Seven of them have averaged over 175,000 miles each. We seem to have a lifetime car, which Mr. Bate has aimed at.

Your Mitchell dealer can prove to you that the ablest engineers are now buying Mitchells. He will show you a list of them—men of nation-wide fame. We believe that one hour spent inspecting this car will bring you to the Mitchell too. In a single year the demand for this car has trebled.

Go see what John W. Bate has done. Do this in justice to yourself.

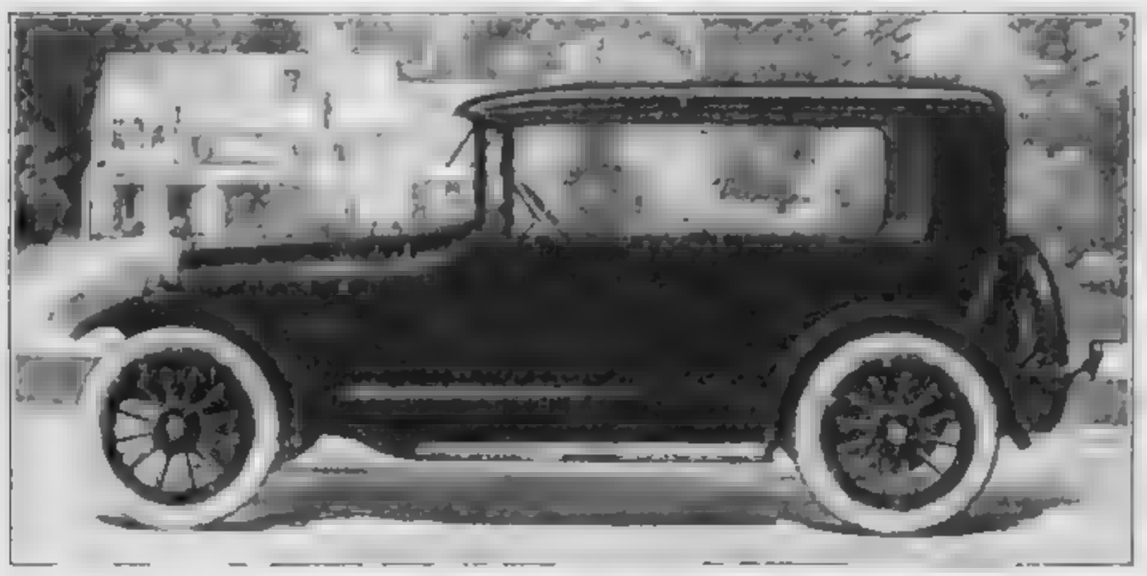
$1325 F. o. b. Racine

For 5-Passenger Touring Car or 3-Passenger Roadster

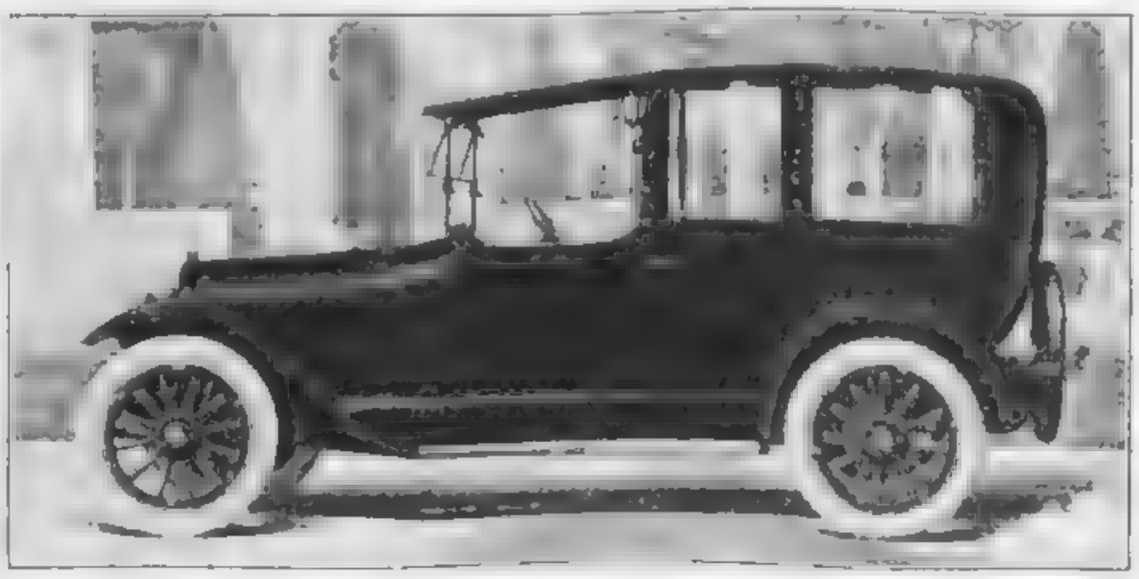
7-Passenger Touring Body, $35 Extra
Equipped With Demountable Top Only, $300 Extra

High-speed economical Six—48 horsepower—127-inch wheelbase. Complete equipment including 26 extra features. Also five types of closed bodies

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc., Racine, Wis., U. S. A.



Mitchell Sedan, the Springfield type of body with windows down. An open touring car or a plate-glass Sedan. A minute will change it from one to the other. Price $1985, f. o. b. Racine



The Mitchell Limousine—7-passenger—with more luxuries, conveniences and comforts than you have ever seen in a closed car. Price $2650, f. o. b. Racine

Is Your Spare Time Worth $20.00 a Week?

We need a large number of representatives to handle the renewals of subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* which will expire between now and the end of the year.

In each neighborhood there is an unusual opportunity for a man or a woman of good address and personality.

In YOUR neighborhood, among the persons YOU can reach, are doubtless scores of our readers whose subscriptions are about to expire. Most of them will renew their subscriptions. They will give you their orders if you interview them.

For each such renewal and for each new subscription you obtain for us, we will pay you a liberal profit.

Your earnings can far exceed the modest estimate suggested in the title of this advertisement.

During the remaining months of 1916 many thousands of dollars will be paid to our subscription workers. To secure your share of this amount you should enlist at once as our representative.

Just as soon as we receive your letter we will give you full directions. Address

AGENCY DIVISION, BOX 620

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA

OUR MOST HUMAN INDUSTRY

(Concluded from Page 12)

that the old lady can see it and the dredging company can pay dividends with it. But not all! Nature has about as little liking for anything in the shape of one hundred per cent efficiency as she has for a vacuum; and in all dredging ground, after the material has been worked over—no matter how high the proportion of recovery—there is always plenty of gold left for posterity. Some of it is lost because it is too fine to be secured by any present process. How fine such gold can be is shown in an interesting demonstration familiar to engineers. Some of this gold is caught in a bottle as it flows away and allowed to stand. At the end of two or three hours it will not have settled. Then a gold dredge tilts a bit in the water as it works this way and that; and, as gold-saving tables for such lean dirt must be delicately adjusted to gravity, their adjustment varies with the movements of the dredge and some of the recoverable gold floats away.

And there is a variety of "rusty gold," which consists of fine particles coated with iron and silica. This prevents amalgamation with the quicksilver used to catch the precious metal and only the heavier particles are saved. Recovery methods are being improved all the time, but ground worked over ten years ago by the best apparatus then known contains so much unrecovered gold that it might almost be dredged again with machinery of the latest type, and probably will be at some future time when methods have advanced as far over those now used as the modern dredge advanced over the pan and rocker.

The dredge collects more than gold. There are traces of rarer metals, like platinum, iridium and osmium, which pass away in the waste sands. Where the ground is in one of the famous old placer districts worked by the Argonaut and the Chinaman, the recovery apparatus sifts out every description of relic and junk—American and Chinese coins, bullets, shot, nails, buttons. In the gravel that is thrown off by the screens, which goes out on the stacking belt, there are sometimes found implements belonging to prehistoric man.

In the Wake of the Dredge

The stacker of a gold dredge is interesting—not so much for itself, because it is just an endless belt that carries the biggest waste back of the boat and dumps it in a pile, but because dredging was long hampered in the West by laws passed to restrict it, on the complaints of farmers that it ruined the land for agricultural purposes.

Miners contend, and with considerable justice, that most of the land worked by dredges is unfit for farming, and probably always will be; and that, therefore, it does not greatly matter how it is tossed about. But farmers outvote miners, and the old restrictions against pollution of streams with sand, imposed on the hydraulic miners, were enforced against the dredgers. The latter finally secured freedom to develop their industry by building dams that catch the sand before it can flow away into irrigation water, damaging lands downstream; and, to meet the objections of conservationists, who want even the soil that is dredged left in such shape that it can be planted, they have been conducting experiments in forestry.

Dredging now yields nearly fifteen per cent of all the gold produced in the United States and forty per cent of California's important output. All told, there must now be working through the West a fleet of at least one hundred and fifty of these boats. California has sixty and Alaska fifty; and Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Oregon, New Mexico and Nevada have dredging projects.

All this gold recovered by dredging is an addition to our wealth that could have been secured in no other way. For the dredge, besides making a factory profit out of dirt of marvelous leanness, will lift it from depths under water where it could not be reached otherwise, or work it over where water is too scarce for any other kind of mining, or wash the gold out of it in localities so level that water could not be used effectively, even if it was plentiful.

Give the gold dredge enough water to float in its tiny self-made ocean, and it will do the rest.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by James H. Collins. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

Insure Now Against Tire Trouble

Most motorists buy the Goodyear Tire Saver Kit for the same reason they insure their cars against fire and theft. They want a sense of security.

You may seldom have tire trouble on the road, but you like to know that if trouble *should* come, you are prepared.

You get this peace of mind when you carry in your car a Goodyear Tire Saver Kit.

It is your emergency case, and contains all you need to make repairs on the road—tube patches, cement, protection patches, tire tape, talc, a pressure gauge, and valve plungers.

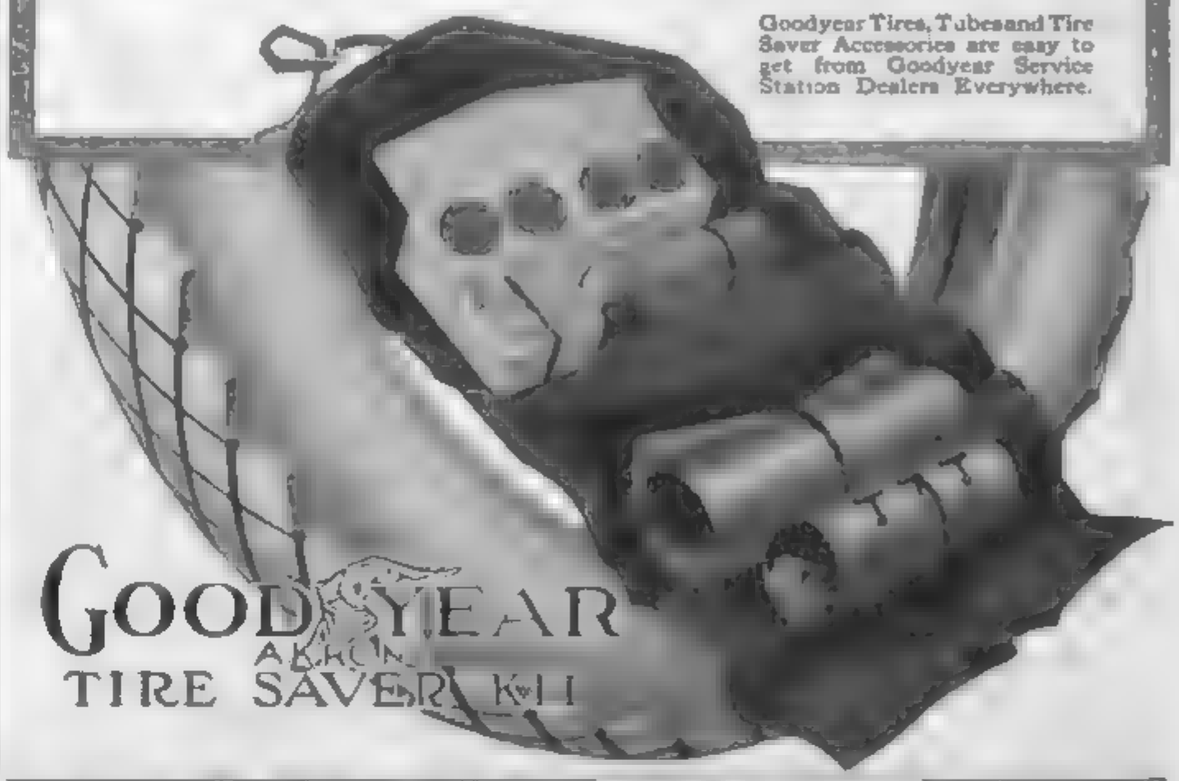
All in a neat, compact canvas roll—the most convenient form for carrying these essentials.

Three sizes, one for 3 and 3½ inch tires, $3.50; 4 and 4½ inch, $3.75; 5 and 5½ inch, $4. Don't let another day go by without a Goodyear Tire Saver Kit.

Get one from the nearest Goodyear Service Station Dealer.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

Goodyear Tires, Tubes and Tire Saver Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers Everywhere.



No, She Will Not Have Corns!

Those pretty shoes may bring corns. But the corns won't ache. And they will not stay.

For she is a Blue-jay user.

When she first feels a corn she applies Blue-jay. That prevents all pain. And generally in two days the corn disappears.

Millions now deal with corns that way. They never suffer, never keep a corn. What they do, you can do.

Paring never ends a corn. Harsh acids may cause soreness.

But here is a little, thin plaster, holding a wondrous wax. It is scientific, gentle, sure. It is ending a million corns a month.

Let it prove that corns are needless. Then you never again will have them. Please try it on one corn tonight.

BAUER & BLACK
Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc

Blue-jay

Ends Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists

Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

Test Conclusive

It would be difficult when purchasing a machine, say an automobile or a lifting crane, to test to your own satisfaction every drop forged part in its composition. Yet it is essential that these parts be flawless. How then can you tell? There is one sure way. Do as experts in such matters have been doing for years—find out if the drop forged work has been done by the Billings & Spencer Co., and look for the famous triangle trademark, your assurance of absolute safety.

The same principle holds true also when purchasing tools.

THE BILLINGS & SPENCER CO.
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HENCE THESE TEARS

(Concluded from Page 10)

I was astonished. The idea of Jake's openly flouting my authority enraged me, and about halfway through my shaving I flung down my razor and started, without even removing the lather from my unshorn right mump. Roughly it was my intention to find Jake and wring his neck.

I went round the end of the garage, where we stored the tractors, and a sight met my eyes. Jake was sitting on an upturned pail, indulging himself in wailings. His mouth was open and he was plunking dismally on the four strings. I don't suppose he had ever before plumbed such melancholy depths.

Before him, sitting on the ground in deep despair, was Mary Porter; and to my amazement she was crying again.

The combination of deplorable circumstances upset me and, with a yell of rage, I started to separate Jake from both his instrument and his life. "What did I tell you about that thing?" I roared.

Jake stopped playing and thrust the ukulele up in the air.

"You wait a minute, Andy," he began. "You're too darned "

"I won't wait a second," I responded, working in close to him. "I told you never to play that cursed thing round here, and now I'm going to bust it!"

"Yes; you are going to bust it!" Jake answered. "You try it, you crazy little shrimp! You'd better go in and wash your face."

He pushed me away violently, still holding his beloved instrument up in the air. I receded; and when I came back at him I was going full speed and the fight was on. Jake and I have had about forty battles, and generally I won; in fact, I always win a fight with Jake. But this was Sunday morning, I was only half shaved, I had on my fourteen-dollar white pants, and there was a lady present—all of which was a handicap. As I went into Jake, headfirst, I was thinking principally of my pants and would anything happen to them?

It wasn't a real fight at that. What I most feared suddenly came true and I realized that the battle must cease. In moving me round to one side, where he could suppress me best, Jake shoved me against the garage; and as I staggered back an important part of the white pants collided with a projecting nail. I heard the warning noise and began signaling Jake to quit firing and get in front of me.

You can't be suffused with blushes when your face is lathered, but under the surface I was very red and embarrassed. I looked over at Mary. She had stopped crying and was choking to death. Laugh! I have seen people on the verge of hysterics and they were sober of face compared with Mary Porter at that moment.

"Lemme go!" I whispered fiercely to Jake. "My pants are torn."

Jake looked round and I pulled myself free, having no earthly desire except to sidle away to shelter. I moved rapidly, but not too fast to see Mary. She was leaning against the garage, weak with mirth, her arms by her sides and the tears of laughter running down her ornamental countenance.

That was about nine or ten o'clock in the morning; and exactly two hours later I heard the creaking of the station buckboard, and when I looked out Jake was stopping in front of the ranch house and Mary was coming down the steps, followed by the Chinaman and all her baggage.

Mary was still wabbly. Every now and then she wiped her eyes. And then the buckboard started, before I could ask a single question, my condition of dress being one for staying in the house. Jake came back early in the afternoon, alone, and a cold wave of gloom surrounded and preceded him. He got down and began unhitching without noticing me.

"Well?" I demanded. "Are you going to tell me the answer or do I have to knock it out of you? Why did she leave? Where's she gone?"

"She has gone back to the Coast," Jake said with an air of forced calm.

He paused for a minute and went on pulling at a buckle, after which he looked up at me and nodded his head slowly.

"Andy," he said, "I'm your friend, and you're going to need friends. You certainly have balled things up on the Porter Ranch. In a long career of bonehead stunts this is your crowning effort. I don't know how you do it—unless it's a gift."

"What did I do?" I inquired. "I saved Mary Porter from ——"

"You didn't save her, Andy," Jake responded patiently and in kind tones. "You've just ruined her entire future life—that's what you've done. You drove her away from this ranch at a time that was critical in her affairs. That's one thing. Next, you chased the tractor man away and thereby tore twenty thousand dollars off the boss' roll, for which you will suffer. To my mind, that's bad; but I'm sorry most for Mary, because she was ambitious and earnest, and now you've smashed her career.

"There was never anything between Mary and Mr. Marseeno. Not a darn thing! She never met the man until she saw him on this ranch. She didn't come here to meet him. She came here to cry."

"Well," I said; "go on! If she came here to weep she certainly won that bet. Every time I looked at her she was in the middle of a salt pool."

"She came here," Jake continued, "to learn to cry. And she couldn't tell anybody about it, because of her father. Up there on the Coast a moving-picture company gave her a chance, and when she went into rehearsal she was all right except in one thing. She couldn't pass quick enough from laughter to tears, and the director told her it was only a matter of practice; so she packed up and selected this ranch as the saddest place she knew of. She came down here with the single intention of learning to cry in a hurry; and she'd about got so she could pass from mirth to tears in thirty seconds when you took a helping hand in the game.

"The picture," Jake went on mournfully, "was called A Modern Niobe, and Mary was to be the star, provided she could pick up speed on the tears, because there's a heap of weeping to be done and you can't hold back the camera. Do you begin to see what you've done?"

"Go on!" I said weakly, leaning against the shaft.

"That's about all," Jake said. "Mary didn't dislike you on account of your character. You ain't a humorous person, but you struck her as being funny to look at, partly on account of the face God gave you and also due to those red things under your ears. Having one short week to learn the art of speedy crying, she couldn't afford to stand round laughing at you, could she?"

"Why'n't she tell me?"

"Because you're her dad's foreman. And her dad would die if he thought she was trying to be an actress. She told nobody."

"Except you," I stated.

"She had to tell me!" Jake snorted. "After you chased Ettory Marseeno there wasn't anyone to help her cry; so she told me about the job and how hard she was trying to make it. She's a fine girl, Andy. You ought to feel rotten about this."

"I do!" I agreed miserably.

"That's why I got out the ukulele," he went on. "That was the last straw. She told me on the ride in that when she began laughing this morning she knew the moving-picture job was gone for good. So, adding it all up, you've wrecked a girl's chance to be a great actress, and you've killed the boss' last opportunity to sell them tractors. What he'll do to you when he finds that Marseeno has gone ——"

"What do you reckon I'd better do?" I asked Jake humbly.

"You'd better take a vacation," he advised. "When he gets in from Houston you'd better be somewhere else."

Jake walked away with the horse, leaving behind him a bruised and misunderstood soul; and that about ends up the facts. I am going to begin packing my little black bag and it looks to me as though there is a trip ahead of me that will remove me to some distance off. I certainly don't want to be the first to shake Boss Porter's hand when he hops off the Houston train, and it will be safer all round for me to go extensively elsewhere.

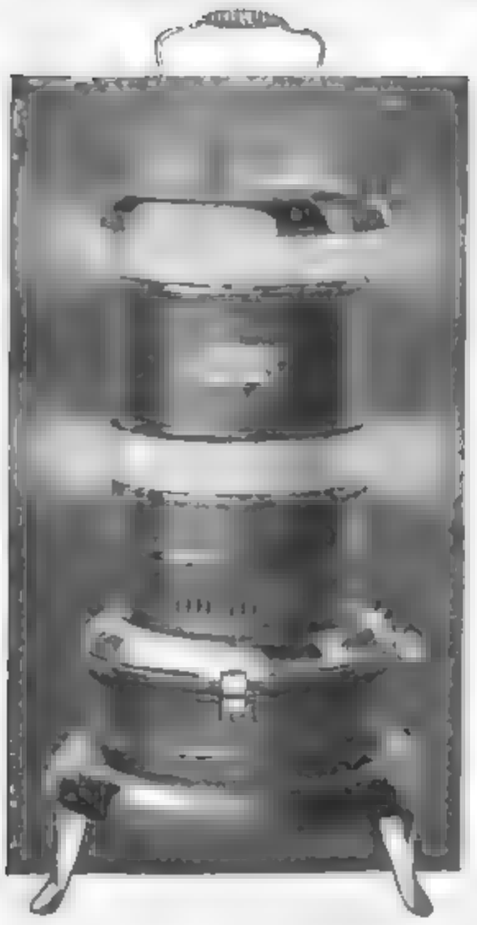
"Where'll I go?" I asked Jake yesterday.

"To the West Coast," Jake advised. "Safety first!"

"But I don't like California."

"And I don't mean California," Jake went on. "I mean the West Coast of Africa. Boss Porter's going to be right mad about those tractors."

And that's the way things stand at the present sorrowful moment.

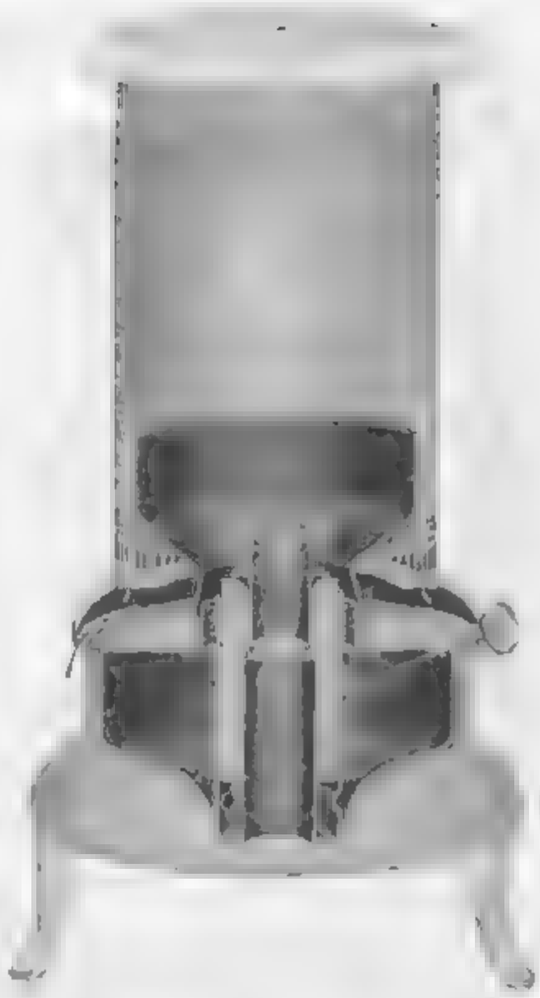


The Latest Word In Oil Heaters

Safe, Cheerful, Ornamental—The Flame Spreader is an Automatic Wick Stop which Prevents Smoking—Light It and Forget It

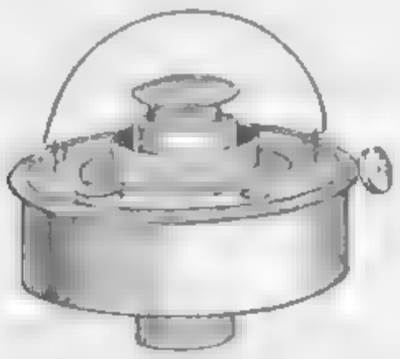
FOR only $5 you can get this latest addition to the Florence Oil Heater family—Series No. 860. Besides its reasonable cost—besides its great mechanical superiority and simplicity, this is "*the oil heater with the cheerful glow.*"

For a wide band of perforations surrounds the center of the heating drum. Through this ring when the heater is lighted, you see its cheerful, heat-giving glow—no glare. Pleasing as the open fire-place. Yet requiring less care than an ordinary lamp.



FLORENCE Oil Heaters

Some one has called this new Florence the "Obvious Oil Heater," because it is understood so easily and because its use, when one wants heat, seems the most natural thing in the world. Its exclusive features make its leadership certain. And it *will* keep you "warm as toast." It has great heat capacity.



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The oil reservoir is made of the fewest parts. All non-essentials are eliminated. The reservoir has a bail for carrying, so arranged that, when raised, it locks and the reservoir does not tip and slop the oil. There is a special oil indicator which shows, at all times, the amount of oil in the reservoir.

The flame burns from the side of the wick, and the wick stop, which is also an extinguisher, rests on top of the wick. It is a part of the flame spreader.

This Florence Spreader securely holds the wick and makes it impossible to turn it too high, thus preventing smoke and odor. It is proof against carelessness. A child can use it with perfect safety.

The Inner Combustion Drum—patent applied for—similar to the base-burner idea—keeps the intense heat of the flame from striking the handsome outer shell—keeps it from discoloring the metal and making it unsightly. The double wall, with its air spaces, also keeps the oil reservoir below comparatively cool. No trouble to re-wick

FLORENCE UNIVERSAL WICKS come all ready, set in a metal carrier. To re-wick, pull out the old wick, carrier and all, and throw it away, and slip in a new one, all trimmed to size and ready.

This heater can be carried anywhere by the handy bail with cold handle. Water can be heated on top. Just open the damper if you want additional heat on the kettle.

Admiral Peary took Florence Stoves with him on his famous trip to the North Pole because he had found them absolutely reliable on previous journeys. Let Florence Heaters keep your home from being like the North Pole—or "as cold as Greenland."

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Florence Oil Heaters are sold by best dealers. They will be glad to show them to you. If, however, your dealer cannot supply you right away, write to us for free booklet and we shall be pleased to show you how you can secure one or more of these heaters at no trouble to yourself. Please mention your dealer's name.

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These heaters, if not the "last word," are certainly the "latest word" in simple, economical, efficient and attractive Oil Heaters. They appeal to you just as they do to the customers, when once you see them.

The wonderful success this year of the Florence Automatic Oil Stove—the high grade oil stove of the country—has stimulated us to devise and put out the finest oil heater yet made. We shall be glad to make good on these strong claims, and if you are not already acquainted with the merits of the new Florence Oil Heater (Series No. 860) we shall be delighted to give you complete information.

As a line so good that it is going to grow, and grow in popular favor, we are sure you will be enough interested to want to know more about it and your questions will have prompt answer.

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There Are Thousands of Fires Like This Every Year Which Destroy Many Millions of Dollars of Valuables and Records Just Like Yours, That Neither Time Nor Money Can Ever Replace

Are You Ready?

Before *your* fire comes, arouse yourself to the realization of what such a calamity would mean to you in your present state of unpreparedness.

You are not *safe* even in a fireproof building. Time and again fireproof buildings have been gutted and their contents destroyed. This fiercely burning building in the picture was "fireproof"—but everything in it, except the contents of two SAFE-CABINETS, was utterly destroyed or wholly incinerated.

The $10,000,000 Augusta, Ga., Fire. The Tall Building on the left is the "Fireproof" Chronicle Building

Don't Take Chances

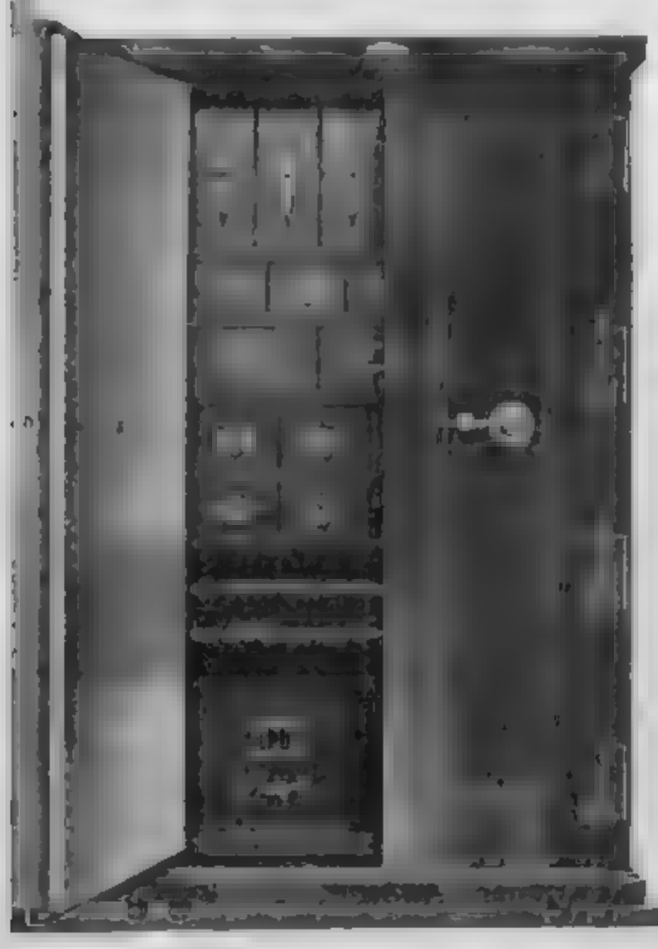
You don't have to be told that "Fire plays no favorites." You know it. But do you think about it—do you prepare for it? Or do you lull yourself into that peaceful sense of security, believing that while others may suffer from fire it is somehow not possible that fire should ever visit you?

It is folly to tempt fate in this way. The very next fire may be visited upon you and destroy the vital part of your business—your irreplaceable records.

Let This Be a Warning of *Your* Prompt Need of Fire Protection—Let It Burn Into Your Consciousness in Letters of Fire

The chances you are taking by inadequate fire protection, you yourself would consider almost criminal if applied to your business in other ways. Just try to realize that one-fourth as much as America builds each year is destroyed by fire. With that ratio of destruction—in fireproof as well as other buildings—what chance have *you* for continued immunity? Your correspondence, records of orders and unfinished business, abstracts, insurance papers, etc., are the most vital elements of your business. Upon many such things you cannot get money protection. And in most cases money will never replace them.

You Should Protect Your Records AT ONCE. You owe it to yourself, your business or the firm which employs and trusts you—as the case may be—to get the best fire protection known for the valuable records, etc., that *you* are responsible for.



THE SAFE-CABINET Is the Most Practicable Protection Against Fire That Is Known

The fiercest fires, the crushing force of falling walls, the floods of cold streams of water—have failed to injure the contents of THE SAFE-CABINET which have been subjected to such conditions. It has twice the capacity of the average iron safe of the same size, weighs only a third as much, costs far less and will house any standard filing devices in use. We could fill every page of this issue of The Saturday Evening Post with proofs of cases where THE SAFE-CABINET gave protection to its contents under the most terrific conditions of fire.

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PICCADILLY JIM

(Continued from Page 20)

Most of them are the sort any country would be glad to get rid of; but he used to work once, so you can't excuse him on the ground that he hasn't the sense to know what he's doing. He's deliberately chosen to loaf about London and make a pest of himself. He went to pieces with his eyes open. He's a perfect, utter, hopeless worm!"

Jimmy had never been very fond of the orchestra at the Regent Grill, holding the view that it interfered with conversation and made for an unhygienic rapidity of mastication; but he was profoundly grateful to it now for bursting suddenly into La Bohème, the loudest item in its repertory. Under cover of that protective din he was able to toy with a steaming dish which his waiter had brought. Probably that girl was saying all sorts of things about him still, but he could not hear them.

The music died away. For a moment the tortured air quivered in comparative silence; then the girl's voice spoke again. She had, however, selected another topic of conversation.

"I've seen all I want to of England," she said. "I've seen Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament and His Majesty's Theater and the Savoy and the Cheshire Cheese, and I've developed a frightful homesickness. Why shouldn't we go back to-morrow?"

For the first time in the proceedings the elder woman spoke. She cast aside her mantle of gloom long enough to say "Yes," then wrapped it round her again. The little man, who had apparently been waiting for her vote before giving his own, said that the sooner he was on board a New-York-bound boat the better he would be pleased. The stout boy said nothing. He had finished his fish pie and was now attacking jam roll with a sort of morose resolution.

"There's certain to be a boat," said the girl. "There always is. You've got to say that for England—it's an easy place to get back to America from." She paused. "What I can't understand is how, after having been in America and knowing what it was like, Jimmy Crocker could stand living ——"

The waiter had come to Jimmy's side, bearing cheese; but Jimmy looked at it with dislike and shook his head in silent negation. He was about to depart from this place. His capacity for absorbing home truths about himself was exhausted. He placed a noiseless sovereign on the table, caught the waiter's eye, registered renunciation and departed soft-footed down the aisle. The waiter, a man who had never been able to bring himself to believe in miracles, revised the views of a lifetime. He looked at the sovereign, then at Jimmy, then at the sovereign again. Then he took up the coin and bit it furtively.

A few minutes later a hat-check boy, untipped for the first time in his predatory career, was staring at Jimmy with equal intensity but with far different feelings. Speechless concern was limned on his young face.

The commissionaire at the Piccadilly entrance of the restaurant touched his hat ingratiatingly, with the smug confidence of a man who is accustomed to getting sixpence a time for doing it.

"Taxi, Mr. Crocker?"

"A worm," said Jimmy.

"Beg pardon, sir?"

"Always drinking," explained Jimmy, "and making a pest of himself."

He passed on. The commissionaire stared after him as intently as the waiter and the hat-check boy. He had sometimes known Mr. Crocker like this after supper, but never before during the luncheon hour.

Jimmy made his way to his club in Northumberland Avenue. For perhaps an hour he sat in a condition of coma in the smoking room, then, his mind made up, he went to one of the writing tables. He sat awaiting inspiration for some minutes, then began to write. The letter he wrote was to his father.

"*Dear Dad:* I have been thinking over what we talked about this morning, and it seems to me the best thing I can do is to drop out of sight for a brief space. If I stay on in London I am likely at any moment to pull some bone like last night's which will spill the beans for you once more. The least I can do for you is to give you a clear field and not interfere, so I am off to New York by to-night's boat. I went round to Percy's to try to grovel in the dust before him, but he wouldn't see me. It's no good groveling in the dust of the front steps for the benefit of a man who's in bed on the second floor, so I withdrew in more or less good order. I then got the present idea. Mark how all things work together for good. When they come to you and say "No title for you. Your son slugged our pal Percy," all you have to do is to come back at them with: "I know my son slugged Percy, and believe me I didn't do a thing to him! I packed him off to America within twenty-four hours. Get me right, boys! I'm anti-Jimmy and pro-Percy." To which their reply will be: "Oh, well, in that case arise, Lord Crocker!" or whatever they say when slipping a title to a deserving guy. So you will see that by making this getaway I am doing the best I can to put things straight. I shall give this to Bayliss to give to you. I am going to call him up on the phone in a minute to have him pack a few simple toothbrushes, and so on, for me. On landing in New York I shall instantly proceed to the Polo Grounds to watch a game of rounders, and will cable you the full score. Well, I think that's about all. So good-by—or even farewell—for the present. J.

"P. S. I know you'll understand, dad. I'm doing what seems to me the only possible thing. Don't worry about me. I shall be all right. I'll get back my old job and be a terrific success all round. You go ahead and get that title and then meet me at the entrance of the Polo Grounds. I'll be looking out for you.

"P. P. S. I'm a worm."

The young clerk at the steamship offices appeared rejoiced to see Jimmy once more. With a sunny smile he snatched a pencil from his ear and plunged it into the vitals of the Atlantic.

"How about E a hundred and eight?"

"Suits me."

"You're too late to go in the passenger list, of course."

Jimmy did not reply. He was gazing rigidly at a girl who had just come in, a girl with red hair and a friendly smile.

"So you're sailing on the Atlantic too!" she said, with a glance at the chart on the counter. "How odd! We have just decided to go back on her too. There's nothing to keep us here and we're all homesick. Well, you see I wasn't run over after I left you."

A delicious understanding relieved Jimmy's swimming brain, as thunder relieves the tense and straining air. The feeling that he was going mad left him, as the simple solution of his mystery came to him. This girl must have heard of him in New York, perhaps she knew people whom he knew, and it was on hearsay, not on personal acquaintance, that she based that dislike of him which she had expressed with such freedom and conviction so short a while before at the Regent Grill. She did not know who he was! Into this soothing stream of thought cut the voice of the clerk.

"What name, please?"

Jimmy's mind rocked again. Why were these things happening to him to-day of all days, when he needed the tenderest treatment, when he had a headache already? The clerk was eying him expectantly. He had laid down his pencil and was holding aloft a pen. Jimmy gulped. Every name in the English language had passed from his mind. And then from out of the dark came inspiration.

"Bayliss," he croaked.

The girl held out her hand.

"Then we can introduce ourselves at last. My name is Ann Chester. How do you do, Mr. Bayliss?"

"How do you do, Miss Chester?"

The clerk had finished writing the ticket, and was pressing labels and a pink paper on him. The paper, he gathered dully, was a form and had to be filled up. He examined it, and found it to be a searching document. Some of its questions could be answered offhand, others required thought.

"Height?" Simple. Five foot eleven.

"Hair?" Simple. Brown.

"Eyes?" Simple again. Blue.

Next, queries of a more offensive kind.

"Are you a polygamist?"

He could answer that. Decidedly no. One wife would be ample, provided she had red-gold hair, brown-gold eyes, the right kind of mouth and a dimple. Whatever doubts there might be in his mind on other points, on that one he had none whatever.

"Have you ever been in prison?"

Not yet.

20 years from now

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Any books you check on this list will be sent you free. Write your name and address in the margin and state what kind of building you are planning.

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- Building a Poultry House
- Building a Bungalow
- Building a Barn
- Building Your Own Garage
- Covering Your Factory
- Artistic Roofs

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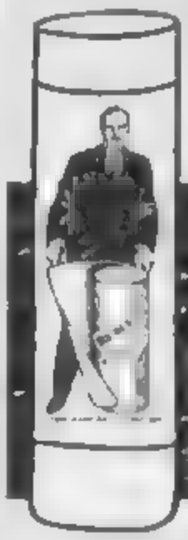

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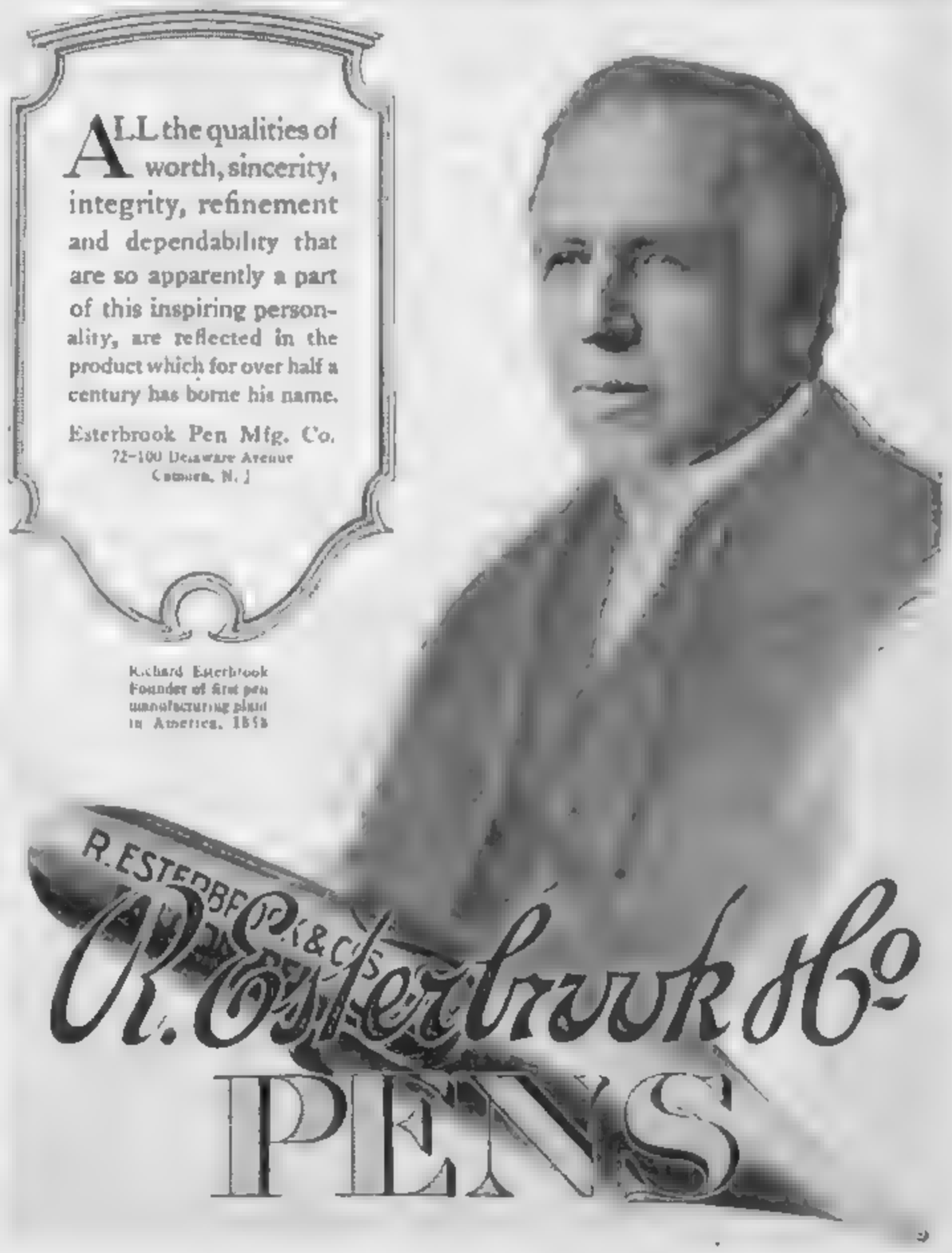

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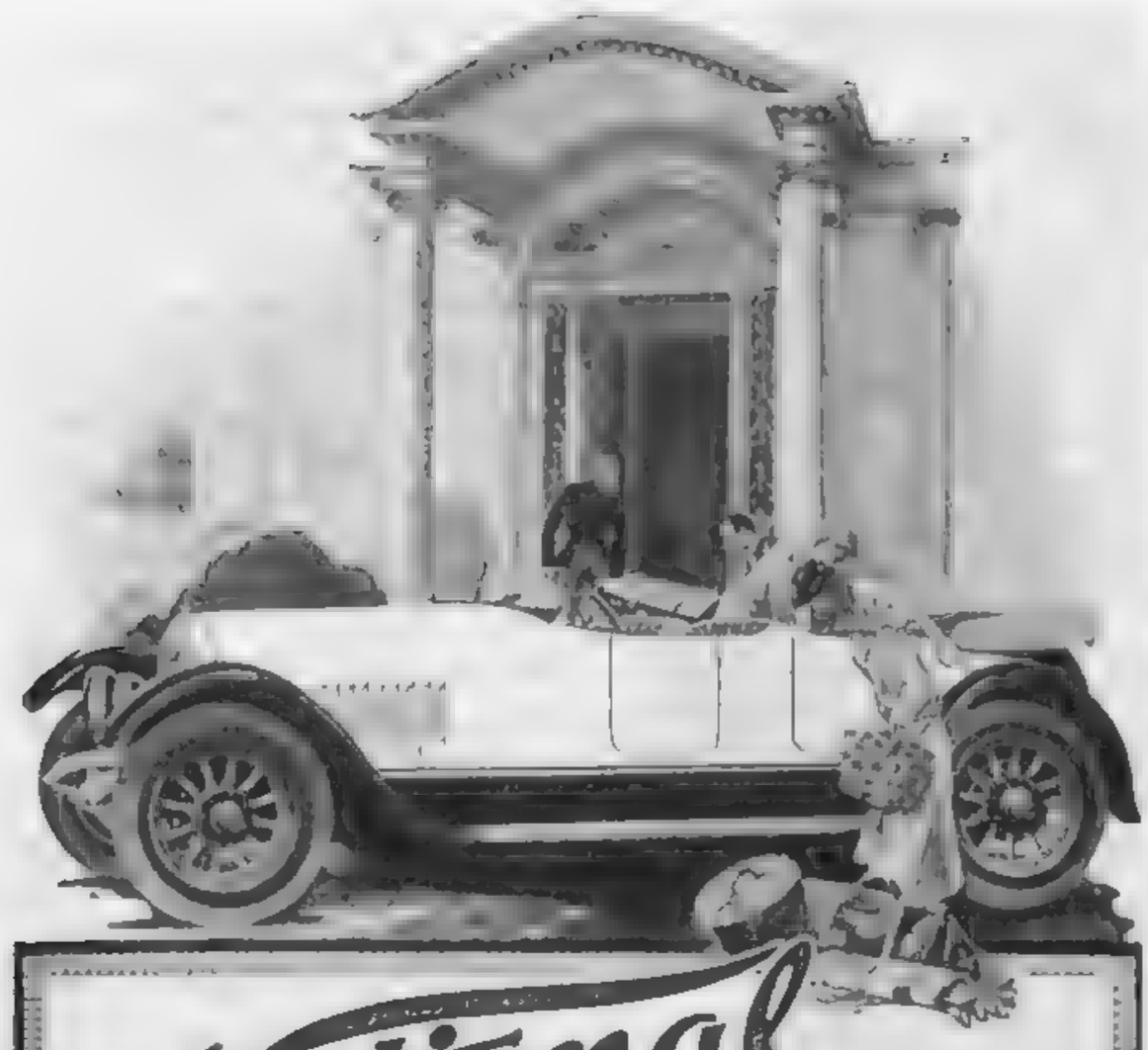

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Others buy Nationals because of the *way* they perform.

National built America's first stock Sixes. The highest pitch of six-cylinder efficiency today is to be found in the new National Sixes.

National was one of the first to produce the Twelve, the latest improvement in multi-cylinder motors.

Because of our six-cylinder successes we are best qualified to perfect the Twelve.

It gives you mastery over distance;
—never distracts your mind or fatigues your body.
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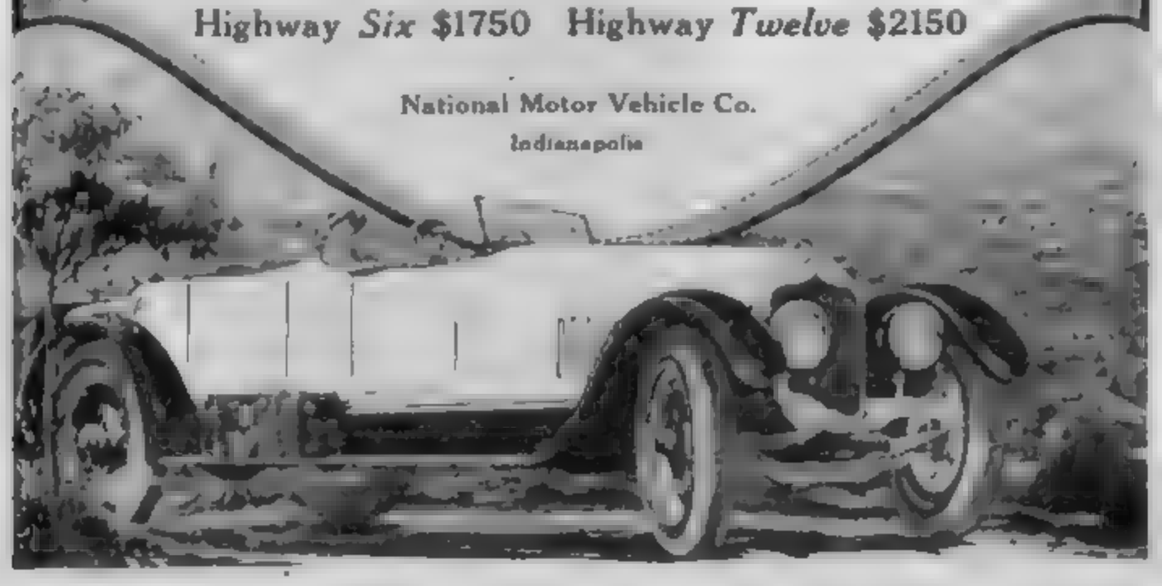

And then a very difficult one: "Are you a lunatic?"

Jimmy hesitated. The ink dried on his pen. He was wondering.

In the dim cavern of Paddington Station the boat train snorted impatiently, varying the process with an occasional sharp shriek. The hands of the station clock pointed to ten minutes to six. The platform was a confused mass of travelers, porters, baggage, trucks, boys with buns and fruit, boys with magazines, friends, relatives, and Bayliss the butler, standing like a faithful watchdog beside a large suit case. To the human surf that broke and swirled about him he paid no attention. He was looking for the young master.

Jimmy clove the crowd like a one-man flying wedge. Two fruit-and-bun boys who impeded his passage drifted away like leaves on an autumn gale.

"Good man!" He possessed himself of the suit case. "I was afraid you might not be able to get here."

"The mistress is dining out, Mr. James. I was able to leave the house."

"Have you packed everything I shall want?"

"Within the scope of a suit case, yes, sir."

"Splendid! Oh, by the way, give this letter to my father, will you?"

"Very good, sir."

"I'm glad you were able to manage. I thought your voice sounded doubtful over the phone."

"I was a good deal taken aback, Mr. James. Your decision to leave was so extremely sudden."

"So was Columbus'. You know about him? He saw an egg standing on its head and whizzed off like a jack rabbit."

"If you will pardon the liberty, Mr. James, is it not a little rash ——"

"Don't take the joy out of life, Bayliss. I may be a chump, but try to forget it. Use your will power."

"Good evening, Mr. Bayliss," said a voice behind them.

They both turned. The butler was gazing rather coyly at a vision in a gray tailor-made suit.

"Good evening, miss," he said doubtfully.

Ann looked at him in astonishment, then broke into a smile.

"How stupid of me! I meant this Mr. Bayliss—your son! We met at the steamship offices. And before that he saved my life. So we are old friends."

Bayliss, gaping perplexedly and feeling unequal to the intellectual pressure of the conversation, was surprised further to perceive a warning scowl on the face of his Mr. James. Jimmy had not foreseen this thing, but he had a quick mind and was equal to it

"How are you, Miss Chester? My father has come down to see me off. This is Miss Chester, dad."

A British butler is not easily robbed of his poise, but Bayliss was frankly unequal to the sudden demand on his presence of mind. He lowered his jaw an inch or two, but spoke no word.

"Dad's a little upset at my going," whispered Jimmy confidentially. "He's not quite himself."

Ann was a girl possessed not only of ready tact but of a kind heart. She had summed up Mr. Bayliss at a glance. Every line of him proclaimed him a respectable upper servant. No girl on earth could have been freer than she of snobbish prejudice, but she could not check a slight thrill of surprise and disappointment at this discovery of Jimmy's humble origin. She understood everything, and there were tears in her eyes as she turned away to avoid intruding on the last moments of the parting of father and son.

"I'll see you on the boat, Mr. Bayliss," she said.

"Eh?" said Bayliss.

"Yes, yes," said Jimmy. "Good-by till then."

Ann walked on to her compartment. She felt as if she had just read a whole long novel, one of those chunky younger-English-novelist things. She knew the whole story as well as if it had been told to her in detail. She could see the father, the honest steady butler, living his life with but one aim, to make a gentleman of his beloved only son. Year by year he had saved. Probably he had sent the son to college. And now, with a father's blessing and the remains of a father's savings, the boy was setting out for the New World, where dollar bills grew on trees and no one asked or cared who anyone else's father might be.

There was a lump in her throat. Bayliss would have been amazed if he could have known what a figure of pathetic fineness he seemed to her. And then her thoughts turned to Jimmy, and she was aware of a glow of kindliness toward him. His father had succeeded in his life's ambition. He had produced a gentleman! How easily and simply, without a trace of snobbish shame, the young man had introduced his father. There was the right stuff in him. He was not ashamed of the humble man who had given him his chance in life. She found herself liking Jimmy amazingly.

The hands of the clock pointed to three minutes to the hour. Porters skimmed to and fro like water beetles.

"I can't explain just now," said Jimmy. "It wasn't temporary insanity; it was necessity."

"Very good, Mr. James. I think you had better be taking your seat now."

"Quite right, I had. It would spoil the whole thing if they left me behind. Bayliss, did you ever see such eyes? Such hair! Look after my father while I am away. Don't let the dukes worry him. Oh, and I say, Bayliss, look here"—Jimmy drew his hand from his pocket—"just as one pal to another ——"

Bayliss looked at the crackling piece of paper.

"I couldn't, Mr. James, I really couldn't! A five-pound note! I couldn't!"

"Nonsense! Be a sport!"

"Begging your pardon, Mr. James, I really couldn't. You cannot afford to throw away your money like this. You cannot have a great deal of it, if you will excuse me for saying so."

"I won't do anything of the sort. Grab it! Oh Lord, the train's starting! Good-by, Bayliss!"

The engine gave a final shriek of farewell. The train began to slide along the platform, pursued to the last by optimistic boys offering buns for sale. It gathered speed. Jimmy, leaning out the window, was amazed at a spectacle so unusual as practically to amount to a modern miracle—the spectacle of Bayliss running. The butler was not in the pink of condition, but he was striding out gallantly. He reached the door of Jimmy's compartment and raised his hand.

"Begging your pardon, Mr. James," he panted, "for taking the liberty, but I really couldn't!"

He reached up and thrust something into Jimmy's hand, something crisp and crackling; then, his mission performed, fell back and stood waving a snowy handkerchief. The train plunged into the tunnel.

Jimmy stared at the five-pound note. He was aware, like Ann farther along the train, of a lump in his throat. He put the note slowly into his pocket. The train moved on.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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A CIRCUIT RIDER'S WIDOW

(Continued from Page 23)

The choir had assembled almost beyond the front, for they had no choice in this matter of places. We could see Sam Parks working his head this way and that, trying to pull his Adam's apple up out of his collar, getting ready to sing bass. We could hear Oscar Fain snuffing and clearing his throat, getting ready to skin the tune with his tenor. Evalina Lipton and Lily Triggs sat a certain distance apart, as if neither wished her alto or her soprano to be too closely associated with the other. They coughed, looked straight ahead, with their velvet hats sticking up like high notes put in sidewise. Susie King sat upon the stool and bent anxiously over the organ, studying the opening chords of

Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known.

The clock, placed significantly on the wall opposite the pulpit, marked the time five minutes after eleven; and no sign of the preacher! The people began to stir. Little suppressed sounds, words barely whispered, ran softly sibilant through the house; watch cases snapped. Then we realized suddenly that there was a commotion outside. Instantly everybody's head seemed to be put on backward, and every face was turned toward the door, through which Felix Wade came, followed by all the young men and boys who had gathered before the church. They sneaked into the front pews like young puppies when they approach forbidden places, walling their eyes, ears down, and tails drawn beseechingly low.

The service began at once and proceeded as usual. We stood and sang. We read the responses. We knelt and prayed. We sat up and sang again. All done with automatic precision while we kept our eyes on the preacher, speculating on what manner of man we had drawn for this year's spiritual conflicts.

It was not until he opened the Bible to read the morning lesson that we realized there had been no collection.

"He's forgotten to take the offering!" somebody whispered behind me.

The stewards exchanged glances, half rose from their seats as if they meant to get it anyhow. With all those Baptists and Presbyterians in the house, it was criminal negligence to omit the collection! I thought so myself.

But it was too late. The voice of a young man filled the house: not the sonorous pastoral tones to which we had long been accustomed, even in the youngest preachers, but the clear, deep tones of just a man, modulated by a kind of elegance.

"'And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling. And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power: That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God.' . . . Amen!"

The last word was added after a perceptible pause.

Then he went back and read the second verse again:

"'For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.' . . . Part of the second chapter of First Corinthians."

He stood staring down at the open book before him. He waited so long that a strange fear seized me lest he should stop there, walk from the pulpit and leave the house, having delivered his message in this brief sentence.

At last he began to speak, with his eyes still upon the book, vaguely, like a man who dares not fully trust himself. I have known a convert to falter the same way the first time he is called on to lead in prayer. But if ever such a one does receive the new gift of his tongue he surpasses any elder saint in the power of prayer. So now it was with this young man before us. Presently he lifted his eyes as if they were the wings of his soul, suddenly set free.

I have heard many better sermons—just sermons, you understand—but never one that dealt with a certain Scripture as if it were the living thought of the man who was talking, and not the words of an apostle, spoken two thousand years ago. There was no authority in his manner; no accusative searching of the people to brand their secret unfaithfulness with the hot iron of the Gospel, which is a form of inquisition peculiar to preachers. He merely promised himself. He was determined to know nothing among us but Jesus Christ. He took this vow against all unrighteousness in himself and in Berton, as if he were taking a pledge against strong drink instead of preaching a sermon. It was like that, his manner—like one who has recently made a narrow escape and now looks fearfully down from a high but dangerous refuge. We were to be his home; but he would occupy only the tablelands where we performed our good deeds, which is a very small territory in this community.

Before he finished, the carnal mind—all the human narrowness of us—was bottled up and blockaded behind our better natures. And I must say some of those present were harder hit than if he'd come out in the open and fought their besetting sins with the most damaging curses of Isaiah. Men and women are so long accustomed to having their transgressions flung at them from the pulpit that they cease to worry over this; but to be quarantined into just their virtues was a new and embarrassing experience.

I don't know why it is, but I'm rather farsighted in church; and once or twice I couldn't resist cutting my eye round just to see how the sermon was "taking."

Some of the people sat reared back, some bent their heads as we do in a pouring rain. Mrs. Warren seemed to be holding herself down with her double chin. She wouldn't look at the preacher; and she couldn't look at anybody else, for she knew every one of us understood better than the preacher did that he was putting up a guard-rail with this sermon against the special privilege she enjoyed, like sanctification, of revealing to him those things in his people which had least to do with the religious thoroughfare of Jesus Christ in them. Mrs. Lipton was visibly aggrieved. Her nose stuck out, her mouth dropped, and her chin receded as if he had already accused her of gossiping, when she hadn't said a word—had not even met him! The stewards stared straight ahead, as much as to say: "He's making his bed. Let him lie on it if he can!"

I could not see the Baptists and Presbyterians, but I knew what thoughts were running about among them. They were doing to our backs what we usually did to our own backs. For Christian backbiting is one of the acid forms of piety in all churches. A preacher is swift and experienced in discovering every shortcoming and man-besetting sin among the people he has come to serve. If he gets to his new appointment as late as twenty-four hours before he conducts his first service, he knows every backslidden man and every meddlesome female pharisee in the congregation; because somebody tells him by way of insuring him against snares and pitfalls, such as calling on the wrong brother to lead in prayer or showing himself too friendly to the lady serpent in the choir. He begins his ministry laden with everybody's transgressions.

While I was considering Brother Wade bereaved of all human help in these matters—for this was exactly what his message meant—and wondering what on earth would happen if somebody didn't break through and tell him a few things for his own safety about the peculiar conditions in this church—especially the choir—he brought his sermon to an end and capped my anxieties by praying the closing prayer himself. 'This is a privilege Brother Warren has had in this church for a quarter of a century.

I went down on my knees as usual; but, by the grace of God, I can sometimes trust the other person to pray without following every word with my private approval; so now I peeped through the lattice of my fingers at old Tom Warren, sitting bolt upright, glaring as if he'd been insulted before the very throne of heaven. I doubt that anyone followed the prayer. We were all secretly staring through our fingers or over the tops of hymn books at what we could see of the preacher. We were mystified by this stranger within our gates, who looked like an elegant emigrant from the world of wealth and fashion, who possessed the magnetism and grace of a public speaker, and who made pledges of himself to us from the Gospel according to Saint Paul.

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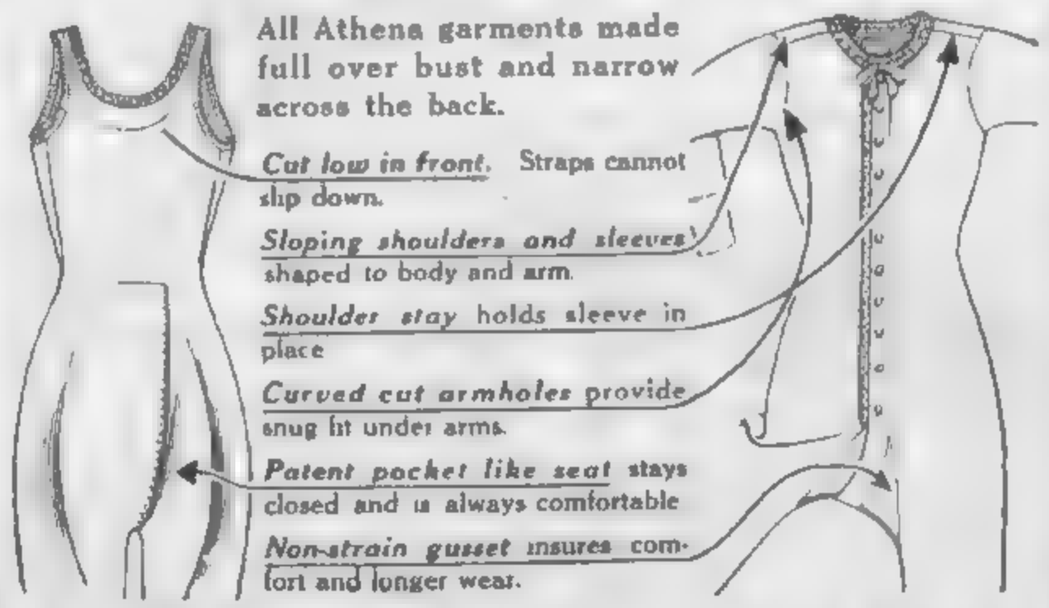
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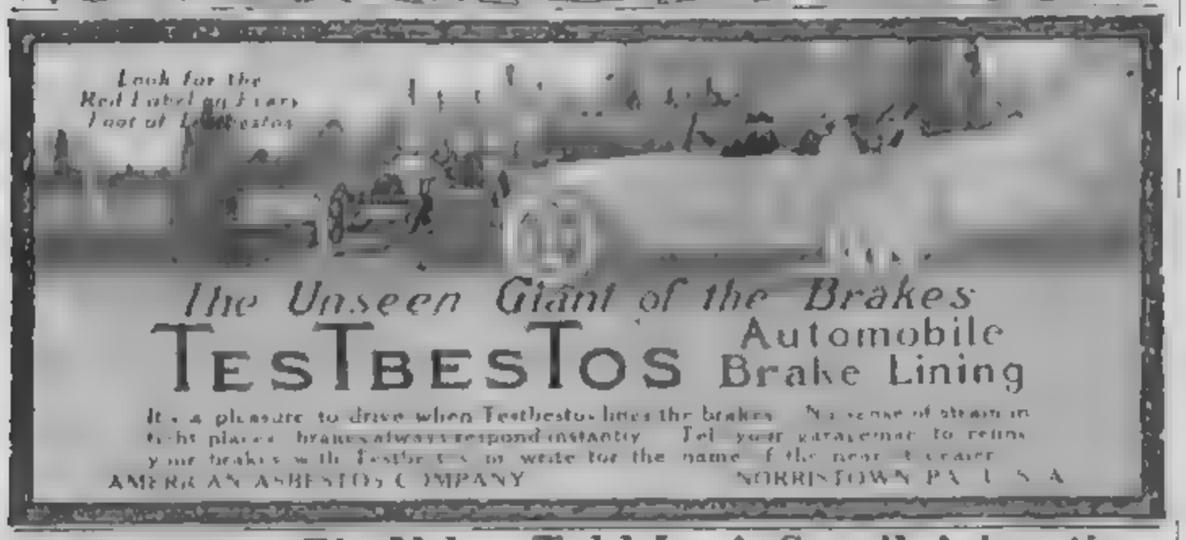

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As I came out of the church Sally Parks just looked at me and went on. Then the congregation streamed forth, all talking, but not about the sermon or the preacher. They went their different ways, in a hurry to get where it would be safe to talk.

At last came Felix Wade, walking swiftly with a long stride, his coat tails cleaving to his elegant legs as if they had been taught to do it.

"Good morning, Brother Wade," I said, offering my hand.

He took it, looking at me doubtfully; then, throwing up his other hand, he replied, ruffling his cowlick as if I was somehow connected with that in his mind. I thought maybe he had forgotten me, seeing so many strange faces and shaking hands with so many people as he did after the service. But I was wrong. He called my name at once.

"Oh, good morning, Sister Thompson. I wanted to see you about something. What was it?"—still rumpling his hair and covering me with eyes that lied and twinkled admiringly, just to compliment an old woman.

"Maybe you were thinking you'd go home with me to dinner. I'm expecting you," I suggested diffidently, for I had heard Charlotte Warren say, as she came out, that he had declined all invitations.

"I am much obliged; but I have guests of my own, you see," he answered, wagging his head toward the parsonage, where perhaps a dozen young men were standing on the steps waiting for him—the same youths who had followed him into the church at the beginning of the service.

"Not for dinner!" I gasped.

"Yes"—smiling.

"Heaven preserve the man!" I cried. "Don't you know there are only nine plates and six knives and forks in that parsonage?"

"That's it!" he exclaimed. "I knew I needed your assistance most awfully. Will you lend me a few things? Lum tells me we are short in spoons too."

"You are short in everything," I said, bustling at the thought of his predicament. "Send your heathen over for what he needs."

"Thanks! I knew I could depend upon you," he replied cheerfully.

"Brother Wade, that was a good sermon," I said, detaining him timidly.

"Not exactly a sermon," he answered, looking at me quickly.

"No; not exactly. You didn't leave yourself much margin."

"All I dare take," he answered gravely.

The days that followed were filled with such excitement as we have never had in Berton, not even during a heated political campaign. It was not that kind, but suppressed, eager, increasing like a dam of secret waters. All eyes were focused upon the Methodist parsonage, and upon the man who occasionally issued forth from it to do strangely incredible things; or—what was still more incredible—who did not come forth when he was expected.

The stewards met as usual on the first Wednesday night after prayer meeting to fix the pastor's salary for the coming year. In all our experience as supporters of the ministry, never before had the pastor been absent on this important occasion.

If he is young and timid, with only one or two children, he may sit back and say nothing while the board of stewards explains why the church may not be able to pay the preacher as much this year—certainly no more. Or if he has three or four children and a delicate wife, and is in debt on account of the expense of moving from one side of the state to the other, he may stand up to them like a hungry prophet kicking at a continued diet of locusts and wild honey. He will explain why he cannot possibly live on what they paid the last preacher, and haggle until he gets the raise in salary he needs. But he is always there, looking like the lean Word in the face, waiting to find out whether he can afford to live or just starve through the year.

Brother Wade bowed himself out of the church that night and left the stewards high and dry, as if what they paid the preacher was a matter to be settled by their own consciences—not his responsibility.

The result was they did not settle it at all. We heard that they agreed to let the church pay "what it felt able to pay," thereby spreading the responsibility out thinner than it ought to have been spread.

Next we heard was that the telephone had been taken out of the parsonage.

(Continued on Page 77)

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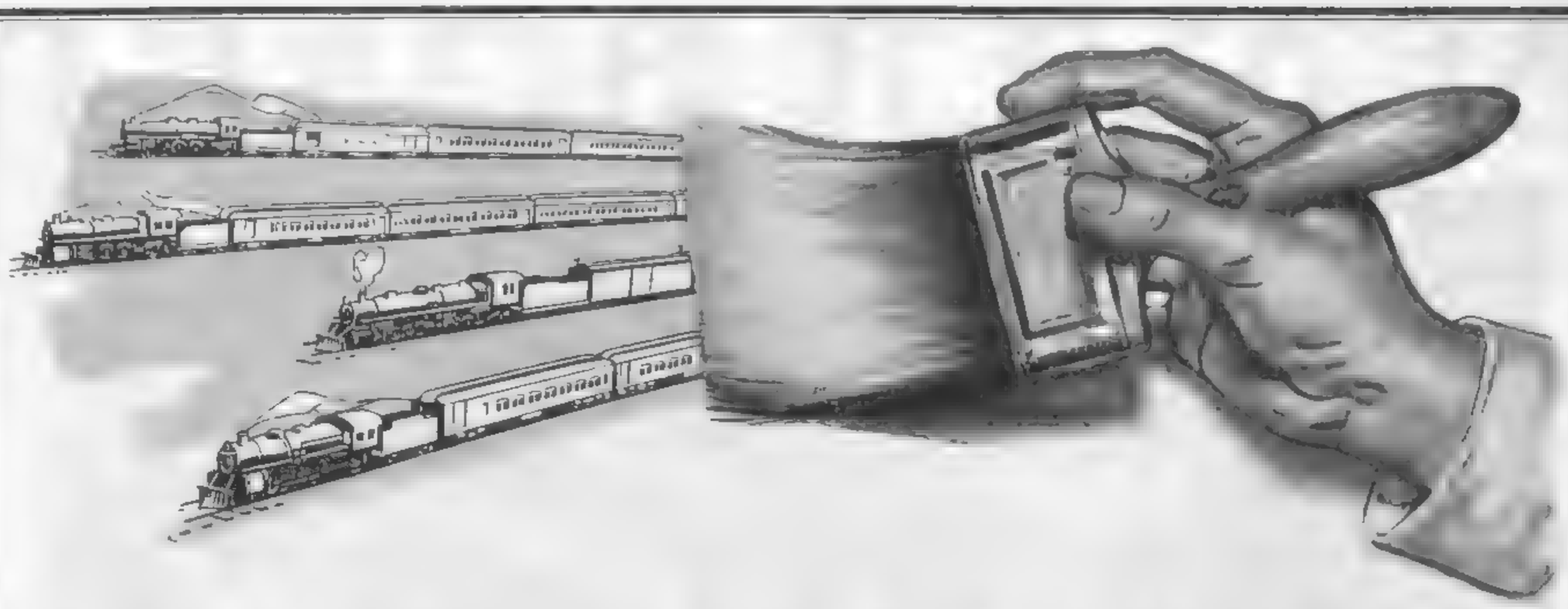

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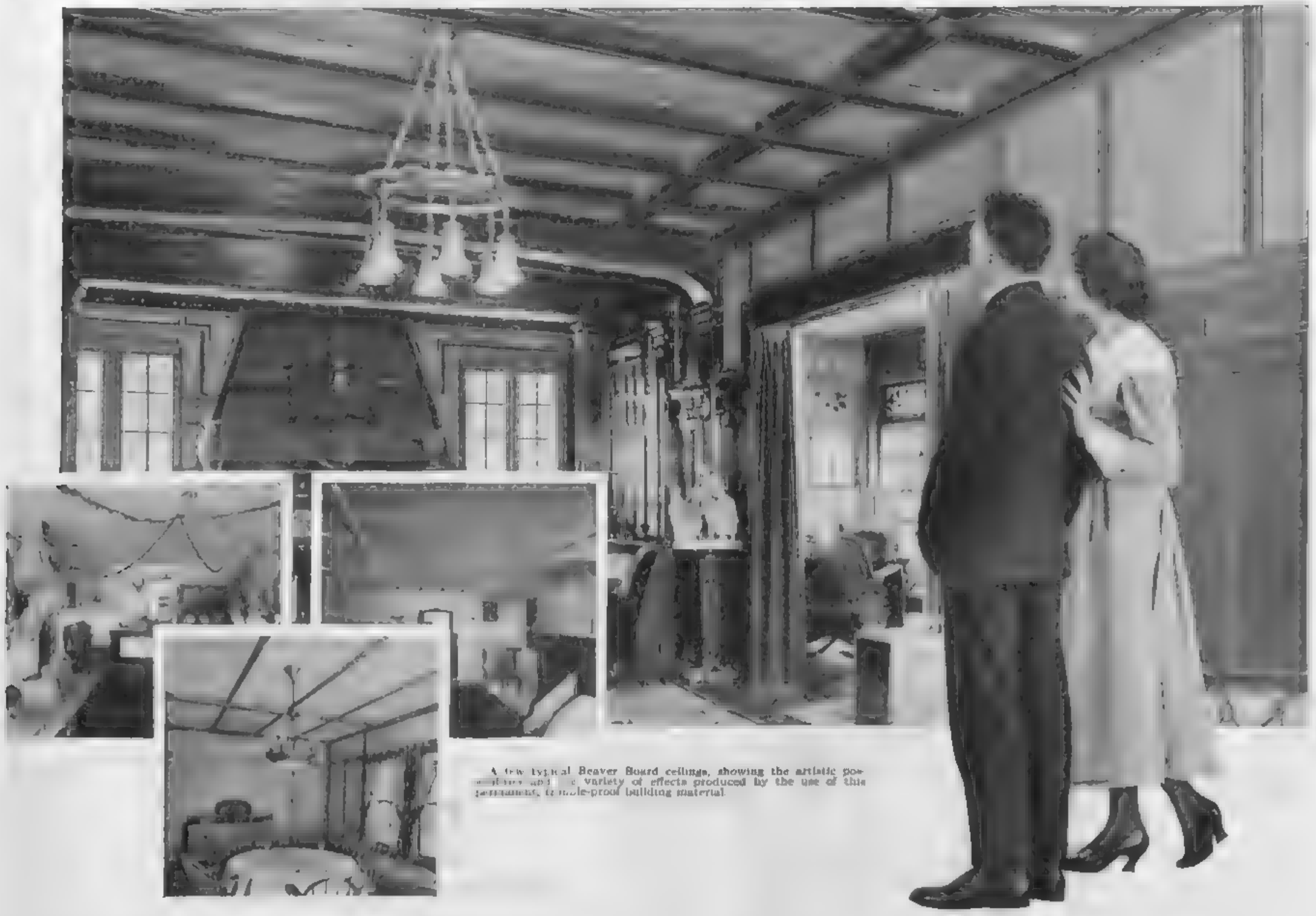

A few typical Beaver Board ceilings, showing the artistic possibilities and the variety of effects produced by the use of this permanent, durable-proof building material

You can't expect Beaver Board results unless this trade mark is on the back of the Board you buy

Beaver Board is made from Pure Spruce Fibre [illegible] waterproofed by the use of Linseed Oil [illegible] weather changes [illegible] Beaver Board [illegible] It comes in large sheets [illegible] ready for painting [illegible] walls are quickly built and old walls easily made new by applying the Beaver Board over them. In either case you get permanently satisfactory results

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The Beaver Board Companies

The Successful Ceiling

Stop right here!

Look at the ceiling of the room you are in.

Doesn't it show cracks and streaks?

Nine ceilings out of ten do. And at best it is a broad, unattractive expanse of monotony.

Sometimes the lath shows through with an unsightly picket-fence effect. You've probably noticed this.

You can never depend on lath and plaster ceilings. There is no telling when they will crack and fall. Metal ceilings have their advantage in fire protection and durability but not in cost, ease of application or attractiveness.

The successful ceiling is Beaver Board. It stays flat, never cracks, chips or falls and takes paint (all kinds) beautifully and economically. Makes rooms warmer in winter and cooler in summer.

The monotony is broken by pleasing paneling or beamed effects which may be as pronounced or as unobtrusive as you like.

The Beaver Board ceiling fits every need and fits it better than anything else you can buy.

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Detroit, 1018 Dime Savings Bank Bldg. Kansas City, Mo. 306 R. A. Long Bldg.

(Continued from Page 74)

"Thomas tried to get Brother Wade for an hour last night before he found out what was the matter," said Mrs. Warren at the Women's Missionary Society meeting.

"Sam did too," put in Sally Parks. "He wanted to tell him what the stewards had decided to do about the salary."

"You mean what they decided not to do," I coolly amended.

"I think the pastor owes it to his people to keep within speaking relation to them all the time when it costs but a dollar and a half a month to do it!" Mrs. Lipton added after a pause, by way of avoiding the action of the stewards, which is always a tender subject.

"Maybe he doesn't want to be within speaking distance all the time," I said. "It's like being held by a wire night and day. I've been called from my knees in prayer to answer the telephone myself"—giving Sally Parks what was coming to her.

"Still, since he's a single man, and we can't be running in and out the way we've always done at the parsonage, I think he ought to have kept that telephone," Mrs. Warren insisted primly.

"Well, there's one consolation: Lily Triggs won't take up so much of his time discussing the church music over it!" Mrs. Lipton sniffed.

Then we fell to work on the heathens in the uttermost parts of the earth; for, being respectable, God-fearing women, we do not discuss the director of our choir except where two or three are gathered together confidentially for that purpose—certainly not if Charlotte is present. But I had a picture in my mind of Lily Triggs sitting in her parlor, with her hair skewed up on top of her head, her pinched-up flower-pink face turned sidewise, with the trumpet to her ear, shaking her sinfully small foot, waiting and waiting to say, "Is this you, Brother Wade?" in her sweetest singing voice. "This is Lily Triggs speaking. I thought you might want to give some directions about the hymns for next Sunday ——" And so forth, and so on, for an hour if she could have kept him that long.

The only private information the town had of him was that the heathen did his laundry, and that Brother Wade spent more for gasoline and spark plugs and inner tubes that first week than he did for food, lights and postage. He did not mail a single letter, and not a single letter had come for him at the post office. He had not even called for his mail. This was very strange. Everybody said so.

Meantime he acted like a man taking a much-needed holiday. Apparently he was serenely unconscious of the curiosity he excited. He knew nothing about the awful condition the church was in. He had no depressing information about the sins in us which he must overcome. He was the freest man in his walk and conversation we ever had in Berton, except Lem Brock, who died in his bed here a few years ago after reigning as the bad man of the community and commanding more respect for his dangerousness than anybody else ever got for behaving himself.

But before the end of the first month the pastor had been within intimate soul-speaking distance of every member of his church many times. It was the quickest work in the line of pastoral visiting we had ever known. Each day about three o'clock he'd flirt into his car. The bulldog would scramble in after him, and he was off. Sometimes, they say, he made as many as ten calls during the afternoon. He fairly took the breath out of Berton, sailing up one street and down the other, with that dog sitting beside him like the graven image of doubtful association.

The moment he started, all the Methodist phones in town began to ring in swift succession. The women informed one another, and each one flew from the phone to pick up the children's playthings and maybe dust the family Bible. Then, before she could get her apron off and her hair smoothed, he'd be at the door. Or, worse still, he'd fly by the house and catch some woman, who didn't have any phone, in the back yard dyeing her last winter's suit, leaving those he skipped on the way to go through the same preparations for him the next day. Then, maybe when they'd given him up a together and settled down recklessly with the sewing machine in the parlor, he'd pop in.

"I didn't mind his catching me with my collar off, and little Jimmy in nothing but his shirt before I could get his pants on, so much as I did that awful dog he keeps in the car," Sally Parks complained. "A preacher should avoid the very appearance of evil, and that's the evilest-looking beast I ever saw in decent company."

The same afternoon, when I heard Brother Wade's car stop in front of the parsonage, I went out on the porch and beckoned to him. I can't tell how many times I've done that, called the preacher across the street between my house and his to tell him something he ought to know, to warn him against some mistake, or to spur him on to something. I've saved many a one from his own folly or somebody else's folly just in the nick of time.

He came, followed by the dog. I looked at him and then at this scandalous beast.

"Brother Wade," I said, coming straight to the point, "that's a terrible-looking dog."

"It's the way he's made," he answered, smiling.

"He looks bad—dangerous!" I insisted.

"He's as gentle as a lamb." He stooped to stroke the head of the animal.

"He was bred to fight."

"He never fights."

"Where's his other ear, then?" I demanded with just suspicion.

"Oh, that happened before—well, before we quit fighting," he replied with some embarrassment.

"Appearances are very strong against that dog, Brother Wade!"

"You might say the same about members of the church, Sister Thompson. I've seen a man sitting in the amen corner who bore all the marks of a doubtful and dangerous character upon his face," he returned significantly.

"When you do, don't trust him with the collections or with your confidence. Sitting high up in the church doesn't give a man a certificate of good character, and living in a parsonage doesn't change the nature of a bulldog," I answered, knowing exactly who I was talking about and not ashamed of it. "Can't you exchange that animal for a kinder-looking dog?" I insisted after a pause.

"If I did he might go back to his old habits—and lose the other ear!" he laughed.

"Brother Wade, I'm compelled to tell it to you plain, then ——" I began and hesitated.

"Well?"—coolly.

"I don't judge a man by the dog he keeps, but a lot of people in this town will. They can't get used to the preacher driving up to their door to make a pastoral call with a brass-bound bulldog sitting beside him. It—it looks wrong!"

"Oh, if that's all, I'll leave him at home. Never occurred to me—this objection. Association of ideas, I suppose," he laughed.

"Yes"—feeling the bigot rising in me; "cards are associated with gambling, so we mustn't play cards. Dancing is associated with sin, so we mustn't dance. Some music is associated with wicked indulgence, so we mustn't sing it. And some dogs, Brother Wade, are associated with the cruelest sports, so ——"

"Yes; I see. Bill," he said sternly, "you remain at home with Lum after this."

And he did. From that day he never went pastoral visiting with his master.

We had gone in by this time and were sitting before the fire. Brother Wade continued to regard me with a certain gentle curiosity.

"I'm just thinking. Ah, would you mind telling me: Is it so—that you never played cards?"

"Never!"

"Nor danced—not even when you were young?"

"No," I answered with a sigh.

"It's awful and it's beautiful to live like that ——" he said, more to himself than to me.

"I don't deserve credit. I wanted to do both many a time."

"That's what makes it awful and beautiful—that you didn't."

"I doubt if those are the worst sins," I went on—"those natural desires for amusement and joy we have when we are young. I've had harder trials since I became a Christian. The spiritual force in us is like a gun that kicks sometimes ——"

"Yes?" he asked, looking up as if he recognized something familiar.

"You'd hardly believe it," I went on saying, "but women are terribly bruised by their own souls. Our fault is that we want to know something all the time. We sit in our houses and wonder and wonder what's going on, because we never can find out, no matter how much we search and ask. It's wrong; it leads to all manner of

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Terra Cotta is the modern, permanent, fireproof material for up-to-date store fronts. It adds character and distinction to any store. Successful merchants all over the country have found Terra Cotta a profitable investment. Up-to-date architects and builders everywhere are recommending Terra Cotta as the ideal decorative building material for stores, hotels, office buildings, banks, schools, theatres, moving picture houses, etc.

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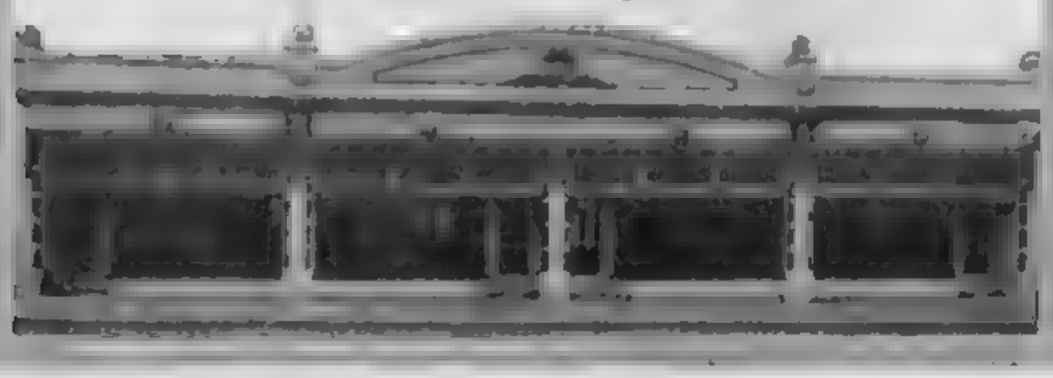

evils you'd never suspect—in us good women, I mean."

"What does?"

"Curiosity. We can conquer everything but that. I've always suspected that Satan gossiped with Eve enough to make her crave to know more than she could find out before he offered her the fruit of knowledge. She was the first disciple of higher education. And ——"

He interrupted me with a laugh so full of merriment that I feared he might think I was being flippant about Genesis; so I went on quickly:

"But we didn't get it—knowledge; only an insatiable serpent curiosity. The hardest-won victories I've ever had as a Christian woman have been to keep the forked tongue out of my eyes and the hiss off my lips because I've found out something about somebody that I should not have known."

On Monday after the third Sunday Felix Wade disappeared from Berton. He was absent until the following Saturday. No one knew where he had gone or for what purpose. That question stared at him from the face of every man, woman and child in Berton; but he offered no explanation.

Now, a preacher may be a "free man in Christ," as the Scriptures promise, but God Himself cannot make him free in the minds of his own people. They feel that he belongs literally to his church. So, when Brother Wade went off twice in the course of his first month, without telling anybody where he was going, we didn't know what to think or even what to suspect.

He always preached a good sermon the following Sunday, never forgot the collection again, and kept the open countenance of a guiltless man. Still, we wanted to know where he went.

Whatever others may have suspected I was certain that he had never conducted a service or preached a sermon until he came to us. He had forgotten the collection that first Sunday, which is the last thing an experienced pastor would forget. And, though his discourse was spiritual to the point of asceticism, his choice of words never was made from a theological lexicon. His delivery was too politely, delicately restrained to suggest the abandon of a preacher flinging himself against Satan with the flaming sword of righteousness.

I have not listened to preachers for forty years without knowing a thing or two. It was what I didn't know that troubled me. And nobody knew the man himself—only his ministry, which was still too short to afford side lights upon his character. I had my suspicions that every member of the church was confiding in him. Also, they were awaiting a few personal confidences from him in return—which he blandly avoided giving.

Finally, while Brother Wade was off on his third disappearance, I thought of something so natural and proper that I wondered it hadn't occurred to me sooner. I wrote a letter to our Presiding Elder. I told him what a fine preacher Brother Wade was; how well he was taking hold of the young people in the community; how conscientious he was about his pastoral visiting—everything I could think by way of recommending him. Then I added that we were so pleased with him we wanted to know how we happened to get him. How long had he been in the ministry? From what Conference had he been transferred? The reply came at once. It was brief:

"*Dear Sister Thompson:* Your letter is one of a dozen similar letters that have come to me from the members of Brother Wade's congregation. I am glad he is so well received. We hope he will do a great work in Berton and heal those dissensions in the church that have been a great affliction to the bishops and elders.

"I am unable to answer your questions or those of the same general nature concerning him in the other letters. His case is remarkable in the fact that he came to us licensed to preach and highly recommended by the Bishop. This was sufficient assurance to the brethren who received him into our Conference. Accept him as from the Lord, and do what you can to uphold and strengthen his hands in the ministry.

"Faithfully yours,

"P. E. PATTLING."

I went back and read this sentence: "We hope he will do a great work in Berton and heal those dissensions in the church that have been a great affliction to the bishops and elders."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Miss Walters liked it so well that she made up her mind to know more of it in spite of any obstacle.

She tried to earn enough money to pay for a musical education by giving piano lessons, but that method proved very slow and difficult. Then one of her friends told her about the Curtis Scholarship plan.

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She liked our offer tremendously and accepted at once. Her very first month of spare-time Curtis work brought her a scholarship involving the first term's music lessons. And that was just the beginning.

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IN the home, factory or office—whether used for light, heat or power, you can add to the efficiency and convenience of electric service by installing C-H Push Sockets.

The neater appearance of this newer and better socket—the convenience of its "push the button" feature, its greater current capacity, indicating buttons, snappy operation, its all around efficiency and, above all, its ***safety***—all these qualities have served to put into use, within two years' time, more than two million

C-H Push Sockets

"Just push the Button"

The socket has long been the weakest link in the chain of electric service. Electricity is so big, the socket so small, that while central stations have been extending the use and lowering the cost of electric service, and while manufacturers have been making every effort to develop and perfect all kinds of electric appliances, improvement of the socket until now has been overlooked.

The C-H Push Socket gives you perfect control of electric current—uniformly excellent socket service. It means better light, freedom from socket fireworks, greater efficiency in the use of all kinds of electric lamps and appliances—electric service at its best.

Look at the sockets you are using. If they are marked "250-W" you need C-H Push Sockets in your home for the sake of safety, convenience and neatness. They are marked "C-H 660-W" and are furnished by most high-class electric fixture dealers and contractors without extra charge.

Write for booklet "Making Electric Service Safe" and learn all about the convenience, safety and efficiency of the C-H Push Socket.

Test a C-H Push Socket At Our Expense

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MAKE THESE TESTS

1—Attach it to a fixture; note how the neat, compact design enhances the beauty and note how securely the socket fastens to the fixture.

2—Put a lamp in the socket and note how the indicating buttons show when the current is "on" and "off". Press the light button and the current is "on" and the lamp lighted—press the dark button and—snap, the current is "off".

3—Use the C-H Push Socket in your laundry, kitchen or dining-room, with iron, washing machine, toaster or percolator—any appliance. Note the steady, uniform heat that you get, chiefly because the C-H Push Socket has a capacity of 660 watts, the highest rating ever given a lighting socket by the Fire Insurance Protective Association.

In the home the C-H Push Socket will increase the efficiency of every electric appliance you use. In the factory it saves time and adds greatly to the usefulness of electric lamps, soldering irons, glue pots, portable grinders—and all electric tools.

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GMC Trucks—Built to Climb and Pull

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And, after all, it's the driver—the man who actually handles the truck day after day—who can give you first hand information.

Talk with any GMC driver about the pulling power of his truck—ask him about its all around performance—hear him enthuse.

He'll tell you how, time and time again, he has pulled up grades and through soft ground where other trucks with even lighter loads failed—good trucks, too, but lacking in power for emergencies.

And not only do GMC Trucks excel in pulling power, but they are easier to care for. Their operating cost is less per ton mile, depreciation less over a given period and up-keep materially less.

By actual performance GMC Trucks are exploding the fallacy that in motor trucks excessive price is an indication of highest value. Many trucks are still greatly overrated.

There is a GMC Truck built to meet the particular requirements of ***your*** business—sold at a price which is reasonable and consistent with the high value built into the truck.

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THE VICISSITUDES OF VICTOR, OR SHOOT THE PIECE

(Continued from Page 17)

fashions from well-known costumers and tailors, where the name is mentioned, are straight paid advertising.

Not every news picture just happens—some are made. A news editor is constantly bombarded by curious egotists and freaks who wish the world to witness their effulgence. "The oldest living barber of Ypsilanti" will offer his distinguished bean for the small sum of ten dollars; "Lincoln's last (No. 41144!) bodyguard" will also be pleased to submit to the camera for, say, five dollars; a dietary crank who claims to live up a tree, and who for eight years has eaten nothing but prunes and hickory nuts, writes in that his picture is a humanitarian necessity for anybody afflicted with "ganzes"—whatever that is. Then there are the chumps who would jump off anything, from the top of a fire ladder to the Brooklyn Bridge, or submit to a living burial. A flat rate of a hundred dollars is the price usually paid to these poor devils.

Some of the best stories, of course, are not foreseen, such as accidents, earthquakes and cyclones; and it is at these times that the camera man must show his resourcefulness. In a certain great train wreck a group of about a dozen photographers managed to get within twenty miles of the scene when their car was sidetracked and sealed up. Railroads do not like to have their blunders advertised. One of the marooned fellows managed to smuggle his camera and himself out of a lavatory window on the off side of the car and, after walking for two hours, secured a team of mules, which took him to the wreck. He got one hundred feet of good film, showing the injured people being taken out, and returned to the car without ever having been missed by the officials on watch.

It is in time of war that the camera man has opportunity to make a hero or an ass of himself for the sake of a picture. At present, in all the great theaters of war, there are men taking pictures; but they are being made under the direct supervision of officers, and the censorship of what is taken or goes out is so rigid that there is not the same latitude of operation as there was when the movie was new. Many of the battle pictures shown at the cheap theaters were taken either at maneuvers or faked behind the lines. When the immensity of the modern battle is considered, it will be seen how inadequate a narrow-angled movie camera would be to portray it. "First line" photography is practically out of the question—the action is too dangerous. When one dares not look out of a trench, except through a periscope, you can see what chance a fellow would have who tried to rise up, focus and crank a camera. A few long-distance shots can be obtained by the use of a telescopic lens, but there is not much doing in the close-up stuff in European warfare.

Fake and Reality in Mexico

However, nobody should get an idea that the camera man is immune from danger—his adventures in the big war will be worthy of a special history. Many of them have already received marks for distinguished service.

Some of them are taking intimate pictures of trench warfare and bomb throwing that will be most illuminating when the release is permitted. I know one movie studio that has on ice more than nine thousand feet of such film; but it cannot honorably release the pictures at this time.

There are a lot of free-lance camera fakers who ought to be given monuments or cyanide—I hardly know which. Some of the battle stuff they are staging is perfectly wonderful; and some of it, alas, is so raw that even a child would not be deceived.

In the good old days of the Mexican Revolution the life of the camera man was one of personal adventure—he was here, there and everywhere; in jail and out; with the rebel outs or the constitutionalist ins, but always alert for a good picture. One of the boys on our lot was made an officer in the Mexican Army, under Huerta, and was furnished with a bodyguard.

"Yes; I had a bodyguard," said he, "whenever I didn't need it. For two years I took pictures for the Mexican Government; but, as it was sometimes difficult to tell who were the ins, on several occasions I got tangled in my *vivas* and was led out to be shot. I was always saved by sending for the American consul or by my absolute inability to understand a word of Spanish. At this time Mexico was flirting with America; so the killing of Americans was not considered the parlor sport it had been. My greatest difficulty was in getting and keeping an assistant. A movie outfit is a fierce bunch of stuff to pack over a desert country and though there were lots of Mexicans available they would not stick. So, often I would have to load the whole darned equipment aboard a burro, like a mountain gun, and go out after the war stuff alone.

"There were lots of American soldiers of fortune, but they were invariably looking for trouble and thought packing a camera much too slow. I had one Iowa chap for three days, who finally quit me for some excitement 'over there.' He found it, all right; for two days later, when I was pulling into Vera Cruz, I saw seven ghastly creatures hanging by their necks to a telegraph pole; and who should be among them but my little Yankee camera boy!

"Street fighting is the easiest to film, for if you can get a good location on a side street you have the protection of all the intervening buildings from artillery and rifle fire, while you occasionally get a chance to shoot a few feet of swell film. I got some great stuff in Mexico City a few days before Madero was killed. One fellow, not twenty feet out from my camera, had his head shot clean off; but, do you know, the darned censors would never let us show the picture in the States! What do you s'pose they send us to war for? To show the soldiers playing squat tag?"

A Waiting Game

"But the big battle stuff is almost impossible to get, and the best war pictures taken in Mexico have been faked. Mexican generals are more vain than actors and are most eager to go bowling down to posterity in the movies. So, in order to perpetuate their heroics, they would reride a battle after it was over, with the dead still lying on the ground. This method was perfectly safe and it gave me a chance to make some swell close-up. A lot of the historical film in the archives of the Mexican Government was made in this way.

"You can believe it or not; but it's gospel truth that, by convincing General Soanso that he had no right to deprive the world of a record of his dashing military genius, he actually postponed his attack upon a certain town because I told him the light was bad!"

Of course the bunch at the Border is now having a pretty dull time—there is little to shoot and the military restrictions are very troublesome. Most of the fellows down there would be glad to get back to studio work, for we do much more exciting war stuff right in Los Angeles than they've had in the present Mexican War.

But our lives are not all alarum, battles and accidents. We have our paths of peace, too; and they are the most peaceful paths one ever trod. Can you think of anything less belligerent or less strenuous than sitting by a hole for eight hours, your hand on the crank, waiting for a gopher to come out?

Sometimes these little pictures, quite incidental to the plot, take longer to make than a big scene. I know one fellow who shot three thousand feet of film to get two three-foot flashes of a couple of mating pigeons. In one picture the camera man was three days in getting a little short scene showing a white horse putting his head through the window and looking down the road after his retreating master.

When it is a simple case of watching, the jobs are often turned over to the camera kids—or assistants, as they prefer to be called. Even the kids sometimes show great ingenuity. Willie, my assistant, was sent one day to photograph a mocking bird singing on a branch. Everybody knew the boy was in for one of those interminable waits, perhaps for several days. The bird was in a cage large enough to move round in; in fact, it inclosed a fig tree. There the boy was to set up his camera and wait. Everybody kidded the kid on his exciting job; and Mrs. Grandon, wife of our feature leading man, in a spirit of joyous josh, embraced him in

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There is a Maytag Washer of every type—hand—power driven—electric—all built to the enviable Maytag Standard.
DEALERS: Write!
SEE THAT ENGINE

DODGE BROTHERS
MOTOR CAR

Repairs are rarely rendered necessary except by accident or abuse

Cars which have been in use for a long period are as good as new if they have been given any sort of care.

The gasoline consumption is unusually low
The tire mileage is unusually high

The price of the Touring Car or Roadster complete is $785 (f. o. b. Detroit)

Canadian price $1100 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT

YOUR SPARE TIME can be converted into money. Whether it be much or little we'll buy it from you. If you would like to know about it send a line of inquiry. Box 614, Agency Division, *The Saturday Evening Post*, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Ralston $5 $6 $7

Your Kind of a SHOE

RALSTONS permit busy men to forget their feet. They give you the UTMOST in style, comfort and wear. In 3000 Ralston shops you'll find the shoes and the service you appreciate. Booklet free.

DEALERS: This shoe IN STOCK. No. 691 Mahogany Calf bal. Diplomat Last.
RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS
Brockton (Campello), Mass.

front of everybody and bade him a long farewell.

"All right," said Willie; "just for that I'm goin' to fool you!" And, with a jaunty bow, he beat it away.

In just two hours he returned, triumphantly announcing that he had thirty feet of singing mocking bird—he needed only a five-foot flash. Nobody believed the story—or, if they did, they put it down to very unusual luck. But the boy had the dope, all right; we all saw the negative projected the same day, and it was great.

"Willie," said I that evening in the dark room, "how did you get that picture? Was the bird trained or just unafraid?"

"Neither," replied the lad. "I sat up in the cage and focused a good close-up on a little branch of the fig tree; and then I chased that bird round the cage for half an hour until it was so tired it could fly no longer, when I picked it up and put it on the limb. It was panting so hard for breath that it looked just as though it was singing—except that no noise came out. It was a dirty trick on the poor bird, but I rewarded it by turning it loose; and then I gave the kid who owned it a dollar."

Another observant lad at the studio had been watching the antics of some cockroaches in the lunch wagon across the street. He told Bluett, one of the directors, how they behaved; and from one little scene they built round those loathsome insects a splendid drama was enacted. The cockroaches played the part of messengers between prisoners in their cells, and carried an elaborate correspondence back and forth—one, in a fine close-up, actually crossing over the sleeping hulk of a prison guard. The messages were written on pieces of cigarette paper and stuck on the backs of the roaches; and, of course, the result was a concerted jail delivery that emptied the prison.

One very amusing episode happened in one of the Chicago studios last winter. A well-known actor, whose beautiful dome is seen on many a shopgirl's dresser, always sported a big meat hound of some queer breed. According to Miss Chauncey—as our hero was known back of the camera—"this hound has quite as much intelligence as I have, you know." But this was not an entirely fair "tradelast" for the hound. Anybody with half an eye could see who had the brains of the family. Chauncey simply couldn't wait to have his dog act with him; so some paranoiac was told off to write a scenario in which the dog was to play second lead. When the picture was shot the dog did very well in all the scenes where he could act with dog intelligence; but in one little flash he was to be shown coming down a dark hall and stopping in the doorway; upon hearing his master's voice he was to prick up his ears and come running toward the camera.

Easy on the Typewriter

Of course the poor beast couldn't read the script and never knew quite what was expected of him; and although he seemed perfectly willing, they could not make him stop at the threshold and prick up his ears. Chauncey tried every device and argument in his catalogue; and when all failed he showed his inferiority to the dog by taking him out and kicking him most brutally. The property man, a big, tender-hearted Irishman, jumped in to save the dog, slapped the actor across the face, called him a pup, immediately apologized to the dog, and led him away. The dog is now his faithful companion; and by direction of the management everybody was forbidden to mention the affair in the presence of our splendid hero.

Now the whole trouble arose by sticking too closely to the script. A half day's work was wasted, everybody lost his temper, the actor lost his dog and the respect of his associates—and all because of a little four-foot flash that could easily have been circumvented.

The camera man's *bête noire* is the scenario writer—he is the chump who plans most of our troubles. Because he knows naught of our mechanical difficulties or limitations, he hands us scenes to make that the gods themselves would have to pass up. He has such a jaunty way of tossing off a direction like this: "As the child is going down for the third time, bubbles are seen rising to the surface—one bubble grows larger and larger and finally dissolves into a picture of the Heavenly Choir." This may be easy on the typewriter!

(Continued on Page 85)

"Your Pony Is Here"

What a thrill you will have when you hear from the freight agent in your city that your Shetland pony has arrived!

Imagine yourself going down to the station and leading the little brown beauty out of his box car. You'll place him between the shafts of the cart that will come with him, and you'll put the shining nickel-plated harness on him yourself, for the first time.

We're telling you about this beautiful dream because *it's a dream that you can make come true.*

This company will give next February twelve pedigreed, thoroughbred Shetland ponies, with carts and harness, to the twelve boys who do the best work in selling

The Country Gentleman

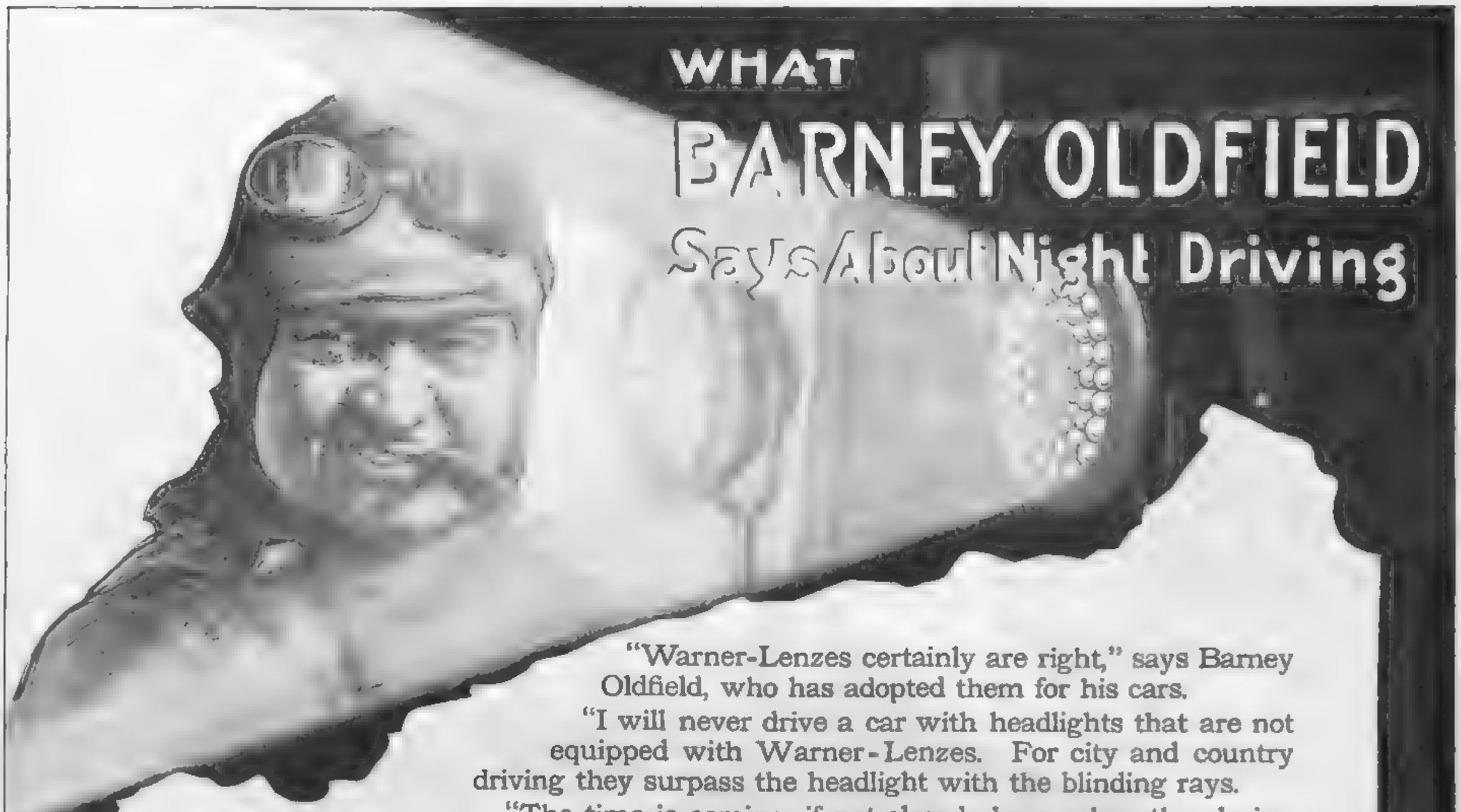
The ponies are kicking up their heels in the pasture now, waiting for their twelve new owners to claim them. You can just as well be one of the twelve as any other boy.

Just send us your name and address and say, "I want a pony," and we'll tell you how you can get him.

Box 619—Sales Division

The Curtis Publishing Company

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



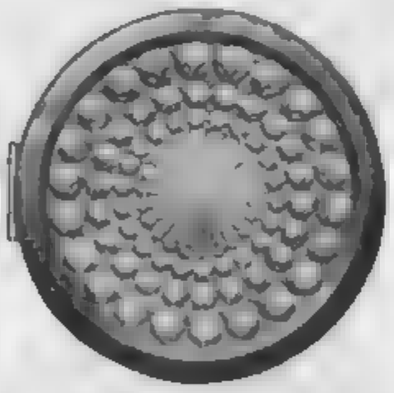
WHAT BARNEY OLDFIELD Says About Night Driving

"Warner-Lenzes certainly are right," says Barney Oldfield, who has adopted them for his cars.

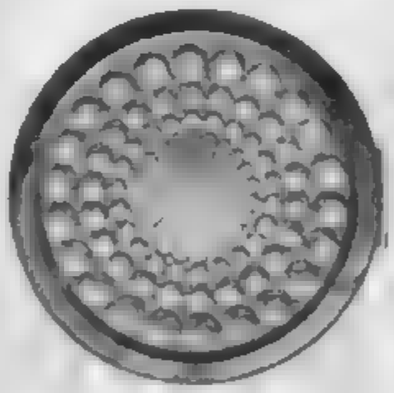
"I will never drive a car with headlights that are not equipped with Warner-Lenzes. For city and country driving they surpass the headlight with the blinding rays.

"The time is coming, if not already here, when the glaring headlights must go. They are entirely unnecessary for night driving.

"I find Warner-Lenzes superior to anything I have ever used."



WARNER-LENZ



Not until the Warner-Lenz was invented was the danger of night driving eliminated. Blinding glares brought trouble. Dimmers were unsatisfactory. Now Warner-Lenz solves the problem for all time.

This revolutionary invention takes the guesswork out of driving at night. It kills the awful glare—not by reducing your light, but by diffusing it and distributing it where you want it, straight ahead and on both sides.

Warner-Lenz makes laws against glares obsolete. The menace of dimmers is overcome. The light from the Warner-Lenz penetrates smoke, fog and dust. Driving on the darkest night becomes both comfortable and safe. The road ahead is shown up as by daylight. A field of light reaches the curb on both sides, giving you a full view of passing vehicles. It lights up all the turns and corners before you reach them and while you are turning. Yet you never have to dim it or turn it off.

Man-Made Daylight for Driving at Night

This is not a new lamp—but a lens. It fits any motor lamp. Merely remove the plain glass fronts from your present lamps and put in Warner-Lenzes. Anyone can do the work in a few moments.

While the reflector is retained, the beam of light is broken up, clarified and distributed in a spray, which covers almost 180 degrees, with a greater force in front where it is needed, and a gradual reduction of intensity towards the sides. No other does that. Not a bit of light is lost.

This great invention carries the personal guarantee of Mr. A. P. Warner, father of the auto-meter.

Order a pair of Warner-Lenzes for your car today from your dealer. Don't try to get along with your present plain headlights. Free yourself and others from danger. Already over 260,000 pairs have been purchased.

See price list below. Go to your dealer or, if he cannot supply you, use the coupon. Remember, your money back if you think that you can do without them after you have used them one night.

THE WARNER-LENZ COMPANY, 918 S. Michigan Avenue, CHICAGO

Prices of *Warner-Lenzes* Per Pair

Diameter in inches	East of Rockies
5 to 9, inclusive	$3.50
9¼ to 10, inclusive	4.00
10¼ to 12, inclusive	5.00

West of Rockies 35c per pair extra

Please Read These Directions Carefully

To make sure of getting exact size, take out the glass from one of your lamps, lay it on a piece of paper and mark around it with a pencil. Then attach paper to this coupon.

OWNERS:
Order a pair from nearest dealer today.

BUYERS:
Insist that your new car is equipped with Warner-Lenzes.

DEALERS:
If you haven't already written to us, do so at once.

Money-Back Coupon

THE WARNER-LENZ CO.
918 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

Inclosed find ( ) check ( ) money order ( ) for which please send me prepaid one ( ) Warner-Lenzes with the guarantee that if not satisfactory I may return them and have my money refunded upon return of the lenses within ten days.

*Name*_____

*City*_____ *State*

*Name and model of car*_____

*Dealer's name*_____

*Address*_____

You'll put that little old blue pencil o. k. on Prince Albert quality, *sure!*

DRAW-UP your chair for a minute—kind of close-like! For between us all, it's high-lodge-stuff, this bit-of-breeze about Prince Albert! It will get a lot off your mind to find tobacco you can romp with like a colt in a clover field. And the set-back is but a nickel for the toppy red bag or a dime for the tidy red tin; then, you'll find P. A. in the handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and—in that dandy pound crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect trim always!

Copyright 1916 by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

PRINCE *the national joy smoke* ALBERT

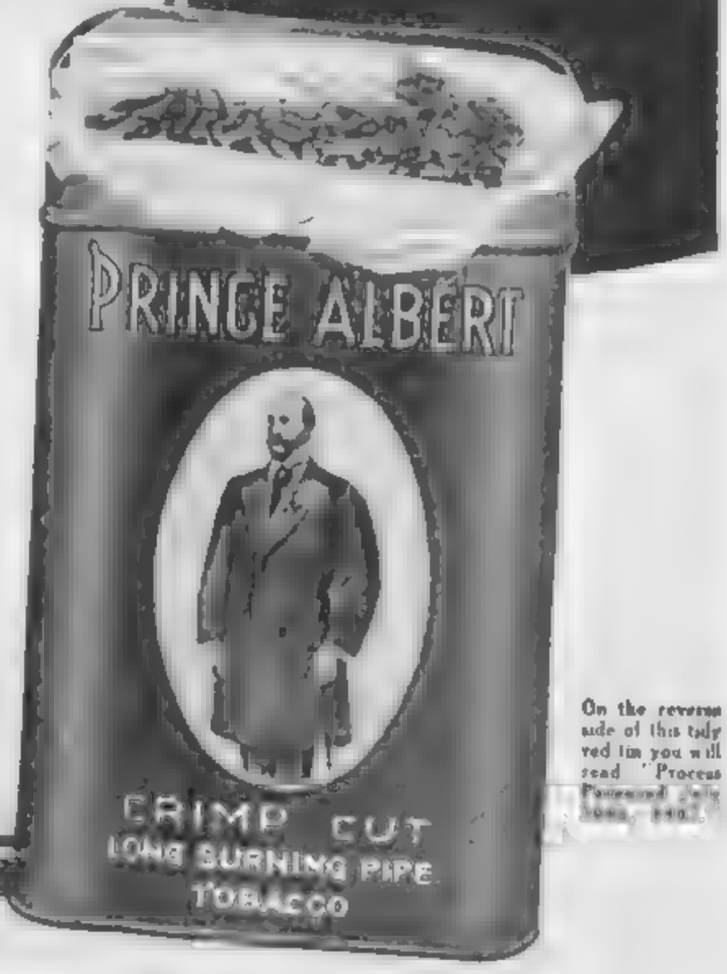
Sail right into Prince Albert like it was the harbor of pipe-peace. It's the greatest happiness in the smoke line you ever did have brought up for your test! And that's as true as it can be dished up! *Any man can smoke a pipe*, no matter how sensitive his tongue, if he'll loosen-up a bit of his natural sporting blood and fire-away on Prince Albert!

And enjoy it *all the time;* and hanker for more; and wake-up with a smile for his friendly old jimmy pipe awaiting his top-of-the-a. m.-greetings! The patented process cuts out bite and parch and makes all that joy'usness possible. *And,* now you lend an ear to this: Prince Albert was brought into the tobacco world to give men a pipe smoke *free from any disagreeable come-back;* to make it possible for *all* men to smoke to their heart's content; to let men enjoy a pipe down to the "sweetest heel"—fun that has drawing dividends or coupon-clipping lashed to the mast!

You can't put yourself in wrong with Prince Albert, no matter what kind of sledgehammer-test you inflict upon it. Go to P. A. from any point of the compass! You'll grow all the fonder of this real and true joy smoke—it proves so mighty loyal to your tongue and taste! P. A. is just like a friend who rings-right-like-true-steel—worthy of the confidence you put in it!

And you'll get that fact nailed-down-tight just as soon as you realize it's about time you gave your smoke-section an extra inning!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.



On the reverse side of this tidy red tin you will read "Process Patented July 30th, 1907."

(Continued from Page 82)

These scenario people have lately gone nutty on the heaven-and-hell stuff. Every location and personage in heaven above and hell below has been involved by mystic scenario writers—and actually accomplished in some sort of way by insane camera men. I'll have to admit, however, that I have no particular urge toward the heavens I've seen pictured thus far. Last week I was called upon to dissolve a great big coarse creature, with the general architecture of a sea cow, into a Little Eva. That wasn't so hard as it was distasteful.

I have in this world just three pious hopes: First, that whenever I hear a scenario writer is not well I may just sit down and hold the thought hard, and hope for the worst; second, that sometime I may be vouchsafed the opportunity of "dissolving" all the scenario writers, most of the actors, and a few directors, into nice little devils, and then refuse to "dissolve" them back; and my last hope is, that I'll get these hopes.

The camera man and the director who work with little children must have very unusual temperaments, as infinite patience and tact are required to make these pictures. One man told me that he shot a scene forty-two times before he could get the little two-year-old tot to go over and crawl into a bureau drawer without turning and looking into the camera. The child did it right on the afternoon of the second day.

Another picture that required marvelous patience was made in Tibet, or some outlandish place, where the chap with great difficulty received permission to film the interior of a very celebrated and holy temple. The light was so dim that he had to give each picture a full minute, which meant that he could take but sixty in one hour. After sticking by the camera for three days and cranking every minute he finally got enough film so that when projected it showed one minute and a half on the screen.

The laboratory workers taking movies of microörganisms, blood circulation and the hatching of insect eggs also must exercise amazing patience; but, of course, the work has an intense interest that compensates for its slowness.

But the fellow I can't understand—nobody with my kinetic make-up can possibly understand him—is the one who turns the crank for the animated comics. That job is about as exciting as picking the blooms off a century plant. The artist sits at a table with a wash-drawing before him of, say, a certain desert background, and on this he lays his little cut-out figures of a hunter and a lion, which he moves about at will.

Suppose, for instance, the hunter is about to shoot. The figures are laid down in the first attitude, a celluloid cover is pressed down, and the artist calls out to the camera man: "Two frames!" The fellow sitting above the artist, with his machine pointing straight down, cranks his camera twice. The camera, instead of taking the usual eight pictures to each revolution, is adjusted to the single-stop movement and takes but one. The artist now raises the transparent sheet, moves the gun up a little and perhaps the lion's legs forward, the celluloid is replaced, and he calls out: "One frame!" Now a single picture is made.

Submarine Realism

In this way he moves his little marionettes slowly and painstakingly about. He has scores of them all drawn, in all the various attitudes of continuous motion, and cut out and lying at hand. For the slightest pause in the action he will call out "Three seconds!" for instance; then he sits back and holds his hands while the camera man cranks three times sixteen, or forty-eight, frames. This takes about a minute and a half of slow cranking, and the pictures will be shown in three seconds. At this speed two men can make only five hundred feet of film in a month. The artist may get a little fun out of playing with his paper dolls, but for the camera man to sit above him by the hot lights and crank slowly every few minutes for a month is no job for a minister's son, for we are reputed to be particularly restless.

Once in a while we have to take a picture that requires patience and is also exciting. Last week I saw a fellow shoot a close-up of a loaded revolver aimed right into the camera, the point being that as the ball cartridges showed in the cylinder, when the revolver was cocked it was impossible to use blanks. So the camera man had to crank the picture while the other fellow cocked the pistol, and the ball cartridge could be seen passing into place. Yet the gunner must not pull the trigger beyond the hair, or the ball would go crashing into the camera and maybe wing the operator. The picture was made without any fatalities, but everybody was on tiptoe until it was finished.

Another very exciting one for the camera man was made by an Italian down in the Bermudas. They were doing some Jules Verne stuff in submarines, and a long tube was sunk in the water, at the bottom of which the operator sat and filmed the picture. The discomfort was fierce, for the heat was intense and the air pressure under which he worked was almost smothering. Once, when he was working in very deep water, shooting a picture of a negro pearl diver, he witnessed and filmed an undersea tragedy that beats anything you ever read in a book.

A huge octopus lay on the bottom, some distance back. The diver was to stay close in the foreground, and when he beheld the octopus he was to beat it for the surface. The strong tide, however, carried the negro too close, and the octopus reached out and grabbed him. In a moment he was tight in the coils of the monster's huge arms. In the clear water of the Bermudas this was witnessed from the surface; so a diver immediately went down and cut the negro loose with an ax, but it was nearly four minutes before they brought the poor fellow up. All the time this was going on the Italian had kept cranking; and he got every foot of the picture until the water was so full of blood and "ink" that nothing could be seen.

Electrical Markings

Of our mechanical troubles "static" is the most distressing. Static is an electrical disturbance caused by the friction of the celluloid film—you've rubbed a comb on a cat's back—and is very active under certain atmospheric conditions. It results in treelike images being splashed all along the film, greatly to its disfigurement and often to its complete ruin. Static is most likely to happen in very cold weather.

One company went up in the Bear Valley country last winter to make some show pictures; and, when they returned, out of fourteen scenes ten were spoiled by static. They returned to make the ten, out of which seven were bad; they retook the seven, and four were spoiled; out of the four they got three good ones. Rather than return to take the last scene they faked it at the studio. That static trouble cost the studio three weeks' time and thirteen hundred dollars.

One of the first questions one American asks of another is: "What do you get?" There is much misinformation and exaggeration in regard to our salaries. In a few cheap studios they run as low as twenty-five dollars a week, but in first-class places they range from fifty to one hundred. Occasionally a few get as high as one hundred and fifty or two hundred; these are the ones with the greatest experience, intelligence and pictorial sense. High-priced men usually film the big-feature stories, as it wouldn't do to risk great expensive scenes with any but the best operators. Often in these pictures one of the lesser lads gets an opportunity to make good, this occurring when there is necessity for using two or three cameras on one big scene. One man might fail, but it is not likely that three would. Here the young man is in direct competition with his master on the same picture, and if he does as well or better it is a personal triumph that demands recognition.

So important is the work of the camera man that a few of the most enlightened companies now place his name on the title, along with those of the director, lead and company. It has added much to the dignity and pride of the profession and has a decided tendency toward good work; for when a fellow has his picture signed he will move heaven and earth to make it right.

In this business, as in many others, it is largely a matter of "he that hath, to him shall be given"; for in the big-feature stuff the camera man has much more opportunity of success because of the care in selecting location, the most propitious time for shooting, the choice of intelligent actors and director, and the footage allowed. It is not uncommon to take five months in making a ten-reel story, and to shoot over a hundred thousand feet in order to get ten thousand.

As a crank turner can never become a camera man until he masters the laboratory—and a lot of other things—I have

The
INSTRUMENT YOU
WERE BORN *to* PLAY

VERY likely you long to play some musical instrument, but lack of training prevents. Here is an instrument that requires only a natural love of music—the mere inborn desire for musical expression common to all—to respond to you as the piano responds to a talented artist. The

Baldwin
Manualo

The • Player-Piano • that • is • all • but • human

is played beautifully by anybody who loves music, because its expression is controlled from the *pedals*—the point where the performer is in constant contact with the instrument, the point where he instinctively tries to put expression into the music, the point to which his musical impulses naturally travel.

Each pedal stroke does not merely make certain notes strike but it makes them sound with the exact volume and accent which your musical feeling desires. The force and style of the stroke are transmitted from the pedals to the piano strings as the striking of the artist's fingers is transmitted from the keys to the strings. It is as if the performer were in direct contact with the piano action, so sensitive is the Manualo mechanism to his subtlest wish.

To play the Manualo you think of the music—not of the instrument. You simply pedal as your musical feeling makes you, and the expression is instantaneous, exact, complete. You need no special talent, knowledge, or training. The Manualo responds to your musical thoughts—to your natural, bred-in-the-bone love of music. You are its master. It is the instrument you were born to play.

Wherever you live, you can try the Manualo and find out for yourself what a satisfaction it would be to you and to every member in your family. Write to nearest address for name of Baldwin dealer and our book "The A B C of the Manualo".

The Baldwin Piano Company

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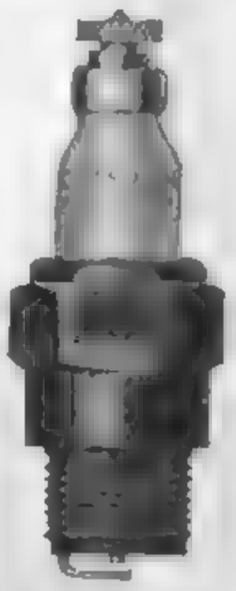
Willys-Knight Overland



The World's Largest Big Car Output Is Equipped With

⅞ in. 14 Metric Price $1.25

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"TOLEDO MADE FOR THE WHOLE WORLD'S TRADE"

Dependable Spark Plugs

Among cars of more than 100 inch wheelbase the Willys-Overland output is the largest in the world.

Tremendous output necessitates the use of equipment that is uniformly dependable—Overlands and Willys-Knights are Champion equipped.

The uniform dependability which led The Willys-Overland Company to equip its cars with Champions should also influence you to demand Champions when you replace the plugs in your Overland or Willys-Knight car.

See that the name "Champion" is on the porcelain, not merely on the box.

Champion Spark Plug Company, 119 Avondale Ave., Toledo, Ohio

FITALL

Adjustable Toilet Kit

Fits All Fittings

Patented United States, Great Britain and Canada

THE FITALL is the *up-to-date* traveling case—the *practical* traveling case that does away with the heavy, clumsy fitted kits that most people won't use. Just a simple, flexible case with *adjustable spaces* and *self-locking straps* that holds as much or as little as you want to put in it—*your own* brushes, shaving kit; your talcum and tooth paste; in the original package. Has three extra pockets for wash cloth and other articles.

FITALLS are just as popular with women, and the most acceptable of all gifts. Come fitted when you want them that way, or empty for you to fill. Materials, waterproof fabrics and flexible leathers. Price $1.00 and up. Your dealer should have FITALLS; write us if he hasn't. Descriptive booklet free.

EISEMAN, KAISER & COMPANY, Ekco Building, Chicago

Fitall

always believed that a director should learn the camera. The few directors who have graduated from the camera have an immense advantage over those to whom it is a closed box. It has been Mrs. Goodhue's ambition that I should aspire to a directorship. She says my present job is more trying on her nerves than my racing career. Judging by the honorable scars, whose tracery is seen all over my rapidly mending architecture, she has some grounds for her opinion.

Just before I started the picture that brought me to this hospital an ill wind to Mr. Wheeler, the director, brought me a corking opportunity. When we were on the third reel of a bully feature story he was taken sick with pneumonia. Many an evening we had gone over the story and visited the locations together; and he generously insisted at the office that I should be permitted to finish the picture, as I knew its needs better than anybody else. So I filmed and directed the last two reels and, of course, have been anxiously awaiting the report from the projecting room, for on the results will depend my chance of graduation.

And now I must tell of the accident that is responsible for this story. We were making a mining story in the mountains back of San Bernardino and had made elaborate arrangements for blowing off by dynamite the side of a high, rocky cañon wall. We were to photograph the scene from almost underneath the overhanging rock; and, though we fully expected it would fall clear of us, yet we had built a shack of very heavy timbers to protect us from the loose stones. When the dynamite was shot a big rock tore through the roof and snapped the front leg of the tripod clean off.

Good News From the Studio

Magee, the director, dropped to his knees, grabbed the tripod, and held it in place so that I could film the scene. He had no more than braced himself when—crash—the whole works came tumbling down on us. When they dug us out they thought it was flowers for me; but fortunately Magee was only slightly injured—a big six-by-six redwood beam protected him from the load above.

That's all! And as I have been here on my poor old back for a month I've had time to realize that when I left the racing game for the safe and sane profession of camera man I did not choose with notable precision. It is very fortunate for my poor little patient wife that my face is sad, like a codfish's; for, had it been otherwise, they might have grabbed me off to do rough-comedy stuff, and then she *would* have had something to worry over—for those fellows are always in the hospital. Since I have come here Jimmie Swasey jumped out of a fifth-story window into a concrete mixer, and they had to ——

Mrs. Goodhue has just bounced in, all joy and excitement, with the cheering news that when I return to the studio I go as a director at two hundred dollars a week.

"You more than made good on the Wheeler story," she says; "and they think you are a born director."

Well—that's better than being a dead camera man!

There is, however, a little fly in my ointment. I learn that the name of my first scenario is: The Humming Bird and the Orang-utan. Sounds scandalously like "The dear little girl and great big brutes" stuff! If it is I promise this in advance: The big hairy brute in the Mackinaw coat will not marry the dear little girl.

She will marry the soda clerk, or somebody else who is her social equal. There is no earthly reason why a soda clerk should be less heroic than a lumberjack—except for film traditions.

There is a lot of fine heroism right next door—if we only knew it. My first two-reeler may not go very well in the lumber camps, but it ought to be a big hit in the cities; anyway, I'm going to take a chance. Run in and see it if it comes your way. Now don't forget—The Humming Bird and the Orang-utan.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two papers on the camera man and his work.

You Know These Three

But have you ever thought of the needs of others who also enjoy

The Saturday Evening Post
The Ladies' Home Journal
The Country Gentleman

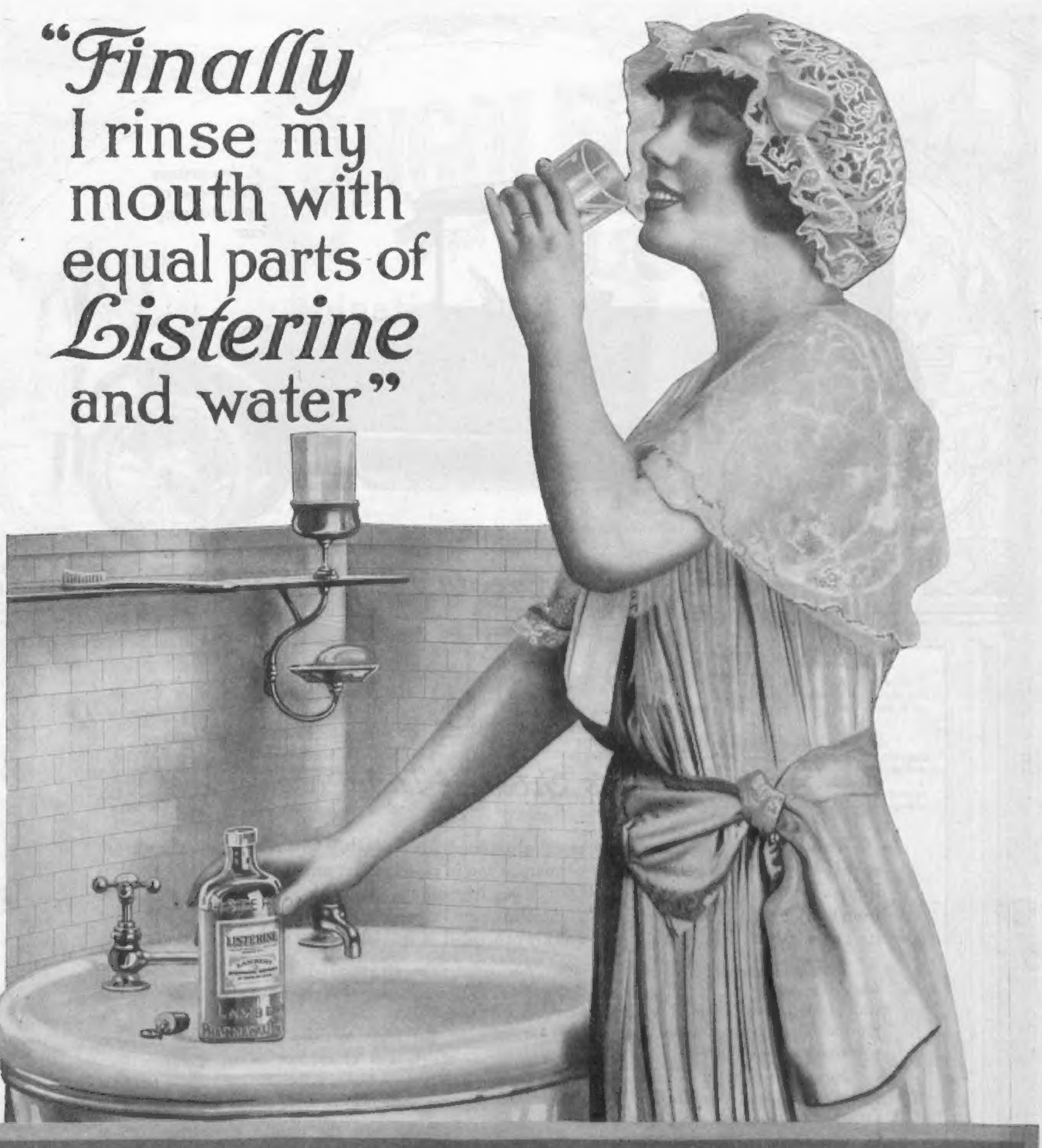
DO YOU know that the enormous demand for these three great periodicals presents to you an opportunity for large money earning?

Each year, about a million and three-quarters people send mail subscriptions for these three publications. To take care of this business we need additional representatives in every part of the country. To those who will do this for us we will pay liberal salary and commission.

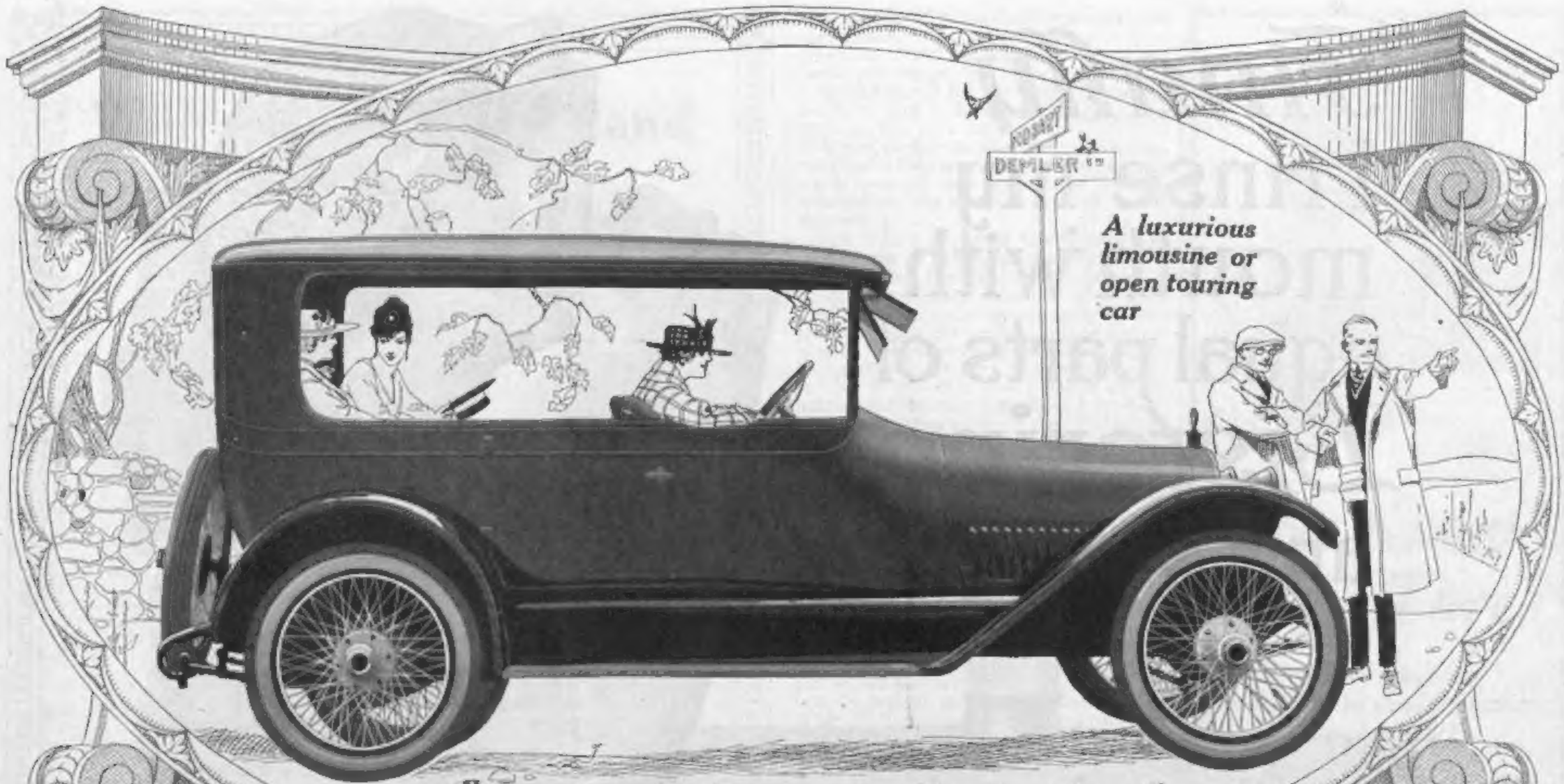
YOU can do the work in odd hours until you have determined to your own satisfaction how much of your time and effort you can give and how much you can earn. No experience is required and no investment is necessary.

Agency Division, Box 613
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

"Finally
I rinse my
mouth with
equal parts of
Listerine
and water"



LISTERINE
For Mouth Hygiene
Lambert Pharmacal Co. St. Louis



"America's Greatest 'Light Six'"

HAYNES

"America's Greatest 'Light Twelve'"

This touring Sedan is the "most practical automobile ever built." One minute it is a powerful, speedy Haynes touring car with the permanent top in place. Next minute, it is a luxurious, perfectly appointed Haynes limousine of which you'll be proud in any company. The transformation from touring car to Sedan, or from closed car to open—takes less time than it requires to tell about it. The windows are removable and quickly concealed in special pockets at the sides of the body.

No matter how cold or stormy the weather, you will ride snugly protected in the Haynes Sedan, yet with plenty of ventilation. The divided front seats provide one large space, giving a comfortable sense of roominess and cosiness.

No matter what the road conditions, there is power and responsiveness in the Haynes motor to master them easily. It will pull you through mud or snow so deep that the running boards drag. America's greatest "Light Six" and America's greatest "Light Twelve" motors have power enough for any purpose.

Consult your Haynes dealer now, and see this Touring Sedan that gives two cars for the price of one.

Get ready to enjoy fall and winter motoring—the keenest of outdoor sports. Compare with cars of much higher price—for appearance, comfort, power, performance—and you'll choose Haynes.

Don't miss the months when there's more tonic in the air than at any other season of the year. If you order quickly you can get your Haynes Touring Sedan for prompt delivery.

Every new Haynes production is quickly oversold—see your dealer now and have your Haynes Touring Sedan ready when you want it

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE CO., 40 South Main St., Kokomo, Ind.

"Light Six"—Open Cars	
Five-passenger Touring Car	$1485
Four-passenger Roadster	1585
Seven-passenger Touring Car	1585
Closed Cars	
Five-passenger Sedan	$2150
Seven-passenger Sedan	2250

Catalog describing all models of the Haynes "Light Six" and "Light Twelve"—gladly mailed on request.

All prices f. o. b. Kokomo

Demountable Sedan and Coupé Tops for All Open Models $275.

"Light Twelve"—Open Cars	
Five-passenger Touring Car	$1985
Four-passenger Roadster	2085
Seven-passenger Touring Car	2085
Closed Cars	
Five-passenger Sedan	$2650
Seven-passenger Sedan	2750

Send for Free Color Chart

CONGOLEUM RUGS

The Ideal Combination of Beauty and Economy

Most women like Congoleum Rugs, because they are low in price, convenient, easy-to-clean and sanitary. They are made in two grades—Art-Rugs and Utility-Rugs. Both grades have important features distinct from ordinary rugs.

Congoleum Art-Rugs

This is the higher grade—a little more carefully made and the product of famous rug designers. Congoleum Art-Rugs are made in one piece and the beauty of coloring and design has made them unusually popular. And yet the price is so low that any home can possess them. But Congoleum Art-Rugs are more than pretty and economical. They have qualities that are absolutely unique in low-priced rugs.

Washable and Sanitary

They are washable and sanitary. To clean them you simply mop them. No dusty, unsanitary beating.

Lie Flat Without Fastening

They lie perfectly flat without fastening, which minimizes accidents due to tripping. They can't curl up or "kick up" at the edges.

Congoleum Art-Rug Sizes and Prices

9 feet x 10½ feet, $10.00 each 9 feet x 12 feet, $11.00 each

Congoleum Utility-Rugs

Our regular line of Congoleum Utility-Rugs contains numerous designs and sizes from which to make a choice. The variety of simple and elaborate patterns gives one the opportunity to suitably furnish every room in the house where a *low-priced* rug is required. Like Congoleum Art-Rugs, they are waterproof, washable, sanitary and lie flat without fastening.

Handsome Color Chart Free

We have a beautiful color chart which will give you some idea of these Congoleum Art-Rugs and Congoleum Utility-Rugs. Send us your name and address and we will mail you a copy free. It will interest you.

Sold by Good Dealers Almost Everywhere

The Congoleum Company

Department of

Philadelphia Chicago — The Barrett Company — Boston San Francisco

Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Toronto Sydney, N. S.

Extraordinarily Low Prices

People can hardly believe that the wonderfully low prices are true. But they are. Think of getting a splendid Congoleum Utility-Rug, 9 x 12 ft., suitable for a *big* room, for $8.00—or a little one, 1 yard square, for 65c. Here are the sizes and prices:

3 feet x 3 feet	$.65 each	6 feet x 6 feet	$2.60 each
3 feet x 4½ feet	.98 each	6 feet x 9 feet	3.90 each
3 feet x 6 feet	1.30 each	Two-piece Rugs	
4½ feet x 4½ feet	1.50 each	9 feet x 12 feet	$8.00 each
4½ feet x 6 feet	1.95 each	10½ feet x 12 feet	9.00 each

All prices quoted are higher in the far West and Canada.

Congoleum Rug Borders

A wonderful, decorative effect can be had by putting Congoleum Rug Borders, or "Rug Surrounds" as some people call them, around the borders of a room, with a large rug in the centre. Congoleum Rug Borders cannot be told from hardwood floors, because they have every grain and mark of real quartered oak. They are much more satisfactory than painting or staining. Make old floors look like new. Washable, sanitary and rot-proof. You should see them. Made in rolls, 36 and 24 inches wide at 50c. and 40c. a yard respectively. Your dealer will sell you just the length required. Special Rug Border booklet free upon request.

Congoleum By-The-Yard

Don't forget the many different patterns of Congoleum By-the-Yard. There is no better floor covering at the price. Waterproof, washable and sanitary. Lies flat without fastening and is rot-proof. Dealers sell it by the yard in rolls 72 inches wide.

Be Sure the Name Congoleum is on the Back

Like every other commercial success, Congoleum has been widely imitated. To avoid inferior substitutes, be sure the name Congoleum is on the back of every Rug, Rug Border or By-the-Yard piece you buy. It is your protection.

Congoleum Rugs are manufactured in accordance with United States and Foreign Patents, with numerous other patents pending both in the United States and Foreign Countries.

"Now, Baby, we'll have a good splash. Water can't hurt mother's new rug."

The rug on the floor is Congoleum Utility-Rug No. 92. The 6 x 9 feet size retails for $3.90.

HERALDIC

Announcement

The Heraldic is the newest pattern in the famous 1847 ROGERS BROS. silver plate. The hand-hammered effect and the crest suggest the individual designs created by the early silversmiths, offering to those who like a distinctive pattern an opportunity to have their spoons, knives and forks match the silver tea and dinner services also to be had in the Heraldic design.

1847 ROGERS BROS. plate is backed by an unqualified guarantee made possible by the actual test of over 65 years. The "Heraldic" Pattern is now on sale at all leading dealers. Write for illustrated catalogue "W90."

INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY, MERIDEN, CONN.
Successor to Meriden Britannia Co.
NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO, CHICAGO, HAMILTON, Canada
The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate

1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

Dinner, tea and coffee sets are made in the attractive Heraldic Pattern. Also such other pieces as Sandwich Trays, Bowls, Vegetable Dishes, Tureens, etc.